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Fac simile of Rowley's Hand Writing

The Ancyente Ryme Carynge

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Bygle covld aos the Grava vaseema
The Battlerm snne koe sy e arowe
Ands mollells oppe the cheorys seame
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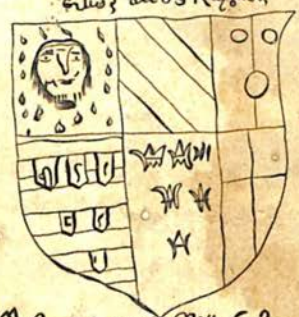

Com Camynge-Rolles Nov 63-

Rots Camynge.

Fac-simile of Chatterton's Hand Writing

The Romaunte of the Cnyghte.

The Sunne ento Cyrgyne was gotten
The flowreys al arounde onepryngede
The woddie Grasse blaunched the Fen
The Quon in Ermyne arised fro Bedde
Syr Knyghte dyd ymount to oponn a Stor

Published Jan. 1 1803 by Longman & Rees Paternoster Row.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

IN

PROSE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY BIGGS AND COTTLE,
Crane-Court, Fleet-Street,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1803.

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ON THE

FRYARS first passing the OLD BRIDGE.

To the Printer of Farly's Bristol Journal.

October 1, 1768.

The following description of the Fryars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old Manuscript, may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. *Yours,*

DUNELMUS BRISTOLNENSIS.

On Fridai was the time fixed for passing the new-brydge. Aboute the time of tollynge the tenth clocke, Master Greggoire Dalbenye mounted on a fergreyne horse, informed Master Mouer all thynges were prepared, when two Beadils want fyrst streying stre. Next came a manne dressed up as follows, hose of gootskyne crinepart out-

wards, doublette and waistcoat, also over which a white robe without sleeves, much like an albe but not so long, reachinge but to his hands. A girdle of azure over his left shoulder, rechede also to his hands on the right and doubled back to his left, bucklynge with a goulden buckle dangled to his knee, thereby representinge a Saxon carlderman.

In his hands he bare a shield, the maistre of Gille a Brogtor, who painted the same, representinge Sainte Warburgh crossinge the foord; then a mickle strong man in armour, carried a huge anlace, after whom came six claryons and six minstrels, who song the song of Sainte Warburgh. Then came Master Maier mounted on a white horse dight with sable trappyngs wrought about by the Nunnes of Saint Kenna, with gould and silver, his hayre braded with ribbons and a chaperon with the auntient armes of Bristowe fastened on his forehead. Master Mair bare in his hande a goulden rodde, and a congean squire bare in his hande, his helmet waulkinge by the syde of the horse. Then came the earldermen

and city broders, mounted on sabyell horses dyght with white trappyngs and plumes and scarlet caps and chaperons having thereon sable plumes; after them, the preists and frears, parish mendicant and secular, some syngynge Sainte Warburghs songe, others soundynge clarions thereto and others some citrialles.

In thilke manner reachynge the brydge the manne with the anlace stode on the fyrst top of a mounde, yreed in the midst of the brydge, than went up the manne with the sheelde, after him the minstrels and clarions; and then the preestes and freeres all in white albes, making a most goodly shewe, the maier and earldermen standinge rounde, they songe with the sound of claryons, the songe of Sainte Baldwyne, which being done, the manne on the top threw with great myght his anlace into the sea and the clarions sounded an auncient charge and forloyne. Then theie song again the song of Sainte Warburge, and proceeded up Xts hill to the crosse, where a Latin sermon was preached by Ralph de Blunderville, and with sound of clarion theye againe want to

the brydge and there dined, spendynge the rest of the daye in sports and plaies; the freers of Sainte Augustyne doing the play of the knights of Brystow meekynge a great fire at night on Kynslate-hill.

ETHELGAR,

A Saxon Poem.

'Tis not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings shine on the rising waves, and the black clouds sit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, swift as a sable cloud, tost by the whistling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood: whilst the lightnings shine on his chest, and the wind rides over his horns? When the wolf roars; terrible as the voice of the Severn; moving majestic as the nodding forests on the brow of Michelstow; who then commands the sheep to follow the swain, as the beams of light attend upon the

morning?—Know, O man! That God suffers not the least member of his work to perish, without answering the purpose of their creation. The evils of life with some are blessings: and the plant of death healeth the wound of the sword.—Doth the sea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy soul, look unto the Lord, thou shalt stand firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain shall the waves beat against thee; thy rock shall stand.

Comely as the white rocks; bright as the star of the evening; tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain; soft as the showers of dew, that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar arose, the glory of * Exanceastre: noble were his ancestors, as the palace of the great Kenric: his soul, with the lark, every morning ascended the skies; and sported in the clouds: when stealing down the steep mountain, wrapt in a shower of spang-

* Exeter.

ling dew, evening came creeping to the plain, closing the flowers of the day, shaking her pearly showers upon the rustling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn spray; he sung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions; the stars danced to his song; the rolling years, in various mantles drest, confest him man.—He saw Egwina of the vale; his soul was astonished, as the Britons who fled before the sword of Kenric; she was tall as the towering elm; stately as a black cloud bursting into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle and sweet as the morning breeze; beauteous as the sun; blushing like the vines of the west; her soul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She saw Ethelgar; her soft soul melted as the flying snow before the sun. The shrine of St. Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliss. Nine horned moons had decked the sky, when Ælgar saw the light; he was like a young plant upon the mountain's side, or the sun hid in a cloud; he felt the strength of his sire; and, swift as the lightnings

of Heaven, pursued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the sun; who, stepping from the mountain's brow, shook his ruddy locks upon the shining dew; Ælgar arose from sleep; he seized his sword and spear, and issued to the chace. As waters swiftly falling down a craggy rock, so raged young Ælgar thro' the wood; the wild boar bit his spear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf arose, his eyes flaming like two stars; he roared like the voice of the tempest; hunger made him furious, and he fled like a falling meteor to the war. Like a thunderbolt tearing the black rock, Ælgar darted his spear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters, and seizing Ælgar by the throat, he sought the regions of the blessed. — The wolf died upon his body. — Ethelgar and Egwina wept. — They wept like the rains of the springs; sorrow sat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death: but the power of God settled their hearts.

The golden sun arose to the highest of his power; the apple perfumed the gale; and the

juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's side, like two stars that move through the sky. The flowers grew beneath their feet; the trees spread out their leaves; the sun played upon the rolling brook; the winds gently passed along. Dark, pitchy clouds veiled the face of the sun; the winds roared like the noise of a battle; the swift hail descended to the ground; the lightnings broke from the sable clouds, and gilded the dark brown corners of the sky; the thunder shook the lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their foundations; the bending oaks divided the whistling wind; the broken flowers fled in confusion round the mountain's side. Ethelgar and Egwina sought the sacred shade, the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came; the skies blushed at the sight. Egwina stood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the spring; the lightnings danced about her garments, and the blasting flame blackened her face: the shades of death swam before her eyes; and she fell breath-

less down the black steep rock: the sea received her body, and she rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar stood terrible as the mountain of Maindip; the waves of despair harrowed up his soul, as the roaring Severn plows the sable sand; wild as the evening wolf his eyes shone like the red vapors in the valley of the dead: horror sat upon his brow; like a bright star shooting through the sky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. Saint Cuthbert appeared in the air; the black clouds fled from the sky; the sun gilded the spangling meadows; the lofty pine stood still; the violets of the vale gently moved to the soft voice of the wind; the sun shone on the bubbling brook. The saint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal; and as the soft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the sandy beech, whilst the sea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning, folding up the black mantles of the night. — Know, O man!

said the member of the blessed, to submit to the will of God; he is terrible as the face of the earth, when the waters sunk to their habitations; gentle as the sacred covering of the oak; secret as the bottom of the great deep; just as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the stroke of the Almighty, for God is as just as he is great. The holy vision disappeared as the atoms fly before the sun. Ethelgar arose, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin; there he flourishes as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

Bristol, March 4, 1769. D. B.

KENRICK,

Translated from the Saxon.

When winter yelled through the leafless grove; when the black waves rode ever the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the sun; when the silver brook stood still, and snow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blasted fields, and the boughs of the leafless tress bent with the loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the western sky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempest, young as the snake of the valley, strong as the mountain of the slain; his armour shining like the stars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in sable, and the blasting winds howl over the wide

plain; his shield like the black rock, prepared himself for war.

Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the first rays of the morning star, swift as the flying deer, strong as a young oak, fierce as an evening wolf, drew his sword; glittering, like the blue vapours in the valley of Horso; terrible as the red lightning, bursting from the dark-brown clouds: his swift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempest; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames; he followed Kenrick like a wolf roaming for prey.

Centwin of the vale arose, he seized the massy spear: terrible was his voice, great was his strength; he hurled the rocks into the sea, and broke the strong oaks of the forest. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His spear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, swept down whole armies; his enemies melted before him, like the stones of hail at the approach of the sun.

Awake, O Eldulph! Thou that sleepest on the white mountain with the fairest of women; no more pursue the dark-brown wolf: arise from the mossy bank of the falling waters; let thy garments be stained in blood, and the streams of life discolour thy girdle! let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance be writhed into terror.

Egward, keeper of the barks, arise like the roaring waves of the sea: pursue the black companies of the enemy.

Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the stars, act like yourselves.

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, swelling with rain, the Saxons moved along; like a blazing star the sword of Kenrick shone among the Britons; Tenyan bled at his feet; like the red lightning of heaven he burnt up the ranks of his enemy.

Cetwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward

sported in blood, armies melted at his stroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, destruction sat upon his sword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the sword of Mervin.

Egward pursued the slayer of his friend; the blood of Mervin smoked on his head.

Like the rage of a tempest was the noise of the battle; like the roaring of the torrent, gushing from the brow of the lofty mountain.

The Britons fled, like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds.

Ye virgins! arise, and welcome back the pursuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; spread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked sword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe.

Ye sons of the song, sound the instruments of music; ye virgins, dance around him.

Costan of the lake, arise, take thy harp from the willow, sing the praise of Kenrick, to the sweet sound of the white waves sinking to the foundation of the black rock.

Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious.

CERDICK,

Translated from the Saxon.

The rose-crowned dawn dances on the top of the lofty hill. Arise, O Cerdick, from thy mossy bed, for the noise of the chariots is heard in the valleys.

Ye Saxons, draw the sword, prepare the flying dart of death: swift as the glancing sight meet the foe upon the brow of the hill, and cast the warriors headlong into the roaring stream.

The swords of the Saxons appear on the high rock, like the lake of death reflecting the beams of the morning sun.

The Britons begin to ascend the ragged fragments of the shrinking rock: thick as the hail in the howling storm, driven down the mountain's side, the son of the tempest; the chariot, and the horse roll in confusion to the blood-stained vale.

Sons of war, descend, let the river be swelled with the smoaking streams of life, and the mountain of the slain ascend to the stars.

They fall beneath the spear of Cerdick.

Sledda is a flame of fire. Kenbert scatters the never-erring shaft of death. Ælle is a tempest, a cloud bursting in blood, a winter's wind blasting the soul: his knees are encircled with life-warm gore, his white robe is like the morning sky. Ceaulin's spear is exalted like the star of the evening; his fallen enemies rise in hills around him.

The actions of Cerdick astonish the soul; the

foe is melted from the field, and the gods have lost their sacrifice.

Cerdick leans upon his spear, he sings the praises of the gods: let the image be filled with the bodies of the dead, for the foe is swept away like the purple bloom of the grape, no more to be seen. The sacred flames ascend the clouds, the warriors dance around it. The evening slowly throws her dusky veil over the face of the sun.

Cerdick arose in his tent.

Ye sons of war, who shake the silver javelin and the pointed shield, arise from the soft slumbers of the night, assemble to council at the tent of Cerdick.

From the dark-brown spring, from the verdant top of the impending rock, from the flowery vale, and the coppiced heath, the chiefs of the war arose.

Graceful as the flower that overlooks the silver stream, the mighty Cerdick stood among the warriors: attention seals up their lips.

Why will ye sleep, ye Saxons, whilst the hanging mountain of fortune trembles over our heads; Let us gird on the reeking sword, and wrap in flame the town of Doranceastre; strong as the foundation of the earth, swift as the impetuous stream, deadly as the corrupted air, sudden as the whirlwind piercing to the hidden bed of the sea, armed in the red lightnings of the storm, will we come upon the foe. Prepare the sword and shield, and follow the descendant of Woden.

As when the sable clouds incessantly descend in rivers of rain to the wood-crowned hills, the foundation of the ground is loosened, and the forest gently slides to the valley, such was the appearance of the warriors, moving to the city of Doranceastre: the spears appeared like the stars of the black night, their spreading shields like the evening sky.

Turn your eyes, O ye Saxons, to the distant mountain: on the spreading top a company is seen; they are like the locusts of the East, like a dark-brown cloud expanding in the wind: they come down the hills like the stones of hail; the javelin nods over the helm; death sports in their shadows. They are children of Woden; see the god of battle fans the air, the red sword waves in their banner. Ye sons of battle, wait their approach, let their eyes be feasted with the chaplets of victory.

It is Kenrick! I see the lightning on his shield! his eyes are two stars, his arm is the arrow of death! he drinks the blood of the foe, as the rays of the summer sun drink the softly-stealing brook: he moves like the moon, attended by the stars: his blood-stained robe flies around him, like the white clouds of the evening, tinged with the red beams of the sinking sun.

See the chaplet hangs on his helm: shade him, O ye sons of war, with the pointed shield.

Kenrick approaches; the shields of the brave hang over his head. He speaks; attention dances on the ear.

Son of Woden, receive a conquering son; the bodies of the slain rise in mountains; the ashes of the towns choak up the river; the roaring stream of Severn is filled with the slaughtered sons of thunder; the warriors hang upon the cliffs of the red rocks; the mighty men, like the sacrifice of yesterday, will be seen no more; the briars shall hide the plain; the grass dwell in the desolate habitation; the wolf shall sleep in the palace, and the fox in the temple of the gods; the sheep shall wander without a shepherd, and the goats be scattered in the high mountains, like the furrows on the bank of the swelling flood; the enemies are swept away; the gods are glutted with blood, and peace arises from the solitary grove.

Joy wantons in the eye of Cerdick. By the powers that send the tempest, the red lightning, and roaring thunder; by the God of war, whose delight is in blood, and who preys upon the souls

of the brave; by the powers of the great deep, I swear that Kenrick shall sit on my throne, guide the sanguine spear of war, and the glittering sceptre of peace.

Cerdick girds his son with the sword of royalty: The warriors dance around him: the clanging shields echo to the distant vales; the fires ascend the skies; the town of Doranceastre increases the flame, and the great image is red with the blood of the captives: the cries of the burning foe are drowned in the songs of joy; the ashes of the image are scattered in the air, the bones of the foe are broken to dust.

Great is the valour of Cerdick, great is the strength of Kenrick.

Bristol, May 20. D. B.

GODRED CROVAN,

A POEM.

Composed by Dopnal Syrric, Scheld of Godred Crovan, King of the Isle of Man.

Arise, O son of Harald the Black, for the son of Syrric sleeps upon the mountain, under the mossy rock; prepare thy silver lance, shake the clotted gore of the wolf from thy spreading shield; Fingal of the brown lake, whose sword divides the lofty pine, whose spear is ever moist with the blood of the slain, will assist thy arm. Cullisin who sleeps on the brow of the mountain, whose feet are swift as the days of mirth, will draw forth his troops from the forest. The lions of the plain, Morvor and Essyr, will swell thy

army, as the falling rain swells the silver brook: they wait for thy presence, as the brown meadow for the spring; they will shoot out in blood, and blossom in victory.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, whose name has put to flight armies, arise.

Godred arose; he met the chiefs on the plain; they sat down, and feasted till the evening: there sat Cochlin with the long spear, whose arm is a thunderbolt: on the banks of the sea he fought an host, and rained blood on the plain of Mervor: brown is his face as the sun-burnt heath; strong his arm as the roaring sea: he shook his black locks like clouds tossed by the winds: he sings the song of joy. Godwin of the rushy plain lay upon the skin of the wolf; his eyes are stars, his blows are lightning. Tatwallin sat by his side, he sung sweet as the birds of spring, he fought like the angry lion.

O Tatwallin! sing the actions of Harold the Swift.

Tatwallin arose from his seat, the horn of mirth graced his right-hand.

Hear, ye sons of blood, whilst the horn of mirth is refreshing your souls, the actions of Harold the Swift.

"The wolf of Norway beat his anlace on his silver shield; the sons of war assembled around him: Swain of the cleft-hill shook the spear on his left; and Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, on his right, dyed in gore. Fergus, of the spreading hills was cased in black armour; his eyes shone with rage, his sword sported with the beams of the sun.

"Warriors, said the chief of the host, let us assault the foe; swift as the hawk let us fly to the war; strong as the bull, fierce as the wolf, will we rage in the fight: the followers of Harald, the son of Godwin, shall melt away as the summer clouds; they shall fall like the flowers of the field; their souls will fade with the blasting of our valour.

" Swain prepares for war; he sounds the brazen helmet, his followers lift high the deadly spear.

" The son of Godwin appears on the bridge, his banner waves in the wind; like a storm he scattered the troops of Swain.

" Edmund shot the arrows of death.

" Madded by defeat, Swain plunged into his band: the sword of Edmund sounded on his helmet: their silver shields were heard upon the stream: the sword of Edmund sunk to the heart of the son of Egwin; he bit the bloody sand at his feet.

" Harald the black stood on the Bridge, he swelled the river with gore: he divides the head of Edmund, as the lightning tears the top of the strong rock: armies melted before him, none can withstand his rage. The son of Godwin views him from the hill of death; he seized the flaming banner, and sounds the silver shield.

"Girth, Leofric, and Morcar, pillars of the war, fly to his shadow: with a troop of knights, fierce as evening wolves, they beset Harald the Black; like a tempest they rage, like a rock he repels their assault: hills of the slain arise before him, the course of the stream is turned aside.

"Warriors, said the son of Godwin, though we rage like a tempest, like a rock he repels our assault. Morcar, let one of thy knights descend beneath the bridge, and pierce him through the back with a spear.

"Selwyn, swift as a falling meteor, shot beneath the wave: the sharp spear pierces through the back of Harald the Black; he falls like a mountain in an earthquake; his eyes shot fire, and his teeth gnashed with rage: he dies.

"The hopes of Norway are no more; Harold the Swift led his troops to the bridge; they started at the sight of the mighty body, they wept, they fled.

"Thee, Godred, only thee! of all the thousands of the war, prepared thy sword for battle; they dragged thee from the field.

"Great was the sorrows of the sons of Norway."

Tatwallin ended his song, the chiefs arose from the green plain; they assemble their troops on the banks of Lexy.

Ceormond, with the green spear, martialled his band: he deduced his lineage from Woden, and displayed the shield of Penda. Strong as the tower of Pendragon on the hill, furious as the souls of the unburied warriors; his company were all Chiefs. Upon the high hills he encountered Moryon; like dashing waves they rushed to the war; their swords rained blood to the valley beneath. Moryon, wild as the winter's wind, raged in the fight; the pointed javelin quivered in his breast, he rolled down the high hill. Son of Woden, great was thy might, by thy hand the two sons of Osmor fell to the valley.

How are thy warriors stretched upon the bank of the Lexy, like willows!

Ealward, of the brown rock, who dyes his anlace in the blood of the wolves of the hill, whose spear, like a star, blasts the souls of the foe; see he sleeps with the chiefs upon the skin of the wolf; the battle is raging in his fancy; he grasps the bloody spear; his enemies fly before him; joy and rage dance on his brow: thus sleeping, he is as the sun slightly covered with a cloud.

Dugnal, who inhabits the isles, whose barks are swifter than the wind, stands on the bank of the stream; his eyes are bent on the spangling wave; his hands press the silver-headed spear; he is a lion in the war, in the council wise as the ancient priests.

Wilver stands on the right-hand of Godred; he is a rock, unmoved by the tempest of war.

Lagman is a young oak; he flourishes in the

heat of the glory of his sire: the warriors are like the stars of the winter night.

The noise of a multitude is heard from the hills: Godred sets his troops in order for war; they are seen on the brow of the hill. Many are the foes of Godred; great is the courage of his warriors.

Raignald of the isles attends the chiefs of his foes; his arm is strong as the flourishing oak; his wisdom deep as the black lake; his swift ships flew over the waves; he defied to battle the prince of the mountains.

Bladdyn fell by his hand; he burnt the palace of the wood: the horn, embossed with gold, graced his spoils; he returned to his castle over a sea of blood.

Dunhelm bears the banner of the foe; he is the dragon of the mossy plain; he kept the water of the seven springs. Wynfylt, and his warriors, sought to bear away the water in the horn of

hospitality. Dunhelm arose from his strong fort; his anlace glittered over his head.

Children of the hills, said the son of Olave, restore the water to the gently-running stream.

The son of Meurig answered not: the anlace of Dunhelm divided his head; his blows fell like the stones of hail, when the loud winds shake the top of the lofty tree; the warriors fled like the clouds of night, at the approach of the sun.

Elgar, from the borders of Northumberland, was among the enemies of Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black: he led his troops down the hill, and began the fight with Ospray: like the raging of the lake of blood, when the loud winds whistle over the sharp cliffs of the rock, was the noise of the battle.

Summerled rose in the fight like the rays of the morning; blood beamed about him; his helmet fell from his head; his eyes were like the lights upon the billows.

Octha, who fought for Godred, opposed the passage of his rage; his shield was like the rising sun, his spear the tower of Mabyn: the spear of Summerled sounded on the shield of Octha; he heard the shrill cry of joy, as the broken weapon fell to the ground: his sword fell upon the shoulder of Summerled; he gnashed his teeth, and died.

Ospray, like a lion, ravages the band of Elgar. Octha follows behind him, dying his long white robe in blood.

Elgar flies to the son of Vorti; his spear sounds upon his helmet; the sword of Octha divides the shield of Elgar: the Northumbrian warrior retires to his band. Dunhelm drives his long spear through the heart of Octha; he falls to the ground. Wilver sets his foot upon his breathless corpse, and buries him beneath the bodies of the foe.

Raignald, with his band, flies to the relief of Dunhelm: the troops of Wilver and Ospray

slowly retire. Dunhelem falls by the javelin of an unknown warrior; so falls the eagle by the arrow of the child.

Raignald rages like the fires of the mountain; the troops of Dugnal and Ceormond melt before him.

Dugnal lifts high his broad shield against the breast of Raignald; his sword hangs over his head: the troops of Raignald retire with their chief. Ealward, and the son of Harald the Black, fly to the war: the foe retire before them. Raignald encourages his men: like an eagle he rages in the fight.

The troops of Godred halt; the bands of Dugnal and Ceormond forsake their leaders.

Godred retires to the bank of the Lexy; the foe followed behind, but were driven back with shame. On the bank of the Lexy the warriors are scattered like broken oaks.

Godred sounds the silver shield; the chiefs assemble round his tent.

Let us again to the war, O chiefs, and drive the foe over the mountains.

They prepare for war; Dugnal leads the wolves of the isle; with a loud voice they began the fight. Ealward falls by the sword of Raignald. Cullifin scatters the javelins of fate. Fingal rages in the fight, but fell by the sword of Elgar.

Cochlin heard the dying groans of his friend; his sword pierced the heart of Elgar, he fell upon the body of Fingal.

Morvor and Essyr raged like sons of blood, thousands fell around them. Godwin scattered slaughter through the host of the foe. Tatwallin sweeps down the chief of the battle; like the noise of torrents rolling down the high mountains, is the noise of the fight; the feet of the warriors are wet with blood; the sword of Coch-

lin is broken, his spear pierces through the foe like lightning through the oak: the chiefs of Godred fill the field with the bodies of the dead: the night approaches, and victory is undecided: the black clouds bend to the earth, Raignald and and Godred both retire.

The chiefs of Godred assembled at the tent of council: Tatwallin arose and sung,

"When the flowers arose in the verdant meadows, when the birds of spring were heard in the grove of Thor, the son of Victa prepared his knights for war; strong as the mossy tomb of Ursic were the warriors he had chose for his band; they issued out to the war. Wecca shook the crooked anlace at their head.

"Halt, said the son of Victa, let the troops stand still: still as the silent wood, when the winds are laid asleep, the Saxons stood on the spreading plain.

"Sons of blood! said the immortal Wecca,

the foe against whom we must fight are stronger than the whole power of our king; let the son of Henna, with three hundred warriors, be hid in the dark-brown wood; when the enemy faint in the battle, let them spread themselves like the bursting cloud, and rain a shower of blood; the foe will be weakened, astonished, and fly.

"The warriors held their broad shields over the head of the son of Victa; they gave him the chaplet of victory, and sang the song of joy.

"Hennack, with the flower of the war, retired to the dark-brown wood: the sun arose arrayed in garments of blood; Wecca led his men to the battle; like bears they raged in the fight; yet the enemy fled not, neither were they moved: the fight continued till noon: the troops of the son of Victa fought like the dragons of the mountain, the foe fainted, they were weakened, yet they fled not.

"The son of Henna drew forth his band to the

plain; like a tempest they fell upon the foe; they were astonished; they fled.

"Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, and all the warriors who fight in his cause, let us pursue the same method; let the mountain of Secafull conceal Dugnall and three hundred chosen warriors from the eyes of Raignald; when he is spent in the fight let them issue to the war."

Godred arose from his throne, he led Tatwallin to a seat at his right-hand.

Dugnal prepares his troop; sing, O Tatwallin, the actions of Hengist and Horsa.

Tatwallin arose from his seat:

"When the black clouds stooped below the tops of the high hills, when the wolf came forth from the wood, when the branches of the pine perished, when the yews only smiled upon the russet-heath, the sons of Woden led the furious

warriors to the bank of the swift stream; there sat the horse of the hill, whose crooked sword shone like the star of the evening.

"Peada was the banner of the hills: when he waved his golden torce upon the bodies of the slain, the hearts of his companions beamed with victory: he joined the numerous bands of the sons of Woden; like a swelling stream they enter the borders of the land of Cuccurcha.

"Locca of the brown valley sounds the shield; the king of Urrin hears the sound, he starts from his seat: assemble the lions of war, for the enemy are upon the borders.

"Sons of Morven, upon whose shields are seen the hawk and the serpent, swift as the wind fly to the warriors of Abon's stream: sons of war, prepare the spreading shield, the sword of fire, the spear, the azure banner made sacred by the God.

"Cuccurcha issues to the war, as an enemy's wolf to the field.

"Selward, whose face is a summer cloud, gleaming with the recent lightning of the storms, shakes the broad anlace.

"Eadgar and Emmieldred, sons of the mighty Rovan, who discomfited Osniron with his steeds of fire, when the god of war, the blood stained Woden, pitched his tent on the bank of the wide lake, are seen in the troop.

Creadda, whose feet are like those of the horse, lifts high the silver shield.

"On the plain, near the palace of Frica, he encountered with Egward; their swords raised blood, shields echoed to the valley of slaughter.

"These were the warriors of Cucculcha, the lions of the war."

"Hengist and Horsa met them on the sandy plain; the shafts of death clouded the sun, swift as the ships of Horsa, strong as the arm of Suchullin: Peada ravaged the band of Cuccurcha like a mountain. Eadgar sustained the blow of Hengist; great was the fury of Engmieldred, his spear divided the broad shield, his anlace sunk into the heart: the sword of Anyoni pierced the breast of Cuccurcha, he fell like an oak to the plain.

"Creadda rages in the battle, he is a wild boar of the wood: the anlace of Horsa sounds on his round helm, he gnashes his teeth, he churns the smoaking gore, he dies. Locca reclines on his long spear, he is wearied with dealing death among his foes: the anlace of Hengist alights on his back, he falls to the ground.

"The men of Urrin fled to the forest; the lions of war, Hengist and Horsa, throw the spears of flight; they burn up the souls of the flying foe; the great image is red with blood; the flame lights the stars; the moon comes forth to grace

the feast; the chaplet of victory hangs on the brow of the warriors."

Tatwallin ended his song.

The morning crept from the mountains, Dugnal with his troops retired to the forest on the mountain of Scoafull.

Godred Crovan, son of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, prepares for battle. Raignald came down to the plain: long was the fight and bloody.

Godred Crovan beat his anlace on the shield; the warriors upon the mountain heard the sound of the silver shield; swift as the hunted stag they fly to the war, they hear the noise of the battle, the shout of the onset swells in the wind, the loud din of the war increases, as the thunder rolling from afar; they fly down the mountains, where the fragments of the sharp rock are scattered around; they ascend like the vapours, folding up the high hill, upon the borders of

Osloch; their helmets sweep the dawn of the morning; the saffron light shines on the broad shield; through the dark dells they cut a passage, through the dells where the beams of the sun are never seen.

On the rushy moor of Rossin they astonish the foe, and join in the war.

There fought Godred Crovan, death sat on his sword, the yelling breath of the dying foe shook his banner; his shield the stream of Lexy, which surrounds the dark-brown wood, and shines at the noon of day; his anlace dropped blood, and tore through the helmets of the foe like the red lightning of the storm.

Dugnal chief of the mountain warriors, who drove Rygwallon from his chariot of war, lifted his shield and spear through the heart of Morval; the weapon perforated, he yelled like a wolf of the mountain, he died.

Weolmund, of the white rock, arose in the

fight; like the fires of the earth he burnt up the ranks of the foe; his spear a blasted oak, his shield the sea when the winds are still, he appeared a hill, on whose top the winter snow is seen, and the summer sun melts it up: victory sat on his helmet, death on his anlace.

Wilver, who supports the tottering rocks, who flies like the bird of summer over the plain, shakes the crooked sword as he rages upon the hills of the slain, and is red with living gore: the spears of the foe are gathered about him, the sharp javelins sound on his shield; he looks around the field, the savage Edwin flies to his aid; like two wolves they rage in the war, their shields are red with blood.

The bear of the north throws his lance: the fur-clad Godard Syrric displays his starry shield, the chiefs fall at his feet, he rises on the breast of Rynon, storms of blood surround his sword, blood flows around him.

When the storm rages in the sky, the torrents

roll to the plain, the trees of the wood are borne away, the castle falls to the ground, such was the fury of the fight on the moor of Rossin: the chiefs fell, our foes halt, they fly swift as the clouds of winter. Ospray throws the spear of Chaso; swift as their fear he flies to the pursuit; the soul of Godred melted, he rolled the blue banner, wrought with gold, round the crimson stream: his warriors dance around him, they sing the song of Harald the Black; they hail him king; the golden sandal is thrown over his helmet. May the Gods grant this war for empire be his last.

THE HIRLAS,

Translated from the ancient British of Owen Cyfeliog, Prince of Powys.

Ere the sun was seen on the brow of the mountain, the clanging shields were heard in the valley: our enemies were appalled at the sound. The red armour of our warriors glittered till the noon of day. The foe fled from the borders; they fell in the chace like stones of hail; they panted like hunted wolves.

Let the Hirlas of Rhys overflow like the waters of the great river.

Where the golden banners declare the valour of Rhys, had the horn of hospitality long been

used: it relieved the warriors, who fainted in the chace, and the traveller whose habitation is beyond the white mountains.

Bring here, O cupbearer, the carved Hirlas of mirth, which glows with livid gold: let the sparkling mead flow around it.

Gwgwyn, prince of my table, son of mighty men, thine are the first honours of the Hirlas; small is the gift of gratitude; great were thy services. When thy ancestors stood in the fight, victory stood with them; loud were their voices in the battle, as the hygra of their charge.

Fill the golden Hirlas of mirth; attend to the merits of the warriors, lest they revenge on thee the disgrace of their honour.

See Gryffydh, with his uplifted crimson spear, expects it; he is the bulwark of the borders: sprung from Cynfyll and the dragons of the hill; his name shall ever live in the songs of the bards. As refreshed with the drink of mirth,

his attendants fought, furious as the battle of the champions of the valley. Whilst the tomb of Pendragon shall stand on the hill, his fame shall remain in the song.

Fill up the Hirlas to Eadnyfed, who sits like a god upon his broken armour: like a tempest he fell upon the shields of his foes: near Gyrthyn he slew an host.

The distant nations heard the noise of the battle of Maelor; the sound of the shields was heard in the mountains. Dreadful was the conflict as that of Bangor, when the warriors were trod to the ground. The princes fled: Morach beat the earth with his feet: Morvran fled over the mountain.

Fill up the golden Hirlas. Let the mead be borne to Sylliw, defender of our coast; to the lion of war, the son of Madoc; fierce as a wolf in the fight; soft as the mossy bed in peace.

To the sons of Essyner bear it next: strong as

two rocks they raged in the fight; the bravest champion falls before them; like storms they pierce the targets of the foe, sweeping down the multitude as the loud billows sweep the sand.

Fill up the badge of honour. To Tudor bear the golden Hirlas. Now to Moreiddeg, who, with his brother, assisted our cause: valour sat upon their brows; like wolves they fought for blood. These are my chiefs.

Let the golden Hirlas go round to the seat of Morgan, whose name shall be heard in the songs of our children: the sight of his useless sword blasted my soul.

Fill up the badge of honour, the golden Hirlas. To Gronwys bear it; astonished I saw him stand like a rock on the spreading plain of Giveshun; he sustained the assault of an army. Upon the sandy bank of the sea his attendants did wonders. The chief of the foe was burnt in the fire of his

rage, and the gleanings of the sword were lost in the stream.

In the heat of the battle, the son of Gryffydh burst his chains; Menrig again raged in the war. When the sun sat on the hill, we sung the song of victory.

Fill the Hirlas of mirth to all the chiefs of Oweyn, who are the wolves of the mountain. Madoc and Meyler are in soul one; they are our castles. The warriors of the hill stood round their chief, strong as the spear of Uther, swift in pursuit as the vapours of the night.

Fill the Hirlas with mead. Let us drink to the honour of the warriors, who fell in the war.

Bear it to Daniel, beauteous as the verdure of the forest, savage as the prowling wolf.

O cupbearer! great is thy service, in displaying the merits of the warrior; if thou hast not

heard his fame, his spear flies to thy breast, and his followers drink thy blood.

Whilst the lamps of joy are burning, let the Hirlas go round to the warriors who fought at Llydcomb; they fought with the rage of lions; the mead is their due: they defended Cwrys.

Let the Hirlas go round. May the Ruler of all send us liberty and life.

Bristol, Jan. 3, 1770. D. B.

GORTHMUND,

Translated from the Saxon.

The loud winds whistled through the sacred grove of Thor; far over the plains of Denania, were the cries of the spirits heard. The howl of Hubba's horrid voice swelled upon every blast, and the shrill shriek of the fair Locabara, shot through the midnight-sky.

Gorthmund slept on his couch of purple; the blood of the slain was still on his cruel hand: his helmet was stained with purple, and the banner of his father was no more white. His soul shuddered at the howl of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara: he shook like the trembling reed, when the loud tempest rolls the foaming flood over the pointed rocks: pale was his face as the

eglantine, which climbs the branches of the flowery bramble. He started from his couch: his black locks stood upright on his head, like the spears which stand round the tent of the warriors, when the silver moon spangles on the tranquil lake.

Why wilt thou torment me, Hubba; it was not by my hand that the sword drank thy blood. Who saw me plunge the dagger to the heart of Locabara? No! Nardin of the forest was far away. Cease, cease thy shrieks; I cannot bear them. On thy own sword thou hast thy death; and the fair virgin of the hills fell beneath the rage of the mountains. Leave me, leave me; witness Hel,* I knew not Locabara, I forced her not to my embraces; no, I slew her not; she fell by the

* *Hela*, or *Hel*, was the idol of the Danes, not, as some authors falsely assert, of the Saxons. He was the god of battle and victory. It is worthy remark, that every pagan deity of the northern nations, had his symbol or type, under which he was worshipped. The type of Hel was a black raven: hence the Danish standard was a raven. The symbol of Woden was a dragon, which was the standard of the Saxons in general, and the arms of Wessex.

mountaineers. Leave me, leave me, O soul of Hubba!

Exmundbert, who bore the † silver shield of Gorthmund, flew from his downy couch, swift as the rumour of a coming host. He struck the golden cup, and the king of the flying warriors awakened from his dream of terror. Exmundbert, is he gone? Strike the silver shield, call up the sons of battle, who sleep on the mossy banks of Frome But stay, 'tis all a vision; 'tis over and gone as the image of Woden, in the evening of a summer-day. Hence to thy tent, I will sleep again.

Gorthmund doubled his purple robe, and slept again.

Loud as the noise of a broken rock breaking

† The office of shield-bearer was very ancient and honourable: the leaders of armies had generally three shield-bearers; one to bear the shield, painted or engraved with the symbol of the god, and the others were employed to sound the shields of alarm.

down the caverns of Seoggeswaldscyre*, was the voice of Hubba heard: sharp as the cry of the bird of death at the window of the wounded warrior, when the red rays of the morning rise breaking from the east, and the soul of the sick is flying away with the darkness, was the shriek of Locabara. Rise from thy couch, Gorthmund, thou wolf of the evening. When the sun shines in the glory of the day; when the labouring swain dances in the wood-land shade; when the sparkling stars glimmer in the azure of the night, and contentment sleeps under the rustic roof, thou shalt have no rest. Thine are the bitter herbs of affliction; for thee shall the wormwood shed its seed on the blossoms of the blooming flower, and imbitter with its falling leaves the waters of the brook. Rise, Gorthmund, rise, the Saxons are burning thy tents: rise, for the Mercians are assembled together, and thy armies

* Seoggeswaldscyre, from Seggeswald, where Ethelbald, the ninth king of the Mercians, and fifteenth monarch of England, was slain in an insurrection of his subjects. This poem is certainly older than Alfred's time, and is, among numerous others, a proof that the division of England into shires, was not introduced by that glorious monarch.

will be slain with the sword, or burnt in the image of * Tewisk. The god of victory shall be red with thy blood, and they shall shout at the sacrifice. Rise, Gorthmund, thy eyes shall be closed in peace no more.

The king of the swift warriors started from his couch: he shook like an oak through which the lightnings have cut their rapid way; his eyes rolled like the lights on the Saxon barks, in the tempest of the dark and black night.

Exmundbert flew to his chief: he struck the silver shield. Sueno, of the dark lake, and the black haired Lecolwin, caught the lance and the shield, and prest into the royal tent.

Warriors strike the shields of alarm; the Mercians are assembled together, the Saxons are burning our tents: give the cry of war, and

* The pagan Saxons had a most inhuman custom of burning their captives alive in a wicker image of their god Tewisk. Whilst this horrid sacrifice was performing, they shouted and danced round the flames.

issue to the battle; come upon them by the side of the thick wood, near the city of * Reggacester. Lift the banner Reafan; and he is a worshipper of false gods who with-holds his sword from blood. The silver shield resounded to the wood of Sel, and the † great island trembled at the clamorous noise.

Delward, of the strong arm, and Ax-bred of the forest of wolves, led the warriors to the thick wood: but quiet was the forest as the tranquil lake, when the winds sleep on the tops of the lofty trees. The inhabitants of Reggacester slept in the strength of their walls. The leaders returned.

There is no enemy near, O king: still as the habitation of the dead, are the kingdoms around us: they have felt the strength of thy arm,

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* Rowcester, in Derbyshire, a place of great antiquity.

† In the original *Muchilney*. As there were several islands of this name, the particular one here mentioned is Aubions.

and will no more rise to oppose us. As the grass falls by the hand of the mower, so shall they fall before us, and be no more. The banner Reafan shall be exalted, and the seven gods of the Saxons be trampled in the dust. Let the armies of the north rejoice, let them sacrifice to the gods of war, and bring out the prisoners, for the * feast of blood. The warriors threw down the lance, and the shield, and the axe of battle: the plates of brass dropped from their shoulders; and they danced to the sound of the ‡ instrument of sacrifice. Confused as the cry of the fleet dogs when the white bear is pursued over the mountains of the north: confused, as the resolutions of terror, was the noise

* The Danes, not to be behind-hand with the Saxons in acts of barbarity, had also their bloody sacrifices. Their captives were bound to a stake, and shot to death with arrows.

‡ The word in the original is *Regalibol*, an instrument of music, of which, as I know nothing farther, than that it was used in sacrifices, I have translated as above. *Ribible*, among the Anglo-Saxons, was an instrument not unlike a violin, but played on with the fingers.

of the warriors. They danced till the mantle of midnight ascended from the earth.

The morning shook the dew from her crown of roses, on the yellow locks of the dancers; and the gleams of light shot through the dark grey sky, like the reeking blood over the shield of steel. See, warriors, a dark cloud sits on the mountain's brow, it will be a tempest at noon, and the heavy rains will fall upon us. Yes, ye * Danes, it will be a tempest, but a tempest of war: it will rain, but in showers of blood. For the dark cloud is the army of ‡ Segowald: he leads the flower of the warriors of Mercia, and on his right hand is the mighty son of battle, the great Sigebert, who leads the warriors of Wessex.

* In the original, *Tanmen*, which signifies either Danes or northern men.

‡ A Mercian of this name commanded the army of Offa; and a nobleman named Sigebert was of great account in the court of Brightrick, king of Essex.

The dance was ended; and the captives of sacrifice bound to the sacred tree: they panted in the pangs of death.

Sudden from the borders of the wood, was the alarm given: and the silver shield rouzed the sun from behind the black clouds. The archers of the sacrifice dropped the bow, and caught the lance with the shield. Confusion spread from watch-tower to watch-tower, and the clamour rung to the distant hills.

Gorthmund raged like a wild boar, but he raged in vain: his whole army was disordered, and the cry of war was mixed with the yell of retreat.

Segowald came near with his Mercians on the right-hand: and the great Sigebert led the Saxons round the thick wood.

The Danes rage like the tempest of winter, but the Mercians stand firm as the grove of oaks

on the plains of * Ambriosburgh: great is the strength of the swift warriors of the north, but their troops are broken, and out of the order of battle.

The Saxons, with the great Sigebert, have incircled the wood; they rage in the fight like wolves. The Danes are pressed on all sides; they fly like the leaves in autumn before the strong wind.

Gorthmund scorns to fly; he is descended from the son of battle, L'achollan, whose sword put to flight the armies of Moeric, when the sun was covered with a mantle of blood, and darkness descended upon the earth at noon day. He bears upon his arm the shield of Lofgar, the keeper of the castle of Teigne. Lofgar never fled, though the lances of the foe flew about

* Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, where Alfritha, wife to king Edgar, built a nunnery to atone for the murder of her son-in-law, Edward. In this place, Eleanor, queen to Henry the Third, lived a nun.

him numerous as the winged ants in summer. Lofgar never fled, though the warriors of the mountains hurled the rocks upon him in the valley, when he fought for the shield of Penda: and should Gorthmund fly, Gorthmund, whose sword was his law, who held justice in his banner?

Segowald fought Gorthmund: he found him singly encountering an army.

Turn to me, son of Lofgar; I am Segowald of the lake; hast thou not heard of my fame in battle? When the army of Hengist panted on the dark-brown heath, I cheared them to the war; and the banner of victory waved over my head. Turn thy arms upon me, Gorthmund, I am worthy thy strength.

The son of Lofgar rushed to the son of Alderwold: they fought like the children of destruction on the plain of Marocan. Gorthmund fell. He fell, like the mountain boar beneath the arrow of the hunter.

As the shades of death danced before his eyes, he heard the yell of Hubba, and the shrill shriek of Locabara: Thou art fallen, thou son of injustice, thou art fallen; thy shield is degraded in the dust; and thy banner will be honored no more! Thy swift warriors are fled over the plain, as the driving sheep before the wolf. Think, Gorthmund, think of Hubba, the son of Crinewalch of the green hill. Think on Locabara, whom thy sword sent to the regions of death. Remember thy injustice, and die.

FRAGMENT of a SERMON.

By the celebrated ROWLIE.

To the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.

SIR,

The late publication of a volume of poems, said to have been written by Thomas Rowlie, in the 15th century, having given rise to some ingenious criticisms respecting their authenticity, I beg leave to send you the following fragment of a sermon by the same author. It was given to me some time since by Mr. George Catcott, whose name has been so often mentioned on the present occasion, and to whose inquisitive disposition, and very commendable zeal, the public is principally indebted for the

preservation and appearance of these valuable productions of antiquity. It may be necessary to inform you, that, when Chatterton gave this fragment to his friend, he was utterly (and ever after continued) unacquainted with any language but his mother-tongue: and that the citations of these languages, from two antient authors, have been fully authenticated. The poetical talents of our bard are established by the publication of his poems; but the following fragment of a sermon on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, displays him in the more illustrious character of an orthodox divine. Every circumstance which tends to throw light on the history of Rowlie should be given to the public, and his sentiments on so essential a point of the Christian religion by no means suppressed, notwithstanding they may not have the sanction of an age unhappily overgrown with Arianism and infidelity. Chatterton himself, although he totally disbelieved the subject of the fragment, had, however, the ingenuity to produce it; and I am sorry that the ingenious editors had

not thought it (and some others of Rowlie's prose productions in their possession) worthy of being published together with his poetical compositions.

Yours, &c. A. B.

I have been favoured with the perusal of some prose MSS. now in Mr. Catcott's possession, that prove Rowlie's existence beyond the possibility of a doubt.

FRAGMENT.

Havynge whylomme ynn dyscourse provedd, orr soughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deeitie of Holye Spryte. Manne moste bee supplyedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe assyste hys flocke ynn these wordes, *The Holye Sprytes communyonn bee wythe you.* Lette us dhere

desyerr of hymm to ayde us, I ynne unplyteynge and you ynn understandynge hys deeite: lette us saye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adesto, Sancte Spiritus, & paraclesin tuam expectantibus illabere cælitus; sanctifica templum corporis nostri, & consecra inhabitaculum tuum.* Seyncte Paûlle sayethe yee are the temple of Godde; forr the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyne bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne proofe of the personne and glorye of the thryrde personne. The personne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorye, and deeitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee proeved fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture: beeynge, as Seyncte Peter, sayethe, of the same essentyall matterr as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moste undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will of Godde mooveddl uponn the waterrs att the creatyonn of the worlde: thys meanethe the Deeitie. I sayde, ynn mie laste discourse, the promyse of Chryste, whoe wythe Godde the Fadie woldè dwelle ynn the soughle of hys decyples; howe

coulde heie soe but bie mysyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyne the personallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonne and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttselfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, sythence bie hymm wee bee toe fast keepe yese goode thynges: gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt selfe, meethynckes the custos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of those goode thynges and bie hys obeisaunce dheie mote alleyne bee helde. I maie notte be doltysh ne hereticalle toe saie, whate wee calle consyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte, to forsake our evylle waies before he dothe solely leave our steinedd soughles. Nete bee a greaterr proofe of mie argument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forslaggen hymm, hee agayne raysedd mann fromm the duste, ande havethe savedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; he raysedd Chryste fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, and hee shalle destroye ytt. Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde,

howe bee ytt the posessynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne sayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette suche dothe the Spryte. Thus sayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz. Of the Spryte and hys wurchys:

Γενᾶται Χρις῵ προϱέχει Βαπτιζεῖαι μαϱτυϱεῖ Πειραζέται αναῖτ
Δυναμεις ἐπιτελεῖ Συμπαϱαμαϱτεῖ Ανέϱχεται.

MEMOIRS of Sir WILLIAM CANYNGE,

Chiefly collected from Rowley's Poems.

Sir William Canynge, whom Rowley justly styles "a grete and goode man, the favouryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the companyonne of kynges, and the fadre of hys natyve cittie," was a younger son of a citizen of Bristol. In his youth he gave early dawnings of wisdom and learning;

> "As wise as anie of the eldermenne,
> He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne."
>
> *Story of Mr. William Canynge.*

He was also of a comely person, but married, it seems, for love, without a fortune. Soon after,

however, his father and elder brother, who both loved money as much as he despised it, died, and left him large estates in land and money, with his brother John * dependent upon him; on which he founded a chauntry for their souls,

"And put hys broder into syke a trade,
That he Lorde Mayre of Londonne towne was made,"

Ibid.

in the year 1456. But soon this dawning was overcast by the death of his wife, his second self. Of his native city he was mayor five times; and beside several other charities, founded an almshouse or hospital (which is yet in being) at Redcliff-hill, and built a chapel, and that noble church of St. Mary Redcliff, the finest parish-church in England,

"The maystrie of a human hande,
The pryde of Brystowe and the Westerne lande."

On Our Ladies Chyrche.

* Called *Thomas* by Stow in his list of Mayors.

When Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed at Bristol for treason in 1461, 1 Edward IV. Canynge, being then mayor, made great intercession for him to the King, * who heard him graciously, having been much his friend, though he would not grant his request. When he was knighted does not appear. Rowley has dedicated to him his tragedy of Ælla, in two epistles. To that of Godwyn Canynge wrote the prologue, and in it acted the part of King Edward the Confessor. Four poems of his are also printed with Rowley's. In 1467, a second match being proposed by the King between him and a lady of the Wideville (the Queen's) family, Sir William went into orders purposely to avoid it, being ordained

* Then Maister Canynge sought the Kinge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod he, "unto your Grace,
To move your clemencye."

The Deathe of Syr Charles Bawdyn.

acolythe, by his friend Bishop Carpenter * of Worcester, 19th of September, and receiving the higher orders of sub-deacon, deacon, and priest, 12th of March, 1467, the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively. Being then made dean of the collegiate church of Westbury, Wilts, with his usual munificence he rebuilt that college. Soon after his taking orders, he gave, by a deed of trust, dated 20th of October, 1467, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to St. Mary Redcliff church, "*certain jewels* of Sir Theobald Gorges,† Knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.

Full of good works, he died in the year 1474, and was buried in Redcliff church, where two

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* Rowley, in his dedication of Ælla, says,

> "Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd me saie,
> He wysche you healthe and felinesse for aie."

† Sir Theobald Gorges was a Knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. Vol. vii. p. 98.) He was an actor in both Rowley's Tragedies, and wrote one of the *Mynstrelles Songes*, in Ælla, p. 91, "Rowley, Iscamm and *Tyb. Gorges*," are mentioned by Canynge as three of his friends, in his "Accounte of his Feast."

monuments were erected to his memory, one with his effigies in the robes of a magistrate, the other in those of a priest, cut in white marble. Besides his many other charitable donations, he settled lands to pay 44l. per annum to the sheriffs, in lieu of toll demanded by them, at the city gates. (An account of the chests deposited by him in Redcliff church will be found in this volume.)

Sir W. Canynge had also a cabinet of curiosities, which he had collected with very great expence, and Rowley assisted him in making the collection. The greatest part of a large folio was filled with his compositions. This folio, Rowley says, "was a presente wordie of a grete kynge;" and the loss of it will be sincerely regretted by the friends of literature, as the writings might have thrown some light on the learning of those times. Canynge was also a man of an extensive genius, and a liberal turn of mind, the distinguished patron of literature, and a lover of the fine arts. Rowley, it appears by his writings, lived with the greatest intimacy with him, and received very extraordinary marks of

his favour and generosity. On all occasions he shews his gratitude to his illustrious friend, takes perpetual delight in dwelling on his many amiable virtues, and constantly manifests an earnest desire of transmitting his fame to posterity. This appears not only in many of his poems, but also in the following prose work, presented by Chatterton, and printed in the Town and Country Magazine for Nov. 1775, which, as a literary curiosity, our readers, we doubt not, will be glad to see re-published here, with several corrections. For other particulars of this Mæcenas of the Bristol Virgil, they must wait till Mr. Barrett favours the world with his history of that city, (contained in this volume.)

Some further Account of this extraordinary Person, written by Rowley the Priest.

"I was fadre confessor to masteres Roberte and Mastre William Cannings. Mastre Robert was a man after his fadre's own harte; greedie of gaynes and sparynge of alms deedes; but master William was mickle courteous, and gave

me many marks in my needs. At the age of 22 years deaces'd master Roberte, and by master William's desyre bequeathid me one hundred marks; I went to thank master William for his mickle courtesie, and to make tender of myselfe to him.—Fadre quod he, I have a crotchett in my brayne, that will need your aide. Master William, said I, if you command me I will go to Roome for you; not so farr distant, said he: I ken you for a mickle learned priest; if you will leave the parysh of our ladie, and travel for mee, it shall be mickle to your profits.

"I gave my hands, and he told mee I must goe to all the abbies and pryorys, and gather together auncient drawyings, if of anie account, at any price. Consented I to the same, and pursuant sett out the Mundaie following for the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing of a steeple, contryvd for the belles when runge to swaie out of the syde into the ayre, had I thence; it was done by Syr Symon de Mambrie, who, in the troublesomme rayne

of kyng Stephen, devoted himselfe, and was shorne.

"Hawkes showd me a manuscript in Saxonne, but I was onley to bargayne for drawyings.—The next drawyngs I metten with was a church to be reard, so as in form of a cross, the end standing in the ground; a long nanuscript was annexed. Master Canning thought no workman culd be found handie enough to do it.—The tale of the drawers deserveth relation.—Thomas de Blunderville, a preeste, although the preeste had no allows, lovd a fair mayden, and on her begatt a sonn. Thomas educated his sonn; at sixteen years he went into the warrs, and neer did return for five years.—His mother was married to a knight, and bare a daughter, then sixteen, who was seen and lovd by Thomas, sonn of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Mesching, of the minster, who invited, as custom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heschamme. Thomas nevertheless had not seen his sonn for five years, yet kennd him in-

stantly; and learning the name of the bryde, took him asydde and disclosed to him that he was his sonn, and was weded to his own sistre. Yoynge Thomas toke on so that he was shorne.

"He drew manie fine drawyinges on glass.

"The abott of the minster of Peterburrow sold it me; he might have bargayned 20 marks better, but master William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did sell me a picture of great account, made by Badilian Y'allyanne, who did live in the reign of Kynge Henrie the First, a mann of fickle temper, havyng been tendred syx pounds of silver for it, to which he said naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of Coventriee. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyings, all the works of mickle cunning. — Master William culld the most choise parts, but hearing of a drawying in Durham church hee did send me.

"Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatils are more worth than you gave; take this

for your paynes: so saying, he did put into my hands a purse of two hundreds good pounds, and did say that I should note be in need; I did thank him most heartily.—The choise drawyng, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put up, and somme houses near the old church erased; it was drawn by Aflema, preeste of St. Cutchberts, and offered as a drawyng for Westminster, but cast asyde, being the tender did not speak French.— I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a house on the hill, often repayrings to mastere William, who was now lord of the house. I sent him my verses touching his church, for which he did send me mickle good things.—In the year kyng Edward came to Bristow, master Cannings send for me to avoid a marrige which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he ne'er had seen, of the familee of the Winddevilles; the danger were nigh, unless avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a sonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cause, and cannot be wedded.—Mr. Cannings instauntly sent me to Carpenter, his good friend,

bishop of Worcester, and the Fryday following was prepaird and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday sung his first mass in the church of our ladie, to the astonishing of kyng Edward, who was so furiously madd and ravyngs withall, that master Cannings was wyling to give him 3000 marks, which gave him peace again, and he was admyted to the presence of the kyng, staid in Bristow, partook of all his pleasures and pastimes till he departed the next year.

"I gave master Cannings my Bristow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praise it more than I did think my self did deserve, for I can say in troth I was never proud of my verses since I did read master Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle, I went to the minster of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchase the Saxon manuscripts, and sett my selfe diligentley to translate and worde it in English metre, which in one year I performed and styled it the Battle of Hastyngs; master

William did bargyin for one manuscript, and John Pelham, an esquire, of Ashley, for another. — Master William did praise it muckle greatly, but advised me to tender it to no man, beying the menn whose name were therein mentioned would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Ashley, to master Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

"But his ladie being of the family of the Fiscamps, of whom some things are said, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt too if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn to speake by a figure, would have over sounded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to get away in a safe skin.

"I wrote my Justice of Peace, which master Cannings advisd me secrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was seizd with great pains, which did cost me mickle of marks

to be cured off. — Master William offered me a cannon's place in Westbury College, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me to stay at home. After this mischance I livd in a house by the Tower, which has not been repaird since Robert Consull of Gloucester repayrd the castle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my house on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen: some marks it cost me to put in repair my new house; and brynging my chattles from the ould; it was a fine house, and I much marville it was untenanted. A person greedy of gains was the then possessour, and of him I did buy it at a very small rate, having lookd on the ground works and mayne supports, and fynding them staunch, and repayrs no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repayring lease for 99 years, he thinkying it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

ANTIQUITY of CHRISTMAS GAMES.

In the days of our ancestors, Christmas was a period sacred to mirth and hospitality. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boast of the honours it once had; the veneration for religious seasons fled with popery, and old English hospitality is long since deceased. Our modern playthings of fortune, who make the whole year a revolution of dissipation and joyless festivity, cannot distinguish this season; unless by resting from their laborious pleasures, and (if they can think) find a happy serenity in solitude and reflection, unknown in the tumult of hurricanes.—The ancient Christmas gambols were, in my opinion, superior to our modern spectacles and

amusements; wrestling, hurling the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were pleasures for men; it is true, the conversation of the hearth-side was the tales of superstition: the fairies, Robin Goodfellow, and hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling audience mutter an Ave Maria, and cross their chins; but the laughable exercises of blindman's buff, riddling, and question and command, sufficiently compensated for the few sudden starts of terror. Add to these amusements, the wretched voices of the chanters and sub chanters; howling carols in Latin; the chiming of consecrated bells; the burning consecrated wax-candles; curiously representing the Virgin Mary; praying the saint whose monastery stood nearest; the munching consecrated cross-loaves, sold by the monks; all which effectually eradicated the spectres of their terrific stories. Nor were these the only charms against the foul fiends, and night-mare; sleeping cross-legged, like the effigies of Knights Templars, and warriors, and the holy bush and church-yard yew, were certain antidotes against those invisible

beings. After this representation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby-horse, as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amusements of the days of old; but let the sentimental reader consider that the tales of superstition, when believed, affect the soul with a sensation pleasurably horrid; we may paint in more lively colours to the eye, they spoke to the heart.

The great barons and knights usually kept open house during this season, when their villains or vassals, were entertained with bread, beef, and beer, and a pudding, wastol cake, or Christmas kitchel, and a groat in silver at parting; being obliged, in return, to wave the full flaggon round their heads, in honour of the master of the house. Sometimes the festival continued, till Twelfth-day, when the baron, or his steward, took the deis, or upper seat of the table, and after dinner gave every man a new gown of his livery, and two Christmas kitchels.—This kind of liberality endeared the barons to the common people, and

made them ever ready to take up arms under their banners.

A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that William, Earl of Glocester entertained [illegible] hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, [illegible] great manor of Keynsham, provided thirty [illegible] of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and [illegible] the Twelfth-day began the plays for the knights by the monks; with miracles and maumeries [illegible] the henchmen and servants, by minstrels.

Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons, were usually family histories, the monk, who represented the master of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances, ab-

surdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gonges, Constance, countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monasteries had the service of monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the same contained nothing against God or the church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private; the plot, generally, the life of some pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have seen several of these pieces, mostly Latin, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would represent: they had a good moral in view, and some of the maumeries abound with it, which though low now was not so then. Minstrels, jesters, and mummers, was the next class of performers; every knight had two or three minstrels and jesters, who were maintained in his house, to entertain his family in

their hours of dissipation; these Chaucer mentions in the following passages:

Doe comme, he saied, myn mynstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon in mye armyage.
Of Romaunces yatto been royals,
Of popes and cardinals,
And eke of love longynge.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all manere of mynstrales,
And jestours thatte tellen tales,
Both of weepynge and of yame,
And of all thatte longeth unto fame.
Third Book of Fame.

D.

SAXON ATCHIEVEMENTS.

Published Jan.1.1803 by Longman & Rees Paternoster Row.

SAXON ACHIEVEMENTS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

Herewith I send you some curious Saxon achievements; an inedited coin of Sexburgeo, wife of Kinewalch, king of the West-Saxons, after whose death she reigned queen; and a Saxon amulet.

As no part of antiquity is so little known as Saxon heraldry, I shall not pretend to be infallible in the following conjectural explanation of the bearings.

a. A shield, amezz; *i. e.* painted irregularly with flowers, fruits, leaves, and insects; the field, argent; charge, proper.

b. A shield, aaðoð; and were little round cakes of green wheat offered to the afgod or lesser idol of the Saxons; field, or; charge, vert.

c. A shield, aþnaten, carved with crosses, patee. no settled tincture.

d. A shield, þunðeɼ-þlaeȝoð, reblasted, repre ing lightning; an irregular kind of daur argent and gules.

e. A shield of Keyna, so called from St. Keyna*, a Saxon virgin, who is falsely said to have turned serpents into stone; field, vert; charge, murrey.

f. A shield aþȝoðoð, charged with an afgod, and baso aadod. The afgod was an image like a dragon, as in the cut, placed at the feet of Woden: it was the ancient arms of Wessex, which has been often falsely blazoned, a griffin, serje-

* Camden makes Keyna a British virgin, which is evidently a mistake.

ant. Camden mentions a procession in some part of England, where was displayed in a banner, a giant and dragon: this he did not know how to account for. Had he looked into the Saxon mythology, he might have found that the heathen Saxons, in the spring, used to bear in procession, a banner, argent, where was displayed the god Woden, azure: and this afgod his usual attendant, gules.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Bristol, May 15, 1769. D. B.

ANECDOTE of CHAUCER.

After Chaucer had distributed copies of th
of Piers Plowman, a Franciscan friar wrote
satiric maumery upon him; which was acted
the monasteries in London, and at Woodstock
before the court. Chaucer, not a little nettled at
the poignancy and popularity of the satire, meeting his antagonist in Fleet Street, beat him with his dagger; for which he was fined two shillings, as appears by a record of the Inner Temple, where Chaucer was a student.

ANECDOTE concerning Lord JEFFRIES.

A few months before the abdication of the dastardly tyrant James II. lord chancellor Jeffries, of detested memory, went to Arundel, in Sussex, in order to influence an election. He took his residence at the castle, and went the day fixed for the election to the town-hall, where Mr. Peckham, who was then mayor of Arundel, held his court. Jeffries had the impudence to shew his bloody face there: the mayor ordered him to withdraw immediately; and in case of refusal, threatened to have him committed. "You," said he, "who "ought to be the guardian of our laws, and of our "sacred constitution, shall not so audaciously "violate them. This is my court, and my juris-"diction here is above yours." Jeffries, who was

not willing to perplex still more the king's affairs, and to enrage the populace, retired immediately. The next morning he invited Peckham to breakfast with him, which he accepted; but he had the courage to scorn to take a place, which the merciless executioner offered him.

Taken from the Records of the Town of [illegible].

SAXON HERALDRY.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

Being a little curious in antiquities, I have found that the Saxon heralds had these three tinctures, Heofnas, Weal, and Ocyre. Heofnas, (that is, in Saxon, Heaven) I take to be azure. Weal, (that is, strange or foreign) purpure, tenne, or any other colour brought from foreign countries: and Ocyre may be the same with oker, a yellow fossil, and signifies or.

If any of your ingenious correspondents (whether heralds or antiquaries) do not approve of my conjectures, I should be glad to know their opinion of the above.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Bristol, Feb. 4, 1769. D. B.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

To the Editor of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

As you mention that Henry II. introduced the dress called court-mantle, the following copy of a manuscript, written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a monk, concerning the said dress, may not be unacceptable.

Brighhike haveinge ymade Seyncte Baldwynnes chapele ynto a house, Kynge Harrie secundus, in his yinge daies was there taughte. Yn the walle of sayde house, was an ymagerie of a Saxonne Ab-thane, crabbatelie ywroghtenne, with a mantille of estate, whyche yinge Harrie enthoghten to bee moke fyner dresse thanne

BRIGHHIKE, *an Anglo-Saxon earl.*
BALDWYNNES CHAPELE, *in Bristol.*
YMAGERIE, *statue.*
AB-TH..NE, *earl.*
CRABBATELIE, *elegantly made.*
MOKE, *much.*

hys. Causeynge the same to be quaintissen yn elenge selke and broderie, thus came courte dresse from å Brystoe ymagerie.

And in another manuscript written by Rowley, it is said,

Richardus * abatte of Seyncte Augustynes dyd wear a mantelle of scarlette, frenged with bighes, and plated sylver after courte fashyon.

D.

QUAINTISSEN, *devised or imitated,* ELENGE, *foreign.* || BRODERIE, *embroidery.* BIGHES, *jewels.*

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* In 1149.

On the ORIGIN, NATURE, and DESIGN of

SCULPTURE.

Embellished with a Sketch for the Statue ordered to be erected to the memory of the late William Beckford, *Esq. by the Court of Common Council.*

EXPLANATION.

Mr. Beckford *in his Robes, as Lord Mayor, treading on* Tyranny, *and supporting* Britannia, *who in a recumbent distressed Posture, looks up to him as imploring his Assistance. On an Altar (on which are the Arms of the City of* London,) *the Address, surmounted with the Cap of* Liberty, *and the City Regalia, the Sword resting on* Magna Charta, *encircled with Laurel.*

Sculpture is an art which, by design and solid matter, imitates the palpable objects of nature. It is difficult to ascertain the epocha of its origin; it is lost in the most remote antiquity.

The arts of imitation in general, as painting, architecture, sculpture, &c. were the first invented. Sculptors began to work upon clay and wax, which are more flexible, and more pliable than wood and stone. They soon made statues of trees which were neither subject to corruption nor worms, as the lemon-tree, the cypress, the palm, the olive, the ebony, and the vine: at last they made use of metals, ivory, and the hardest stones; marble especially became the most precious matter, and the most esteemed for works of sculpture.

The nations amongst which this fine art was in the greatest honour were the Ægyptians; those people, so celebrated by the monuments of their gratitude towards the memory of the kings their benefactors. It was to perpetuate their names, that they erected, in the earliest ages, the two Colossean statues of Mocrus, and the Queen his spouse.

The Ægyptian sculptors excelled all others in exactness of proportion; the different parts of a

statue were often formed by divers artists; and these parts united made the whole perfect.

The Greek historians boast of the invention of that art in their country, which they attribute to love: however, it is certain that the first essays of sculpture in Greece were very unpolished; but Dedalus having travelled into Ægypt, improved himself in this art, and formed afterwards pupils who became the admiration of a people whose taste was not yet refined by the elegant statues of Phydias, Myron, Lysippus, &c.

The Greeks, subdued by the Romans, degenerated insensibly; and the arts vanished with their freedom.

Sculpture was an exotic which never could thrive in victorious Rome; its transient glory was eclipsed by the other arts in the reign of Augustus; it declined under Tiberius, Caius, and Claudius; and re-appeared with an enormous magnitude under Nero.

The Gothic sculpture sprung afterwards from a wild imagination, unassisted by nature.

The epocha of sculpture is the same in France and Italy. The celebrated Michael Angelo worked in Rome under the pontificate of Leo X. whilst John Goujon was admitted at Paris, under the patronage of Francis I.

The English advanced by slow degrees to the perfection of that art, in which they now rival their ancient masters.

The sculptors gave the name of statue to a figure in embossed work, that stands by itself in wood, stone, marble, or metal, of persons conspicuous by their birth, their rank, or their merit.

The ancients often represented figures of men, kings, and even gods, under a species of statues smaller than the natural size.

Those of persons who had distinguished themselves by their superior knowledge, their virtues,

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or some important services to the commonwealth, were erected at the public expence in statues of human size.

The third species of statues was designed for kings and emperors: they were taller than men commonly are; and those which personated heroes were larger in proportion.

As for the Colossean statues, they represented gods; and often kings and emperors, desirous to magnify themselves by these stupendous works, reared at their own expence monuments of their vanity and folly.

An equestrian statue exhibits a man on horseback, as the statue of Charles I. at Charing-cross; the statue of Henry IV. at Paris; and that of Cosmo de Medicis, at Leghorn.

A Greek statue is naked and antique; thus called, because the Greeks displayed in that manner the gods, the heroes, and the athlets of the Olympic games.

The Roman statues are all represented with a drapery.

A mausoleum is a pompous funeral monument, decorated with sculpture and architecture, with an epitaph sacred to the memory of some considerable personage. It derives its etymology from the magnificent tomb, which Queen Artemisa caused to be erected for Mausolus, king of Caria, her husband.

Heroes, patriots, and statesmen, are not only entitled to the love and veneration of their cotemporaries during their lives, but their virtues and services ought to be transmitted to the latest posterity. This vanity of surviving our dust by lasting monuments of national gratitude, has prompted men to the most noble actions, and inspired them with the emulation of being enrolled in the records of time, with those great heroes whose statues and inscriptions they contemplate with a sort of extacy. The tombs of Westminster-abbey fill the mind with that awful reverence, which a magnificent and grateful na-

tion testifies for its benefactors. The portraits of the illustrious warriors who have subdued our inveterate enemies in both hemispheres, exposed to public view in Vauxhall-gardens, create even in a dissipated multitude a kind of admiration greatly superior to that inspired by the enchantment of the place. The spirit and magnanimity of the incorruptible Beckford, so becoming the first magistrate of the metropolis of a powerful empire; his noble and animated speech to the throne, which was the last public testimony of his unwearied zeal for his country's cause, will be echoed with applause at the sight of his statue by the succeeding generation, to whom he tried to transmit our constitution restored to its pristine purity.

ADVENTURES of a STAR.

I shall omit the minute passages of my life, which happened whilst my members were in a state of separation, and begin my history where I began to see the polite world—in the faceman's shop. My possessor was a substantial man, and of some account among the monied men at Jonathan's. He was accounted a wit at his club at the Robinhood, which was not then altogether as patriotic as it is now; no Cato being permitted to mount the table, and harangue himself into an asthma. Here I lived in a state of inactivity for above a month, and heard nothing but the usual discourse of trade; when one day a couple of pretty ladies hurried into the shop, from a coach dignified with a coronet. "Well, Mr. Spangle, we want to take a view of the newest patterns you have. Lord, my dear, and is the wretch

really jealous?" "Quite mad, 'pon honour. Don't you think this pattern very pretty? Why, he had the impudence to declare, that I should receive no more visits from the colonel." "An amazing pretty stomacher! pray what is the price? "And I hope you answered him like a woman of quality and spirit." Certainly my dear." "Fifty guineas, Mr. Spangle! Well, let me have it, and book it to Lord G—r, I will never disgrace my title." "But, my dear Harriot, I have reason to fear his jealousy will veer round to the right object." "Reason to fear! my dear, what an expression is that for a woman of quality! You have reason to fear nothing but his interrupting your happiness." "And that I defy him to do. Here, Harry, take the trifles. Yours, Mr. Spangle." And away drove the titular honourables, whom I heard no more of till my exaltation among the quality. The next discourse of any consequence happened between Mr. Spangle and his son. Jack Spangle was as complete a city buck as any who frequent the Park when the sun shines. He spoke an anglicised French very fluently; and murdered an overture upon the

violin to admiration. "Jack (said the old gentleman to him one day, when the ungracious spendthrift had made application for 'tother bank-bill) these wild courses will never do. I hear you have a mistress; I don't begrudge it Jack; but why will you pay so confounded dear for her? I make allowances; you are flesh and blood as well as myself; would you had as much prudence as many years have taught me. I protest, when I was a young fellow, I cut as pretty a figure as you with half the expence. I used to take a trip into the country, hire a good handsome wench as my servant, put her into reputable lodgings, and buy every thing necessary for her myself; and by these means fix her my own at an easy rate. Here was the surgeon's bill saved, and my constitution kept whole and sound for matrimony, if ever fate should throw a wife, with ten thousand pounds, in my way. I made every lady a compliment, but seldom accompanied it with any other present than a kiss. Would you, Jack, pursue the same prudent method you would find the benefit of it; but I am afraid you are resolved to buy experience dear."

Jack heard this admonition with a sheepishness natural enough to the choice spirits of the city, when they are under correction: but the old gentleman producing a bill at the end of his harangue, Jack's countenance brightened up; he received it, and bowing respectfully, stammered out, "'Tis very true, Sir, as you say, Sir."

After lying in the shop three months and four days, (I always endeavour to be precise in my chronology, as it gives the reader assurance that the history is really and *bona fide* true) one of my rays by an accident, began to be a little tarnished: this was a terrible misfortune, as in consequence of it, I was degraded to the glass-case at the door. I now gave way to the most violent emotions of despair, and thought my splendor irretrievable; saw all my hopes of rising in the polite world vanished; and expected never to be relieved till the day of transmutation, from my disgraceful situation. But fate had kinder days in store for me. The first object that claimed my attention in the street, was the superb chair of Mrs. Spermacety, the wax-chandler's wife. Her chairmen were

loaded with silver lace; and the footman who cleared the way, had an enormous bag wig. I expected to have seen it filled with the dignity of a duchess; but how great was my astonishment, when I perceived a short, fat woman, of the same complexion as the sign of the Saracen's Head fastened in it! She was dressed meanly rich, without the shadow of elegance in any thing but her chair, which had formerly belonged to a lady of quality, having purchased it at her decease. Her sneaking pitiful countenance did not discover one grain of generosity or nobility: she appeared an absolute burlesque upon the grandeur which surrounded her. The following dialogue between Mr. Spangle and his good friend and neighbour Mr. Pickle let me into her whole history. "Good morning to you, neighbour Spangle, as the man said; methinks, Mrs. Spermaceti shines to-day." "She shines every day, at home and abroad, Mr. Pickle: but there may be reasons for it; and the grey mare is sometimes the better horse." This stroke, though in my opinion not very brilliant, brought a horse-laugh on both sides for about ten minutes. "You

are a wit, neighbour, you are a wit; but they say, as how, that Mrs. Spermaceti was formerly her husband's cook-maid; but lies and snow-balls gather in rolling; pray is there any truth in the matter?" "Between ourselves, there is a great deal of truth in it; and the first charm that Mr. Spermaceti found in his spouse, was that she dressed ortolans to a miracle." Another loud laugh of applause echoed to the end of the street. "And they say, Mr. Spangle, as how, that she lost three thousand pounds one night at the gaming table to lord what-ye-callum —— lord Dillitanti; is that true?" "Very true, upon my word; for Tom Shamwell, who now lives by his wit, stood behind her chair, to let him into her hand, as they call it." "Well, the Lord help us all, it is a sad thing to have a spending wife, who consumes all the money before we gets it."

This edifying discourse was terminated by a hearty shake of the hand, and an invitation from both parties to partake of a bottle of wine. I had now remained exposed to public view for about three weeks, and had caught the eye of every

staring countryman, who did honour to my fallen brightness, by exclaiming, "Odzounds! what a woundy pretty thingamy!" Fortune at last began to smile, and my deliverance from disgrace was effected in the following manner.

Father L'Andridella was at the time of the intended assassination of the king of Portugal treasurer to a principal college of the order of Jesus, in the city of Lisbon. He was the intimate friend and confidant of Malagrida; and assisted him in composing those ridiculous whimsies which the inquisition condemned as heretical. He was also deep in the important secret; and when the conspiracy began to unravel, was happy enough to escape the flames which Malagrida and the other conspirators perished in. The inhumanity with which the innocent families of the only two noble conspirators were treated is too shocking to be dwelt upon.

Andridella went first to Paris, where he was

employed by St. Florentin to bear certain presents to certain ministers in England, on a pacific account: but he demanding more for his trouble that St Florentin chose to give, he was threatened with being confined for life in the Bastile; which threat would have been actually carried into execution, had he not timely got away to England.

How a certain physician came by his intelligence, shall be known in due time.

Andridella, for reasons best known to himself, shifted his habit, and equipped himself as a pedlar. Being a man of an extensive genius, and great knowledge in chemistry, he prepared several tinctures, for taking spots out of linen, recovering tarnished gold or silver, and other ingenious *minutiæ*. In one of his diurnal rotations, he called on Mr. Spangle, and imparted to him the virtues of his box. I was accordingly taken down to bear witness to the excellence of his tincture; and on the touch of his brush, moistened by it, shone forth with redoubled lus-

tre, which, by a natural sympathy, glittered also in the eyes of Mr. Spangle. Andridella was paid generously, and I was once more carefully laid up in the shop; but my stay there was very short; for Mr. Buckram, the taylor, gave me the preference before twenty of my brethren, and fixed me to a magnificent suit of cloaths, which were conveyed to B—n house, for the use of a young d—, just stepped into his estate and title.

The Duke of D——e was the nobleman upon whose breast I commanded respect. Paracelsus, and that ingenious astrologic physician, Culpeper, assert, that gold and silver have a magic virtue. The magic of this virtue commercially considered, is interest; physically, it is chimerical; and metaphisically, it is a fine subtil genius or spirit, as capable of reasoning upon matter, as any deist since Bolingbroke. By the magic of my composition, I was enabled to look internally into the bosoms which I adorned externally, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with my situa-

tion, as his grace's heart was no dishonour to his star. He was young, and had his foibles; the principal of which was a strong passion for gaming. Reason in vain endeavoured to convince him of his error; had he been convinced, his resolution would have been too feeble to bear him through in a reformation. The first time I adorned him, I visited the court; after the levee was over, he was accosted by Lord Rattle, "Ah, D——e, how the devil d'ye do to-day? I was horribly dipp'd last night; thirteen bottles of champaigne, demme. Lord Shuffle was bit this morning of three thousand; and has sent to his steward to cut down a whole forest to have a better stock to proceed upon. Pray have you seen C—d's Letters?" "O horrid! don't mention the stuff; I sicken at the idea. Lady Bab Blouzy has had the vapours these five days by perusing as many lines. Nauseous, 'pon 'onour: I always write my billets in French; a certain preservative against vulgar criticism!" "Gadso, you're right, my Lord: but as I always thought writing pedantic and beneath a nobleman, my valet always writes my amorous epistles: and

a fine fellow he is too! Trims a sentiment like a bag-wig, and twists a meaning like a curl." I admired his Lordship's prudence, in making his valet a secretary, as it was more than probable he was better qualified for the office than his honourable master.

In the evening, I accompanied the duke to the gaming-table; my lustre sickened, and my whole frame trembled, at beholding the knot of rascals and villains, who surrounded him. Some he honoured with a nod; and others he condescended to enter into a conversation with; and then with an air of careless indifference, sat down to play, and before he rose, lost above eight thousand pounds. This loss but very little affected him, and he went home with the same composure of mind he brought out with him. The sharpers who shared the booty, were Sir Richard ——, Lord M——, Jack Hounslow, and Father Andredilla, whose ingenuity had raised me to my present exalted station. Sir Richard had a legal claim to his title, but no man could disgrace it with more villanies or meannesses. His humble

soul stooped to every thing when interest was in the way, and his tender conscience never gave him any trouble about the matter. Though Lord M——, and this conscientious knight of the post, were continually quarrelling every where else, they always agreed at the gaming-table, in a very capital point, viz. to bubble his grace. His grace was so easy, so superficially learned in the art of gambling, and his antagonists so cunning and deep in the mystery, that B——n-house was more than once on the verge of being sold, to pay these impostors what the world calls debts of honour. Lord M——, who though young, yet enervated with pleasure, had still a hankering desire to be sacrificing on the altar of the Cytherean goddess; and, by the infallibility of a bank-bill, had gained admittance into the chamber of Miss R——rs, the baronet's mistress. His lordship was making his addresses, when Sir Richard made his appearance: as the baronet was a man of prudence, and knew how to make use of an opportunity, he proposed to his lordship, that if he should be permitted to partake of the profits arising from his grace, and an eminent East-India bubble, his lordship should

partake in common with the baronet in the charms of Miss R——rs. Lord M—— stretched his gallantry to the utmost, and complied: and it was upon this consideration that the baronet had admittance to the gaming table. Jack Hounslow was his lordship's understrapper; he had been an upholsterer, but having squandered his stock, and nothing being left but a pair of pistols, he employed them to the most profitable advantage, by levying contributions on the highway. The frequent executions of his fellow labourers striking a damp upon his spirits, and having now pretty well recruited his pockets, he gave up his hazardous employment and commenced sharper. Lord M—— soon discovered his inventive genius and useful parts, and engaged him in his service.

Sir Kenelm Digby, who so religiously maintained the doctrine of sympathy, would have attributed his lordship's discovery to similar feelings in his own breast. But as many tedious and learned arguments may be brought to maintain it, and to say but little in a case of importance, is

worse than nothing at all, and for other good causes and considerations, I shall leave it entirely to the reader.

Father Andredilla having acquired a considerable sum by his tinctures, put himself into a magnificent dress, hired three servants, and assuming the title of Marquis de Villa Garcia, completed the party who were continually preying upon the inexperience of the duke. One morning, lord Rattle came thundering in upon his grace, "O, D——e, I shall die with risibility. Never was such a comical figure, demme; no masquerade face can be half so laughable. There's C——d gone to his trial, with a countenance as dejected as lord B——e's when at Kingston; and lady Harriot G——r, with a face as bronzed and as impudent as a naiad of Covent-Garden." "Pretty work, Rattle, and what d'ye think will be the issue?" "Between you and I, I have a very important secret, and could I confide in your retentive faculties, by the Lord, I have no friend upon earth I would rather reveal it to." "You may depend upon my honour, Jack; did I ever

betray your inestimable secrets?" "Why then, D——e, it is absolutely determined, that when a divorce is obtained, C——d shall positively marry lady Harriet: I may confide in your honour now, I hope?" "Undoubtedly," replied his grace, smothering a laugh, "your secrets are of too much importance to be trifled with." Lord Rattle's whispers had generally as much truth, as those of a coffee-house politician, who is happy in the acquaintance of a paragraph-maker.

I had lived with his grace long enough to see him bubbled out of thirty thousand pounds, and was then consigned, as a customary fee, to his valet, who immediately carried me to Monmouth-street, to take my chance with an army of decayed gentry; some of whom I had been acquainted with in their days of prosperity. As I had lived my usual time among the great, I submitted to my fate without murmuring. A black velvet coat and waistcoat, my near neighbours, were taken down to give physical dignity to a young fellow who had newly commenced quack-doctor; and found out a nostrum to cure distempers which

never existed. This suit had once adorned a genius of the same profession, whose extraordinary operations in Moorfields, had made him the envy of all Hatton-Garden. Doctor Bialini, the original wearer, was quite an Esculapius in his way; he was unacquainted with every principle in surgery: but having as much courage and impudence as ignorance, he boldly undertook the most difficult operations. When he happened to divide an artery in the cure of a scratch, it was all very well; and he had discovered by experience, that diverting the distemper to the nobler parts, was an infallible cure for inconsiderable ailments. He couched for the cataract, and where he cured one by chance, he made twenty totally blind, beyond all possibility of recovery. But success did not always attend his adventure; a young lady of great family applying to him to be eased of a troublesome pain in the head, he gave her such a dose of his cathartic pills, that she expired under their operation. The friends of the deceased accused the doctor of murder, and left it to his choice either to take a dose of his own cathartics, or leave England to return no more.

As he knew the merits of his medicaments too well to chuse the first, he returned to Italy, to exercise his honester occupation of a taylor. His solemn habiliments were now disposed of to his successor in fame, Mr. Perron, who had been educated a cobler, and on the merit of being twice salivated, advertised to cure a certain distemper in all its extensive branches. The regular surgeons have had no reason to complain of his success; as he has greatly increased the business of the faculty, by confirming the disease, and ruining the constitution in every patient he undertook to cure. The warehouse I was laid up in was greatly frequented by second-hand gentry, among whom I heard many entertaining discourses, but too foreign from my purpose to be related here. A servant enquiring for a rich suit with a star, I was accordingly taken down, approved of, and carried off. I wondered what use I was going to be put to, when a meagre tall old man made his appearance. "Well done, my bra' bonny laddie, this is saving the siller, and laying up more for the bairn." These words were

uttered by the identical duke of A——, who putting on his prudent finery, stepped into a coach, as antiquated as hospitality, and rattled off to court. The reception he met with from his M——, would have shamed virtue out of countenance: when we see villany and avarice caressed, what shall we say, but that k—s are men. His only merit was in being born a Scot, and distantly related to lord B—. I had examined his breast, and found him nothing but a composition of pride, fraud and avarice. As he was deep in all his favoured countryman's secrets, the affair of the peace was not unknown to him, and he had no inconsiderable share of the booty. Not contented with his share, he revealed the transaction to a certain western physician, binding him by oath, not to discover from whom he had his intelligence; and articling to receive a moiety of whatever should be given the doctor to stop his mouth, or say nothing at all to the purpose. The whole juggle was transacted entirely to the duke's satisfaction: and he partook so gloriously of the hush-money, that for a moment

emerging from his usual avarice, he gave his servants new liveries, and matched one of his horses, having before paired a bay and a black one. The nobility did not receive him so well as his M——; as he was universally looked upon as a scandal to his title, he was shunned by every polite company. Unfortunately, the too retentive memory of a gentleman, discovered his grace's cloaths to have been worn by a more honorable nobleman; and having whispered his discovery to lady Henrietta F—h, as a very great secret; it was known all over the town before the evening, that the duke of A—— had been to court in the duke of D——'s cast-off cloaths. Nothing can express the vexation of the old duke; his pride, which had stooped to his avarice, in the purchase of his prudent bargain, began, though too late, to have the pre-eminence; he ordered his servant to bear me back to Monmouth-street, and desire the frippery-man to refund the money, which he did, after deducting a guinea for the use of his magnificence. I was now taken off the coat, and condemned to the melting-pot; but

whilst the executioner is preparing my fiery grave, I have time to subscribe myself,

The public's humble servant,

A STAR.

MARIA FRIENDLESS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

As there are few monthly productions so universally read as your agreeable Miscellany, I have taken the liberty to beg the insertion of the following short account of my life, in which I shall be as brief as possible, and which, if you think proper to countenance, may be a means to warn others of my sex from falling into the same unhappy snares, which I now fatally experience to have been my ruin.

My parents were people of some repute, for my father enjoyed a place under the government

of upwards of two hundred pounds a year, besides a small estate in the country, which brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds a year more. As I was their only daughter, they naturally took the best care of my learning that their income would permit, and I was sent early to a boarding school, where I received the rudiments of a polite education, and made as great progress in French, music, &c. as could reasonably be expected.

I was in my thirteenth year when my father died of a fever, and as he had been no great œconomist, and the estate which he enjoyed was to leave our family at his death, my poor mother and I were left without the least resourse. Grief for the loss of a tender and affectionate husband, soon put an end to my mother's distress; and I was now the only one left to suffer for the faults of my poor father's imprudence. It happened I had a near relation who was married to a gentleman of fortune, who pitying my situation, took me home with her to

be a companion. By the chearfulness of my disposition, and my universal assiduities to please, I ingratiated myself so much in the favour of my cousin and Mr. M——, and received for it such convincing proofs of their friendship and desire to make me happy, that I soon forgot the loss I had so lately sustained. Mr. and Mrs. M—— were extremely good-natured and affable, and I enjoyed every felicity I could wish for in my dependent state. Unluckily for me, Mrs. M—— was threatened with a consumption, just as I had attained my fifteenth year, which daily increasing, in about six months terminated a life the loss of which I have now the utmost reason to lament; but not before she had recommended me to the care of Mr. M—— in such terms that none but a wretch abandoned to all manner of villany could have ever forgot.

I felt every emotion of grief which a heart truly susceptible of gratitude could experience at such a shock; but my concern was soon alleviated by the assurances I received from my

surviving benefactor of a continuance of that protection and esteem I had hitherto met with. By his generosity I was rendered sole mistress of his house, and had every indulgence granted which I could expect. As he had no children, he took me frequently with him, for an airing in the chariot, and though I observed his fondness for me, daily increase, I did not suffer the least suspicion to enter my breast. Being of an age in which young women are initiated into company, and as I was to move in a more genteel sphere, than formerly, I was no longer to be supported in my present character, but at a considerable expence, so that he spared no cost to make me appear suitable to that rank in which he placed me.

By this stratagem, which I did not at first understand, he filled me with additional tenderness and gratitude; compelled me to repose on him as my only support; and by my sense of his favour, and the desire of retaining it, disposed me to unlimited complaisances. At last the wretch took advantage of the familiarity

which he enjoyed as my relation, and the submission which he exacted as my benefactor, to attempt the ruin of an orphan whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority had subdued. Shocked at the baseness of his designs, I summoned all the courage which a weak woman could employ, and resented his behaviour with a becoming indignation. But instead of recoiling at the deed, he upbraided me with ingratitude, and mingled his artifices with menaces of total desertion, if I should continue to resist.

I was now completely depressed, and though I had seen mankind enough to know the necessity of outward chearfulness, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, and examine by what means I might escape perpetual mortification. The loss of my indulgent parents and kind cousin was now severely felt; and I only reflected that had I been taught a more useful kind of learning than a boarding-school produces, I might still live secure under the consciousness of an unblemished re-

putation. Unaccustomed and unexperienced to earn my bread in a menial capacity, I had no hopes left but such as might proceed from his future honour and generosity. I soon found myself cruelly deceived; no art or cunning was left untried to accomplish his purpose; the most subtle protestations of protection and maintenance were made use of, and a solemn promise of marriage to silence all my fears.

Oh! Woman, woman, thy name is frailty.

Young and credulous, I swallowed the glittering bait, and fell an easy victim to the unruly passion of an ungrateful wretch.

But, alas! When he found the consequences attendant on our crime, which I tremble to relate, he not only refused to fulfil his promise of marriage; but also abandoned me to all the pangs of recollection, and the frowns of a merciless world. Yet villain as he was, he did not turn me out of doors, till he had given me money to support me in those mo-

ments of perturbation, which his passion had forced me to suffer; and an untimely birth at length relieved me from the anxieties of a mother, though it left me under the severe pressures of infamy, and the painful prospect of approaching poverty.

Friends and acquaintances have now forsaken me, and I am reduced to the lot of those unhappy beings, from whom many, who melt at the sight of all other misery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to suffer without complaint, and perish without regard; and whom I myself have formerly insulted in the pride of reputation, and security of innocence.

Let others, who read my story, be warned by my example; and however specious the pretence, avoid the consequences. Let them consider that however secure they may think themselves, they will have need of all their fortitude when put to the test. Whatever they may think of me, let them judge as favourably

as possible, and as it is out of their power to assist, let them at least pity a wretch destined to suffer for the faults of an ungrateful monster.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

MARIA FRIENDLESS.

June 13, 1770.

THE FALSE STEP.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

Permit me, through the channel of your Magazine, to lay before the public, scenes of distress of no common kind. Though it can afford me no pleasure to recite the many sufferings of a wretched victim to misfortune; yet by my errors, others may be convinced that the way of virtue only, is the way of felicity. Born to an elevated rank in life, I was instructed rather to value myself on the blind acquisitions of fortune, and the tinsel of external accomplishments, than on the more solid and commendable qualities of the mind. My years of infancy were marked by an infant pride; and the mercenary disposition of menial ser-

vants did not fail to make the evil increase with my growth.

When I just entered my sixteenth year, I was initiated into all the œconomy of high life. Should the rustic or mercantile reader find fault with the expression *œconomy*, when applicable to high life, his ignorance is seen in the censure. Dames of spirit have their mean savings; and a titled lady is as anxiously avaricious in her way, as any plodding citizen whose business and pleasure unite in gain. Most of the estates of our nobility are heavily mortgaged, or lie useless to the owner, till the rent clears the incumbrances; this is all that can be urged in defence of a lady of quality's sharping upon her servants, and stripping her fille de chambre of all her ready cash, to answer some urgent demand upon her honour; which she protests, by that sacred honour, shall be returned with interest in a few days. But, alas! Among quality, things equally as sacred as honour are abused and trifled with. If there is any real spirit in high life, any generous indifference as to the affairs of this world, which

should constitute the sole merit of *noblesse*, it is oftener found in a citizen's wife. However the court may exclaim against the city, there is less mercenary meanness in the dames of Ludgate-Hill, than in a whole masquerade of right honourable dishonourables.

But to return to my own story. Happy in the notion of the world, by being born to a title and a large fortune, it is not to be doubted that the coxcombs of the court were busy to ingratiate themselves in my favour, by genteelly letting me know, they thought themselves very pretty fellows; some indeed went so far, as to assure me by the *lard*, and all that, that I was consumedly handsome, still keeping a distant view to the dear subject, self; and never lending a compliment, unless it might be returned to the maker. These shadows of men were my continual torment, being my settled, perhaps, prejudiced aversion.

Another class of lovers deserved rather my friendship, or my pity, than my love; these

were men of sense, who, by the malice of their fortune, (or their stars, if you are an astrologer,) had never risen in life to what their ambitious ideas had aspired.

As the customs of the world are, by the courtesy of it, allowed to be just, these men imagined every girl of conspicuous accomplishments, whose unexperienced hearts they deceived into love, their lawful prize. Dangerous is that lover who has more sense than virtue: his sense, when perverted, is the greatest evil he can possess. Fools are mere cyphers, they are like the air; when the arrow flies, no traces remain to tell its way; they are like the sea, where every single impression is lost in multitudes of impressions. Though I easily defended myself against the egotisms and addresses of the coxcomb, I found it no easy task to ward off the assaults of the man of sense; his batteries are levelled at the heart, and where he has mutual youth to plead in his favour, seldom fails of carrying the day. In the early bloom of life, we are not our-

selves; and I confess, had not pride been a more certain guard than virtue, my fortune would have fallen into the hands of the creditors of an unfortunate but amorous author. However, this was an error of youth; and the passion fled with my experience and the absence of the bard. But, my God! Why did it fly! To make room for one which should torment me for years. Better had it been for me to live poor by the villany of another, than to be rich, great, and miserable by my own villany. But, just heavens, I deserve it all.

I was in my nineteenth year, when the personal accomplishments of a young gentleman of inferior rank and fortune to mine, a Mr. Knowles, first engaged my notice. I cannot say, I conceived a passion instantaneously for him; I was never so romantic. I admired his manly figure, his easy air, and affable behaviour. In short, I wished to know him, which was going as far as a woman of prudence, could go upon first sight. I was then universally allowed to be a beauty; and was unhappy

enough to engage his attention. If his person pleased, his conversation charmed me; I was now madly in love. A solid judgment, without the least cynical cast; a florid, easy manner of speech, without the least affectation; and a fluent tongue, without any impertinance, all conspired to make me so. From the minute of our conversation we began an acquaintance, an ill-fated one for me. Mr. Knowles had never spoke of his passion, though his fine eyes expressed unutterable things: we were often together, and I did not think it an unhappy circumstance that no declaration had been made; for that chilling coldness, which, by the custom of the world, necessarily succeeds a declaration, till the matrimonial act is determined, must, to mutual lovers, be a ceremonious torment. In the ensuing spring, Mr. Knowles being in the country, as I was one morning playing on my harpsichord, my father came hastily into the room. "My dear girl," said he, throwing his arm round my waist, "I am overjoyed; partake of my transports, and ease one part of them."

I replied, "Whatever gives my father joy, must consequently be welcome to me."

"It is in your power," answered, he "in your power alone, to insure this happiness to me. The earl of ——— has seen you; he likes, he loves you: he has this day offered proposals to me, and will settle more than your own fortune on you."

I was thunder-struck at this intelligence; I could hear no more: I fainted. My father was frighted; he called for help, and soon recovered me. Seeing me revive, he changed his tender solicitude to rage; called me an ungrateful, vile, disobedient wretch, in having engaged my affections to another, which he was sure was the case, without his consent; told me, I should marry his lordship in three days time, or turn out of his doors with nothing but what I could demand. Saying this, he flung out of the room, and left me to consult with Janet, my waiting woman, who was privy to my prepossession in favour of Mr. Knowles. "Oh, Janet!" I exclaimed, "was

ever poor creature so suddenly plunged into the depth of misery!" "Why, to be sure, madam," returned she, "the matter is a little sudden; but as to misery, I have heard your honourable father say, that happiness and misery were both in our own hands. Suppose, madam, this affair, had not happened, would you ever have had Mr. Knowles?" "No!" replied I, warmly, "No! I would never have stooped below my birth." Why then, dear madam, if he is out of the question, who could you have better than an earl? It is true, he is old, but then you will have a man of quality, and have all your own fortune settled on you. For my part, I can see no reason to hesitate." Weak as these reasons may appear, it was such cogency of argument that obliged me to consent to be countess of———. Doubting the stability of the resolution, I hastened to put it into execution; and in one fatal minute did what ages of repentance could not undo. My lord was affable and kind; my father transported out of himself; and I was neither miserable nor happy, in a kind of negative existence, which, for want of a better name, we call the vapours,

a latitudinary word, which, meaning every thing, means nothing. Mr. Knowles heard of our marriage: he flew on the wings of love. As I was sitting alone in my parlour, amusing myself with fruitless repentance, he burst in upon me, and giving me an inexpressible look, exclaimed, "Oh, my Fanny!" That short sentence, did more, than the bitterest reproach could have done: it threw me into agonies not to be described. At last I gathered strength enough to speak. "Sir, since the laws of the world have bound me to another, to whom my kind regards are due, they cannot now be yours." This I murmured in articulations scarce to be understood: I knew not what I said. He started from his chair, and eagerly seizing my hand, exclaimed, "And was there ever a possibility they could be mine!" This reply embarrassed me greatly. I was all confusion and hurry, when my lord entered.

Nothing can paint the distraction of his features; lunacy itself could not be more enraged; he fiercely commanded Mr. Knowles to walk

out of the house, without permitting him to speak, and returned to me with the countenance of a fury. "Madam," said he, "could you carry on your vile intrigues no where but in my house! But I will take care for the future that you shall have no intrigues elsewhere." Saying this, he left me, and never afterwards suffered me to stir out, but with an old woman, who served me in the office of a duenna.

Vexed at this barbarous treatment, I resented it like a woman of quality and spirit. I insisted on the dismission of my spy, and being left to my own liberty. This his lordship flatly refused. Maddening with rage, I made an immediate assignation with Mr. Knowles, exerted my authority, sent back my guard, and flew in my own coach to the place of appointment.

When a woman has taken one false step, 'tis too late to think of receding; she is necessitated to go on. Jealousy is certainly the effect of love; yet it is a very troublesome effect, and only tends

to make the possessor hated by the object he loves.

My husband's behaviour grew intolerable, and I was determined to leave him. This I did soon after with Mr. Knowles, and we retired to a neighbouring kingdom. Happy in not being disturbed, we thought his lordship sat easy under his loss; when the first intelligence we had of him brought his will. Distracted at the fatal consequence of my resentment, I flew to the house once his, now mine, his generosity having left me all, laying the blame on the disparity of our ages, my prepossession, and his jealousy. Here had I the unhappiness to find my father dying, stabbed to the heart with the news of my flight. O, my God! what an everlasting hell of reflection must attend the guilty.

FRANCES.

MEMOIRS of a SAD DOG.

To the Editor of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

The man who sits down to write his own history, has no very agreeable task to execute. The chevalier Taylor is the only egotist since Julius Cæsar, who has made tolerable work in drawing the picture of himself. Julius had but two colours to paint with, truth and classic elegance: here the chevalier had the advantage, for he was too great to be confined within the bounds of the first qualification, and has daubed with a thousand materials. The sentimental John Buncle should not be forgotten; the man who admires the mountains of the north in his description, will lose all his admirations in the real prospect.

But to proceed to my own affairs. I am, Mr. Editor, a Sad Dog, a very Sad Dog; have run through many sad adventures, had many sad escapes from the clutches of bailiffs, and at the time of writing this sad relation, am throned in a broken chair within an inch of a thunder-cloud.

I set out in life with a fortune of five thousand pounds, which the old prig, my father, left me, with this memorable piece of advice: "Item, I leave to my youngest son Henry, five thousand pounds, with an old book, formerly his grandmother Bridget's, called The Way to save Wealth, containing a thousand choice receipts in cookery, &c. and I advise that he read two pages of the said book every day before he dines." Very pretty advice! but I had not veneration enough for the parental character to follow it.

When the legacy was paid me, I bid my brother adieu, drank three bottles of claret with Sir Stentor Ranger, who had married my sister, and

drove furiously to the metropolis in my own phaeton and four. Honour was the only book which I ever honoured with a perusal; and being pretty well dipped in the theory of gambling, I ventured to engage with some knights of the post, which were a little better versed in the practical part, and at one sitting I lost one fifth of my fortune. This was a terrible stroke to me, and I began, for the first time in my life, to reflect; but a bottle of champaigne, and a night at the hotel, drove every troublesome idea out of my head.

Miss Fanny H——t, who by a natural transition is transmigrated from a whore into a bagnio-keeper, was then in the bloom of her charms; she was never a first-rate beauty, but always a very favourite toast among the bucks and pretty fellows of the city.

I was one evening strolling the Park, when Miss Fanny had experience enough to perceive that she had nailed my attention. As I was neither acquainted with her character, or situation,

I was not a little elated with the condescending glances she honoured me with. Presuming on my conquest, I made her a few compliments, 'squired her out of the Park, and thought myself blest in being permitted to accompany her to her lodgings. I had not enjoyed my tête-à-tête five minutes, before I was astonished at hearing the well-known thunder of the voice of Jack N——tt. "'Sblood and 'oons, you old harridan, she is mine for a month; and I would rather lose fifty per cent. than lend her for a single night to the dearest friend upon earth." To this vociferous exclamation the venerable matron replied: "Won't Miss Kitty do for once, or Polly, or Miss Nancy?" "I'll have no Miss, but Fanny, by G—d," replied Jack, bursting into the parlour upon us. I was now sufficiently in the secret, and not displeased at finding my charmer no vestal. Jack, who had paid fifty pounds for his month, insisted on his right of purchase; but Miss Fanny thinking me a better pay-master, heroically turned him out of the parlour; telling him, for his comfort, that he should have his month another time. Miss Fanny pleased mo so

well, that before I was weary of her I had sunk another thousand; when, in a fit of reflection, I bid her adieu, and left her to Jack, and the rest of her monthly keepers.

To make a little digression, I think this method of hiring for a month preferable to the wholesale bargains for life, and of mutual advantage to the keeper and kept, if that form will stand good in law, for a man will find it all rapture and love, without disgust; and in a few months play the same part over again, with no decay of vigour.

Jack N——tt is now a principal merchant, and rolls about in his coach and four to every public dinner; where his appetite and solidity of judgment, in the edible way, does honour to the city. It is notorious that he is a cuckold, and by more than one method free of his company; but that is no detriment to him in the scale of mercantile merit. The extraordinary bustle he has made in a late political affair, is very little to his advantage; but it must be observed in his defence, that the earl of H—lsb—h did him the greatest act of

friendship mortal man could do him, viz. invited him to a turtle-feast, and revealed to him a secret in the culinary art, till then utterly unknown to all the world but his lordship and his cook. Some indeed pretend to say, that this secret is nothing more than giving venison an additional flavour, by basting it with a preparation of French cheese and rancid butter; but as I would not presume to give my opinion in a matter of such importance, I shall leave Jack to the pleasure of the table, and proceed in my relation.

On this considerable decay of my fortune, I began to consider seriously of my departed father's curious advice; and in consequence of this consideration, resolved to set up for a fortune-hunter, and retrieve my affairs in the sober track of matrimony. A Miss L—n was the girl I had fixed upon, and accordingly dressed at. She raised my hopes, and gratified my vanity by several significant glances; and I was so certain of carrying her off in the end, that I chearfully launched out five hundred pounds in dress and equipage; which had such an amazing effect, that

in three weeks time I had three kisses of her hand, and in the fourth week she took a trip to Scotland with her father's footman. This unexpected stroke created in me an absolute aversion to matrimony, and a resolution not to endeavour to better myself by the hymeneal knot.

Soon after this affair I made an acquaintance with the wife of an alderman: I shall conceal his name, as his patriotic behaviour has rendered him respectable in the city. Mrs. ——— was of an amorous complexion: her husband had too much of the citizen to be like her: turtle, venison, and popularity, were the only objects of his attention, out of the compting-house. Though he has never repeated three periods with propriety, except when assisted by the ingenious device of placing the ready-made speech in the crown of his hat; yet his mercantile genius has often struck upon very lucky hits. He is unrivalled in reckoning the amount of rate per cent. and no stock-broker at Jonathan's can whisper a piece of secret intelligence with half his dexterity. Between you and I and the post, Mr. Editor, the stopping the cir-

culation of bad halfpence, inconsiderable as the coin may appear to some, has brought him in no less than seven thousand pounds, and increased the trade of him and his partners amazingly.

Mrs. —— had penetration enough to find out my good qualities; and you will suppose, that I was not wanting in acknowledging her partiality. We had frequent interviews at the house of a capital milliner in the Strand, and the amour for some time went swimmingly on.

Mrs. —— was under no apprehension of my being satiated with enjoyment! for generously considering I was but a younger brother, I never sacrificed on the altar of the Cyprean goddess, without receiving a bank-bill worth my acceptance. But, alas! happiness is of short duration; or, to speak in the language of the high-sounding Ossian, "Behold! thou art happy; but soon, ah! soon, wilt thou be miserable. Thou art as easy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle; but soon, ah! soon, wilt thou be tumbled and tossed by misfortunes, like the stream of

the water-mill. Thou art beautiful as the cathedral of Canterbury; but soon wilt thou be deformed like Chinese palace-paling. So the sun rising in the east gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rocks dance, and all nature joins in the song. But see! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noisy thunders roar; the rapid lightnings gleam; the rainy torrents pour, and the dropping swain flies over the mountain: swift as Bickerstaff, the son of song, when the monster Bumbailiano, keeper of the dark and black cave, pursued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of dark men." O, Ossian! immortal genius! what an invocation could I make now! but I shall leave it to the abler pen of Mr. Duff, and spin out the thread of my own adventures.

Mrs. —— having dispatched a billet to me, I flew to her in her own house. The knight, as she

thought, was fixed to the table of Sir Tunbelly Grains, knight, citizen, and alderman, who had invited him to dinner on a delicious turtle: a blessing not to be neglected. But, Oh! grief of griefs! the knight having forgot his favourite tobacco-box, popped in upon us unexpectedly, and found us too familiarly engaged. Instead of bursting into the rage which might have animated an Italian or Spaniard on the occasion, he shook his head, and pronouncing coolly, "Very fine, all very fine!" he left us, and returned to Sir Tunbelly to finish the turtle. As by his hasty throwing open the door he had exposed us to the view of two of his servants, I was terribly afraid of a prosecution for *crim. con.* for though it was as fashionable then as it is now, I was not very eager to lose the remainder of my fortune fashionably. But the knight considering his reputation would receive a severe stroke, should the affair be made public, contented himself with demanding two thousand pounds for the injury I had done him. As he threatened to prosecute for larger damages, unless I complied, I was obliged to re-

fund more than Mrs. ——'s bounty had bestowed upon me.

The old curmudgeon had heartily provoked me, and I resolved, though at the expence of every shilling I had, to be revenged on him. For this purpose I published the whole affair, and the devil assisting my invention, I struck upon another expedient to gratify my vengeance.

The knight's eldest daughter, Sabina, whom he had by a former wife, was a fine sprightly girl, and wanted nothing but the *bon ton* to render her perfectly accomplished; about eighteen, a remarkable fine complexion, and expressive blue eyes. She was at the time of the unlucky discovery with a relation in Essex: as I had formerly paid a few compliments to her beauty, which I had reason to say, without vanity, were not ill received, I instantly dispatched an epistle to her, the most tender my imagination could dictate. It wrought the effect I designed, and she returned an answer. After a long farce of lying and intriguing on my part, and credulity on hers, I ac-

complished the grand end—you will guess what I mean.

We lived in love and rapture about a month, when her father bid her prepare to marry Mr. Lutestring, the mercer, by the next week. She flew to the usual place of assignation, bathed in tears, with a face expressive of the most violent grief.

I was now almost persuaded to love her in earnest; but I was a Sad Dog to suffer revenge (and when I seriously reflect, a revenge which had no foundation in reason) to get the better of every nobler passion.

"O! my dear Harry," exclaimed the beautiful unfortunate, "let us fly immediately to Scotland, otherwise my father, inhuman man! will oblige me to marry Bob Lutestring next week."

"Bob Lutestring, my dear," replied I indifferently, "is a substantial man, and I would not have you disoblige your father on my account."

"And is this your advice!" returned the heroine, assuming a dignified air: "be assured, Sir, I shall follow it." Saying this, she flung from me; her ideas, I suppose, a little different from those she brought with her.

But I had not yet accomplished my revenge. Steeled in impudence as I am, I blush to write the rest; but it shall be out. I informed Mr. Lutestring of my intimacy with his future spouse, and advised him not to unite himself to a woman of such principles. I made certain of receiving a challenge, and a string of curses for my information; but, alas! I knew not the city. "Sir," replied the mercer, "I thank you for your intelligence, this day received: but your advice is not worth a yard of tape; you say Sabina has been faulty; allow it: but will her father give me any thing the less for her fortune on that account? on the contrary, were not my notions of honour very refined, I might make it a means of raising my price." I slunk away, astonished at this reply, reflecting how various are the species and refinements of honour.

I was now just on the brink of poverty: I had made a considerable breach in my last five hundred; and began to shudder at the contempt with which the decay of my fortune threatened me. Relying on his former professions of friendship, I posted down to Sir Stentor Ranger, in hopes he would have assisted me. I found the knight very busy, with Sir Charles Banbury, in tracing the honourable pedigree of an Arabian barb. "Hey, Hal," exclaimed the knight, with a voice which would have drowned the full chorus of a fox-chace; "what the devil brought thee here? I thought thou wert grown a gentleman, and had forgotten us all." He received me with as much kindness and civility, as his rustic breeding would permit, and invited me to his antiquated hall.

After a noble dinner of venison, when Sir Charles had retired, on cracking the nineteenth bottle, I ventured to open the business. Nothing can express the surprise which distended the knight's ample countenance. I made no very agreeable comments on his astonishment; but, thank Hea-

ven, those comments were as groundless as the Rev. Mr. Bentinck's on the Bible.

"Zounds," thundered the knight, "five thousand pounds gone already: you have been a Sad Dog, Hal, that I'll say for thee. But howsundever, as thou beest my nown flesh and blood, d'ye see, I'll do something for thee. Let me see, let me see: dost uuderstand horse-flesh?"

I answered "that I was not very deep in the mystery, but I hoped, with a little of his instructions, to be serviceable to him."

"Adad, thou art in the right, Hal, nobody knows these things better than me. There's my lord Grosvenor's filly, Long Dick; he would have it, that he was got by his own horse, Thunder, when I, by the mere make of his pastern, found 'um out; to be got by Sir George Blunt's white horse, Duke. Dost thou know any thing of dogs? Canst train a pointer, or a hawk, or such like thing?"

"This," I replied, "I could with safety undertake."

"Well then, zay no more; no more words to the matter: I'll do for thee; thou shalt have one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and so ge'es thy hand, Hal. A bargain's a bargain; I scorn to flinch from my word: thou shal't ha'it, odzookers, thou shalt ha'it."

In consequence of this bargain I commenced superintendant of his stables and kennels. I discharged my office much to his satisfaction; and by dint of application acquiring some knowledge in the mysteries of the turf, I began to be of consequence in the racing world. Sir Stentor's hall was very ancient, and had been in days of yore a family seat of the Mowbrays. It had not undergone any considerable reparation since the Reformation; when an ancestor of Sir Stentor's, having often had quarrels with a neighbouring abbot, in the sacrilegious pillage, purchased his abbey for less than the one-twentieth of its value; and robbing it of all its ornaments and painted glass,

made the abbey a stable, and turned his dogs into the chapel.

Sir Stentor had many curious visitors, on account of his ancient painted glass windows; among the rest was the redoubted baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures. This most ingenious gentleman, as a certain advertiser stiles him, is certainly a good judge of paintings, and has an original, easy manner of writing. That his knowledge in antiquity equals his other accomplishments may be disputed. As Sir Stentor had ever been politically attached to his family, he welcomed the baron with every demonstration of joy, and ordered the bells of the parish church to be rung. As a further testimony of his joy, he sent for a blind fidler, the Barthelemon of the village, to entertain the baron with a solo during dinner; and after the desert, Robin Hood's Ramble was melodiously chaunted by the knight's groom and dairy-maid, to the excellent music of a two-stringed violin, and a bag-pipe. A concert by the first masters in Europe could not have pleased the baron so well: he imagined him-

self carried back to the age of his favorite hero, Richard the Third.

Should any critic assert, that it is impossible such an imagination could enter the *cerebellum* of the baron, who confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety (for the songs of Robin Hood were not in being till the reign of queen Elizabeth) his assertion shall stand uncontradicted by me, as I know, by woeful experience, that when an author resolves to think himself in the right, it is more than human argument can do to convince him he is in the wrong.

The baron, after dinner, asked the knight if he had ever discovered in any place about his house an escutcheon argent, on a fesse gules; three garbs, or; between as many shields, sable, cheveronny of the first?

To this learned interrogatory the knight answered with a stare of astonishment, and "Anon, Sir, what d'ye talk of? I don't understand such outlandish lingo, not I, for my part."

Otranto finding it impossible to enter into a conversation suitable to his hobby-horse, begged leave to visit the kennel, desiring the knight to permit the huntsman to go with him, lest the dogs might not be over civil to a stranger.

"Odzookers," cried Sir Stentor, "are you afraid of the dogs? I'll go with you myself, man."

The baron found many things worthy his notice in the ruinated chapel; but the knight was so full of the praises of his harriers, that the antiquary had not opportunity to form one conjecture. After looking round the chapel for some moveable piece of age, on which he might employ his speculative talents, to the eternal honour of his judgment, he pitched upon a stone which had no antiquity at all; and, transported with his fancied prize, placed it upon his head, and bore it triumphantly to his chamber, desiring the knight to give him no disturbance the next day, as he intended to devote it to the service of futurity.

This important piece of stone had by the huntsman been sacrilegiously stolen from the neighbouring church-yard, and employed with others to stop up a breach in the kennel, through which the adventurous Jowler had squeezed his lank carcase.

Nothing can escape the clutches of curiosity. The letters being ill cut, had an appearance of something Gothic; and the baron was so far gone in this Quixotism of literature, that at the first glance he determined them to be of the third Runic alphabet of Wormius.

The original inscription was: James Hicks lieth here, with Hester his wife.

The broken stone is here represented.

The baron having turned over Camden, Dugdale, Leyland, and Wever, at last determined it to be *Hic jacet corpus Kenelmæ Sancto Legero. Requiescat*, &c. &c. What confirmed him in the above reading, and made it impossible for him to be mistaken, was, that a great man of the name of Sancto Legero, had been buried in the county about five hundred years ago.

Elated with the happy discovery, the baron had an elegant engraving of the curiosity executed, and presented it to the society of antiquaries, who look upon it as one of the most important discoveries which have been made since the great Dr. Trefoil found out that the word *kine* came from the Saxon *cowine*.

When this miracle of literature left the village, the bells were again rung, and the baron was wrapped in Elysium on the success of his visit.

I had served Sir Stentor above two years, when, by a lucky hit, Sir Charles Banbury and myself took the whole field in, and cleared above twenty

thousand pounds; eight thousand of which fell to my share.

I was now once more established in the world, and redeemed from the dependance which had mortified my pride. As I was seldom ungrateful, I repaid Sir Stentor's kindness, by revealing to him the whole *arcana* of the turf, which he has improved to so much advantage, that he has added five hundred *per annum* to his paternal estate, by his successes at Newmarket.

In prosperity I never gave ear to the sage whispers of Prudence; her cool advice was never felt, but in the winter of adversity. I was flush, and resolved to go over to Paris, and glitter in all the splendor of an Englishman. This rapid resolution was as rapidly executed, and in less than ten days after my success I found myself at the city of noise and frippery.

I had too much spirit to murmur at the expence, but I often wished for something more substantial, than *soup* or *fricasée:* after living at

the gigantic table of Sir Stentor, and feasting on roast beef and venison, I found it difficult to swallow liquids and shadows. But every other consideration was soon drowned in that of a young marchioness, who never met my eyes without telling them such a tale of love, that it was impossible not to understand it.

I directed my valet La Fosse, to make every possible enquiry after her: he brought me intelligence that she was the widow of a marquis, and of a very noble family. This was sufficient: I instantly dispatched a messenger of love to her: and 'ere another moon had gilded up her horns, married her. But I had cause to repent my expedition; she was indeed the widow of a marquis, but one of the poorest of that title in France; his debts were great, and his widow instead of discharging them, had contracted more, her noble family not being able to support her.

I was soon roused from my dream of happiness, and thrown into prison; my fortune was insufficient to procure my liberty, and there I should

have perished, had not an old rich farmer-general taken my wife under his protection, paid her debts, generously set me free, and presented me with a bill of two hundred pounds, on condition I returned to England. I did not chuse to reject his offer, and with that sort of pseudo-repentance, which generally waits on us when we are grown wise too late, took my leave of France and prosperity.

Immediately on my return to England, I waited on Sir Stentor; but the knight knowing my genius in horse-flesh, was not willing to put me in a condition of rivalling him upon the turf.

"Zounds, Hal, whoy thou spendest every thing: no, no, I duont want a top game-keeper now. Here, I'll gi' thee this bill of one hundred pounds, and my bay gelding Jockey: go and see 'un, he is as fine a beast as any I have in hand."

I thought it not prudent to refuse the knight's offer; and making the best of a bad bargain, ac-

cepted Jockey, and the bill, and made the best of my way to London.

Here, after a long deliberation, I resolved to turn stock-jobber: and the first time I visited Jonathan's, by propagating a report that Jamaica was taken by the Spaniards, increased my small sum to two thousand pounds. I was now in raptures, and saw once again the visions of good fortune swimming before my sight. I still continued improving my principal, when an account from Trieste reduced me to seven hundred; and in a few days after, another account from the same unfortunate place, utterly ruined me, and I waddled a lame duck out of the alley.

What could I now do? At to mechanic business I was utterly a stranger to it, and my soul disdained the livery of a slave. I had distracted myself with reflection, till the last bill of ten pounds was mutilated, when I thought of setting up for an author.

As I did not doubt my invention, and had vani-

ty enough for the character, I sat down to invoke the muses. The first fruits of my pen, were a political essay. and a piece of poetry: the first I carried to a patriotic bookseller, who is, in his own opinion, of much consequence to the cause of liberty; and the poetry was left with another of the same tribe, who made bold to make it a means of puffing his Magazine, but refused any gratuity. Mr. Britannicus, at first imagining the piece was not to be paid for, was lavish of his praises, and I might depend upon it, it should do honour to his flaming patriotic paper; but when he was told that I expected some recompence, he assumed an air of criticism, and begged my pardon; he did not know that circumstance, and really he did not think it good language, or sound reasoning.

I was not discouraged by the objections and criticisms of the bookselling tribe; and as I know the art of Curlism, pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But, Mr. Printer, the late prosecution against the booksellers having frightened them all out of their patriotism, I am necessitated either to write for the entertainment of the public or in de-

fence of the ministry. As I have some little remains of conscience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing, of either side of the question, is of little service to the entertainment or instruction of the reader. Abuse and scurrility are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of those authors, who deem every man in place a rascal, and every man out of place a patriot.

Permit this then to appear in your universally admired Magazine; it may give some entertainment to your readers, and a dinner to

Your humble Servant,

HARRY WILDFIRE.

TONY SELWOOD.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

Lest your Hunter of Oddities should meet with me, and cook up my singularity as a dish of diversion for the town, I trouble you with a description of myself. Have you ever seen a portrait by Holbein, or the figure of an old fellow in ancient tapestry? I am a laughable counterpart to either of these curiosities. I am heir to no inconsiderable estate, which has but one incumbrance on it; a plaguy, long-lived, surly dog of a father.

If I am not mistaken the Roman-catholics make longevity one of the peculiar gifts of heaven. I

confess I am so irreligious as to wish heaven had been less sparing of its gifts to my honoured papa. You will say I am an ungracious child, perhaps; but when you have got to the end of my epistle, you will excuse me. If absurdities and follies are the general attendants of age, I cannot see with what justice grey-hairs command veneration.

My father has as well furnished a wardrobe as any knight in the shire; but not an individual garment in it which has been made since the Revolution.

My father dresses in the uniform of a courtier in the reign of James I. his hat is like a strawberry-basket, with the handle thrust under his chin: this piece of ornament belonged to Robert Carey, who, as he was a great man in his time, and nearly related to our family, must not be out of remembrance. He wears also an enormous ruff, once the property of Sir Venison Goosepye, lord-mayor of London, who, though of a younger branch of the family, established it upon a more respectable footing than before, by doubling its

rent-roll. Gratitude obliges my sire to wear this ruff, though as full of holes as a lawyer's conscience. A flashed doublet, with slit sleeves, and a long cloak, envelopes his trunk; and a monstrous pair of trunk-hose, square shoes, and large shoe-roses, conclude his bundle of ridiculous habiliments. Could I persuade him to be contented with making himself laughed at, I should be happy in entertaining my friends with the oddity of his appearance; but when I consider that mine is equally as laughable, I sicken at the sight of his antiquated garb. I am almost ashamed to describe myself; but in hopes that he must soon set out on his journey to the other world, I make a virtue of necessity, and comply. He absolutely threatens to disinherit me, if I grumble at dressing for the memory of the departed; and an estate of six thousand per annum, is not to be lost for the sake of a full-trimmed suit, and a gold button. My hair is dressed in a very peculiar and risible manner; it is cut close on the middle of the head, and twisted like a horse's mane on each side: this my papa avers was the most polite fashion in the reign of queen Elizabeth, as appears by the portrait of

his great uncle, Sir Henry Dainty. This Sir Henry was the greatest beau of his time, and is thought by a learned antiquary to be the identical person for whom Shakespeare drew the character of Ostrick in Hamlet. My hat is not quite so comical as my sire's; it inclines more to the shape of a close-stool-pan, pardon the simile, you will find it in another author, it is too delicate to be my own. This ornament of the head once graced the *caput* of the profound Dr. Technicus, who had an universal nostrum which enabled him to ride in his chair; and what do you think this nostrum was? Nothing but a cataplasm of masticated bread and butter. My ruff is perfectly yellow: but as it belonged to the Rev. Dr. Drowsy, my father makes it a point of conscience to oblige me to wear it. I have a large jutting coat and wide breeches, the very tip of the mode in the days of Henry VII. mottled stockings, red and green, and shoes with monstrous pikes complete my ornamentals.

This, Mr. Printer, is a perfect representation of my externals. Do be so obliging as to give the

old fellow a hint in your Magazine, that he acts very ridiculously. He has already felt the bad effects of his antiquated wardrobe. My sister was as laughable as myself; she wore a hood of unconscionable thick velvet, which projected on each side of her face, like a horse's blinds: her ruff was enormous, and betwixt that and her head-gear there was nothing but the tip of her nose to be seen: her stays reached down to her knees, her stockings were yellow, and her shoes square-toed. All these ornaments had in the days of their prosperity, glittered on Alice Sevenoke, a maid of honour to queen Mary, who was famous for making custards, and giving eel-pies an excellent relish. My sister Biddy's gown was as heavy as a modern novel: upon a moderate computaion it had above three pounds of silver, in its embroidery: the colours indeed were faded, but that defect was made up in the length of the train, which afforded the cat a five minutes play while Miss Biddy was turning the corner.

A female must necessarily be worse qualified to bear this purgatory than a man; and she having

fifteen thousand pounds, which an old aunt had left her to be paid at her marriage, whipped off to Scotland, at the age of sixteen, with a young fellow in the army. Would I could make my escape too, from the tyranny of this taylor of antiquity! I am sensible no character at Cornelys's could make so ridiculous an appearance as I do.

Oh, dear Mr. Ham, if you have any bowels of compassion, address a line or two to the old prig: shew him how barbarous it is to deprive a young fellow of all the pleasures of life, to indulge an unaccountable whim: push the matter home to him; and, if you succeed, you shall ever have the prayers of

Your humble Servant,

TONY SELWOOD.

ASTREA BROKAGE.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

Though I have much reason to think myself qualified for society, I am, to my great mortification, confined in a boarding-school; however, I am not debarred the pleasure of reading. I know all the real names of your *tête à têtes*; and am very well skilled in decyphering an asterism or dash. I have perused every novel publised by Lowndes or Noble; and could, upon occasion, compile a secret history, as pathetic and moving as any other female author. There is no modern play which I have not read; from the bright sallies of Foote, to the dull dialogue of Cumberland. You see I am a judge of theatrical merit: my knowledge of the drama, is hereditary; for my cousin Ben, who understands heraldry, can prove himself (and conse-

quently me) to be descended from Ben Jonson's grandmother's sister. So much for internal merit. The young fox-hunters in the neighbourhood swear I am a woundy pretty maid! The politer sort swear before gad, I am an angel; and Madame Gouvernante, tells me, I am very fair, very elegant, and every way accomplished. You will excuse this description of myself, as it is a true, though trite observation, that few readers regard any history, 'till they are minutely acquainted with the author: my intention in writing was to ask your advice. Now you must know, Mr. Ham, that I have ten thousand pounds, at my own disposal; a qualification, which may, in my opinion, exceed all the others I value myself upon. My father, who is a plodding sort of a man, and upon Bristol exchange (or rather in the street) has the character of a rich merchant, who knows how to live in the world, designs to marry me to Bob Barter, the hopeful son of his good friend Hezekiah Barter. Bob is, in the polite language of Bristol, a devil of a buck. You may see him in the morning, sitting under a shed on the key, registering the weight of sugars, and in the evening shining

at a ball. He overturns a basket of oysters, or beats a dog, with a better grace than any youthful votary of Bacchus, in that elegant city: the cream of politeness. As Madame Gouvernante knows my father's intentions, she very readily permits his intrusions, and takes every opportunity to leave us together. The wretch has never read further than the Gazette, or tables of interest; so that it is impossible to receive a compliment worth accepting from him. He seems to look upon me as already married, and treats me with a suitable indifference. Upon the exit of the Gouvernante, he claps on his hat, takes a turn round the room, very politely exposes his backside to the fire, and remarks it is very cold, or something of equal importance. I never regard the wretch; but if I am reading, consider myself as alone, and read on. Pray, Mr. Hamilton, is such a contemptible being, to be treated with more respect? Having told you I do not like this uncivilized Bristolian, you may imagine a *tendresse* for some other has made his faults more conspicuous. You will not be far from the truth. A young author who has read

more than Magliabechi, and wrote more love-letters than Ovid, is continually invoking the nine to describe me; but he never pays a compliment to my person, without a concomitant one to my understanding. Though I have ten thousand pounds, he never mentions marriage; and when it is forced into his discourse, rails at it most religiously: but he intrigues like a Jesuit, to be made happy with a *tête à tête* conversation, or a walk in the wood; but, thank my stars! I have always courageously denied. He has sentiment in his common conversation; and is reported to have ruined three young ladies of fortune. Pray, Mr. Hamilton, what am I to do in this case? Nothing can be more disagreeable than this boarding-school: If I am obliged to marry that insignificant wretch, Bob Barter, will the forced ceremony oblige me to hate my literary lover. Your advice will oblige

Yours, &c.

ASTREA BROKAGE.

Bristol, Jan. 3, 1770.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

NUMBER I.

SIR,

I think Addison says, in defining a complete fine gentleman, that even dress should be attended to; and, indeed, it has so great an influence in most situations of this life, that a person who is entirely negligent of it would find himself either overlooked or despised in the usual intercourse of society.

There are, indeed, some singular characters, who pique themselves upon an utter contempt for dress; but to the shame of men of letters be it said, that these are generally pedants, or such as value themselves upon an affected absence from the trivial pursuits of this world.

Dick Flighty is a man of a very different cast from these: dress he considers as the ultimate end of existence: and he would be miserable for a year if lord M——, or captain G——, was to have a new fashioned *cut* from Paris before him. He was the first who introduced the Tambour waistcoat; he rode post from that metropolis, with six horses, to be here in time. This he considered as a very capital stroke in establishing his fashionable character; and which he looked upon as indispensable, when Sir James G—— appeared in a silver silk flowered embroidery, before he had received intelligence of the invention. His disgrace upon this occasion was inexpressible; and had he not retrieved himself in the violet bird's eye velvet, on the ensuing birth-day, the consequences might have been fatal.

Dick is possessed of about four thousand a year, which he lays out, in his opinion, to the best advantage. He neither games nor drinks, which considering the licentiousness of the age, is something extraordinary: but then he keeps as elegant an equipage as any man in town. which he con-

stantly uses: besides this, he has a fine pack of hounds, though he never hunts, four race-horses, though he never sports; and keeps three mistresses, whom he never visits.

To be ingenuous, Dick may be fairly classed as the sovereign of *petit maitres*, the prince of fops, and the representative-general of coxcombs: nevertheless, Dick is an errant sloven. Whilst he is driving from one end of the town to another, in search of the most celebrated embroiderer, to give him directions concerning a new invented sprig, his *chapeau de bras*, which he wears on his head, would be a disgrace to a hair-dresser; and the back of his coat is more greasy than a butcher's, but then this is the *ton*. Dick holds it as an invariable maxim, that a clean coat and a good hat, in an undress, would be a disgrace to a gentleman, and bring him upon a level with a *bourgeois*.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

St. James's Coffee-House, May 10.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER II.

Sir,

Finding you gave place to my Odd Man in your last, I have sent you another to hand up in the group; and as I shall let you have one every month, we shall by the end of the year complete our collection.

Dick Slender is now about his forty-fifth year, six feet high, without any incumbrance of flesh. He is one of those people who saunter about town and call themselves gentlemen, because they have nothing to do, and are incapable of doing any thing.

Dick, upon the death of his father, became possessed of three thousand pounds in the funds; he was destined to the bar, and had been brought up

in the Temple; but finding in himself very little disposition for the Statutes at Large, or Coke upon Littleton, he shut up his folios, and resolved to be the man of pleasure.

He soon discovered, however, that the interest of his money, at three per cent. would not support him in the line of life he had chalked out; and, therefore, sunk the capital in the purchase of an annuity, and caring for neither man, woman, or child, eats, drinks, and dresses up to one hundred and eighty pounds per annum.

Dick is always the first night at a new play in the pit; and though he never read Aristotle, or understands a syllable of Horace, he is one of the greatest critics of the age. He has learnt a few set-phrases at the Bedford: these he utters promiscuously upon all such occasions, and he blends them in so curious a manner that they will do for any performance of every degree of merit. He, nevertheless, has, frequently, a crowd about him at the coffee-house; and his decisions, indecisive as they be, are considered as the opinion of the town.

His success in gallantry is not less conspicuous than his judgment in criticism, if a number of letters constantly addressed to him in a female hand, often sealed with a coronet, can authenticate his intrigues, or prove that half the women of fashion in England are enamoured with him. But unfortunately he lately quarrelled with his washerwoman upon the loss of some silk stockings, and she has revealed a secret that has banished him from George's for these three weeks. She was the amanuensis, the corresponding ladies, and the deliverer of all these letters to the parties who brought them to this coffee-house; and she is resolved to keep the seal, with the coronet, for her trouble. This she has revealed to several of her customers in the Temple, at the same time declaring, that notwithstanding the many intrigues she had carried on with Dick Slender, and though she had often been alone with him in private, he had never once offered a rude thing to her: yet Jenny is but two and twenty, has a very wanton eye, and a good complexion.

To illustrate Dick's character still farther, he is

a politician; he has read all Junius's letters, and can make out every dash; he is a member of the Bill of Rights: harangues at the Smyrna upon the Middlesex election; and proposes questions at the Robin-hood upon the legality of incapacitation. It is true, that all his political reading has been confined to the Public and the Gazetteer; but no man understands the real *nature of our constitution; the essence of our rights and liberties; the limits of the prerogative; the extent of parliamentary privileges; the nature of our foreign connections, or the balance of power*, better, or more profoundly, than DICK SLENDER——by *intuition!*

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER III.

SIR,

This metropolis abounds with so many oddities, that I am sometimes at a loss to hit upon one for the month. I have now in my collection about three dozen, that will do either for winter or summer: their peculiarities are of such a nature, and they are such complete originals, they never can be unseasonably hung up to public view. But a truce with preface, or else, perhaps, you will think me worthy a place in my own collection.

Eolus is as variable in his temper as the thirty-two points of the compass; but it must be acknowledged that a coach has to him all the magnetic qualities of the load-stone, especially when the wind is in his chops. But why confine his character in so small a compass? Eolus is every

body, and every thing at times: he eats like Quin, drinks with Rigby, intrigues with a Cumb—d, and fights with every man that never existed. He is a buckram hero; and, if I may be allowed a taylor's pun, you may twist him to what you please. It is time, however, to bring forth our hero and let him speak for himself.

Enter Eolus.

Eolus. Here, cook—at four precisely—let the venison be done to a turn; and as to the turbot, let it weigh exactly three pounds, not an ounce more or less.

Cook. Yes, Sir, you may depend upon your directions being punctually followed——Nobody, I think, hits your honour's taste so well as me—— I study it day and night.

Eolus. Yes, Jack, I must acknowledge you do make me eat a pound more, since you came to the house, than ever I did before. I shall just take a turn in a hack round the new buildings, Grosvenor-

square, and Marybone, by way of a whet, and be here precisely at four.

So short a dialogue, dear Ham, cannot certainly disgust your readers; but, perhaps, they may be curious to know how many he has to dine with him? Just as many as a certain r—l lover found when he awoke and met with nobody but himself.

Eolus seems to have followed Quin's rule, which I shall exemplify. Said lady T—sh—d (I mean the modest lady T—sh—d) to Quin: I wonder, Mr. Quin, that you do not marry, take a house, and keep an equipage." "Why lookye, my lady, I like the sweets of matrimony without the bitters—I always carry my wife, my coach, and my cook in my pocket, and when they displease me, jolt me into a passion, or spoil my appetite, I turn them off."

Quin was so pregnant of good things, that the very mention of him engenders a number; but I shall take up your reader's time with the relation of only one more, which he said to the same lady, upon a somewhat similar occasion. "Pray, Mr.

Quin," said she, "did you ever make love?" "No, my lady," replied Sir John Brute, "I always buy it ready made."

So much for Quin; now once more for Eolus: he is about five feet nothing; as round as a hogshead, owing to his eating immoderately; rides in a hack all the morning to create an appetite; rides in the same vehicle all the afternoon to promote digestion. He has seven hundred a year, of which he does not save a farthing, which he disposes of chiefly to hackney-coachmen and vintners. The ladies, however, ingross some part of his purse, as well as his person; but he is an œconomist in love, at least with regard to property, which he transfers to them very sparingly.

If after this any one should think Eolus the mere puff of imagination, he may be seen alive every day at four, not a hundred yards from Warwick-court, Holborn.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER IV.

SIR,

Lounging the other day at Slaughter's coffee-house, I made acquaintance with a person, who has turned out a proper candidate to be enrolled in your list of oddities.

He had been reading the Gazetteer for about twenty minutes, in the course of which he had taken as many pinches of snuff, when he started all at once, and giving a fling to the paper, overturned a dish of scalding coffee upon a gentleman's white silk stockings, crying, "Zounds, there he is again — how he stinks!" then rising up without paying any attention to the mischief he had done, or making the least apology to the gentleman whose legs he had scalded, he walked three or four

times up and down the room shaking his arm and fingers, crying out, "Keep off, keep off."

I did not know what to conclude from his behaviour; but as I was the nearest to him during his exclamation, and this perambulation, I thought it necessary to ask him whether he purposed insulting me — to which he made no reply, but muttered "The devil opened my curtains last night, and he has been after me all day." Then shaking his hand more violently than ever, "there you are off at last." After this curious soliloquy, he began to grow a little calm, seated himself upon another of the benches, and ordered a pint of milk. He then pulled out of his pocket several old pamphlets, and read them very attentively, but not without ejaculating now and then, "Off, you villain, off," and shaking his hand and arm very violently.

I enquired at the bar, who this extraordinary person was, and whether he was out of his mind; when I was informed, that he was Mr. Ha—w—y, brother to the commissioner of that name; that he

had frequented the house several years, and that he was a very inoffensive, good-natured man.

Having received this intelligence, I resolved to have a little conversation with him, when I found him very rational upon every subject, except the devil: but the slightest hint about that infernal being, made him shake his hand and arm, and cry out, "Off—off."

It would be doing this gentleman a great piece of service, if any of your ingenious correspondents could hit upon some probable scheme of exorcising this same devil out of poor Ha—w—y, who would then in every respect be an agreeable and worthy member of society.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Slaughter's Coffee-house, June 15.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER V.

SIR,

Though in my youth I was very fond of partridge-shooting, I have thought it prudent, since the game-act has taken place, to relinquish that pursuit, as I have no great inclination for killing a lord, or being killed myself: but being naturally of a busy disposition, instead of pursuing the feathered game, I have taken to hunting *human game;* I mean the Oddities of mankind; and though, as I just mentioned, I have no passion for destroying a *living* l——d, I think there is no great harm in hanging up a *dead one* to public speculation.

In this opinion I shall furnish your readers with some whimsicalities in the character of the late l—d U—b——e. He had a most uncommon passion for horses, insomuch that he never refused

purchasing any that were offered him, without regarding either the colour, sort, or size; and as he was always buying, and never sold any, at his death he was in possession of upwards of seven hundred, which were registered in the most particular manner; and they were called over in the same regular method observed in mustering a regiment. Though he was not very curious as to their breed, he would never suffer his horses and mares to copulate, unless he or his steward was present. He was also possessed of upwards of two hundred bulls and cows, all of the beautiful white breed; which he was extremely attentive in keeping up.

Virtues and vices are commonly blended in this world; so that if l—d U——— might be accused of a passion for bulls and horses, he never could be taxed with any predilection for women; but, on the contrary, he had conceived so great an antipathy to them, that he would not allow a female to approach his house; and if he suspected any thing had passed through the hands of a woman, it was condemned to a proper purgation be-

fore his l———p would touch it; the dread of pestilence seeming upon these occasions to dictate the extraordinary fumigations. Indeed, it is probable that if posterity had been in danger of wanting supporters, and his l———p had judged it requisite to have lent an assisting hand to prevent the annihilation of the human species, he would have wished for the god-like power of Jupiter to have transformed another Europæ into a white heifer.

Whilst he was thus absorbed in the welfare and prosperity of the brute creation, he was quite inattentive to the security and preservation of himself and his domestics. His house, which was not in the best condition when he first became the inhabitant, having never received the least repairs for a succession of years, (though even the tiling was very defective in several places;) the upper rooms were always exposed to the inclemency of the weather; and in some of the late remarkable heavy rains, the water penetrated even to his l——p's bed-chamber. This rouzed him from his lethargic negligence, and a short time before he died, he

gave orders that his house should be repaired next spring. The omission of these necessary precautions was not, however, the effect of penury; for no other man, perhaps, ever paid so little attention to lucrative pursuits, as it will appear when it is known, that after his death a prodigious sum was found in bank-notes and cash, in an old bureau that had been long out of use; and a magnificent sideboard of plate, that had not for several years made its appearance, was found in a strong box, greatly damaged for want of use. Nevertheless, l——d U———e was frequently in need of money, which he borrowed at exorbitant interest.

In a word, l—d U———e's character was a compound of whim, oddity, and absence: whilst he would be very exact how long a mare or a cow had to go in her pregnancy, he would forget that he had not been shaved for a week; or that clean linen was conducive to health.

I am, Sir, your's,

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Uxbridge, Jan. 20.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER VI.

SIR,

I shall now introduce you to Mr. G—d, a gentleman very well known in the *sporting world*, having acquired a very easy fortune, by calculating the odds at horse-races, cock-matches and tennis-courts. He is tall and lusty, and though near sixty, does not seem to have lost any of his appetites; at least that for EATING he possesses in great perfection, and would still do honour to a minority-feast.

This gentleman, instead of walking for amusement in the Park, or any of the public gardens, constantly visits, every fine morning, all the capital markets of this metropolis: he surveys the surloins and buttocks with an extacy that cannot be better described than by reminding the reader

of the friar's expressive countenance in Hogarth's roast beef before the gates of Calais. Mr. G——d does not, however, confine his taste for eating merely to theory, his practice being full as extraordinary; but as œconomy is a rule he never deviates from, even at the most *lucky* periods of his life, he farms out his stomach at some decent *ordinary*, where he shews great dexterity, till either he has eat himself into disgrace, or the house is shut up.

It was to this gentleman that Quin addressed himself at Pon's, when he asked "if it would not be prudent to have basket-handled knives and forks for the second course?" But G——d was too deeply engaged with an excellent leg of mutton to attend to such ætherial food as wit. G——d lost the joke, and Quin lost his dinner. He was a short time after bought off by the master, whose affairs speedily took a favourable turn.

In a word, G——d is a professed *ordinary-breaker;* and sticks like a leech till either he is voted out by the company, or bribed away by the master. A short time since he fixed his quar-

ters near Soho-Square, at an ordinary frequented by several foreigners, who were no contemptible adepts in the science of eating; but G——d beat them hollow, having often demolished all the *boulie* before they had done with the *soup;* and has frequently whipt up a whole *fricasee,* whilst they were preparing the sallad. Finding things going on at this rate, they *complained* to the master; and he *remonstrated* to Mr. G——d. The answer to this *remonstrance* was as follows: "I do not deny that I have a tolerable good stomach; but I have a right to come to every public ordinary, and eat my belly full, as I carry none away in my pockets; you know best if you can afford to give a dinner for the price; if you cannot, discontinue it."

To this the host rejoined, "but he should consider it as a favour if he would not repeat his visits:" when G——d resumed, "Sir, if you ever knew me do a favour to any man in my life, I'll do this to you: but interest has been my invariable pursuit; and I will never deviate from it."

This declaration brought them to terms, and at the price of two dozen of wine, G——d discontinued his attendance. He is now negociating a similar treaty at a certain house in the Strand, having laid every ordinary west of Covent-Garden already under contribution; and it is expected he will enter Temple-Bar, and levy upon the city in about a week.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Temple-Bar, March 20.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER VII.

SIR,

I fell in company the other day with a gentleman, whose dress and appearance were remarkably singular; and as I judged there must be some very striking feature in his character, I drank a bottle extraordinary, in order to excite him to develope himself.

After the fourth bottle, he told me, with a significent shrug, "that there was no sort of taste in England now." I asked him "if he meant *taste* in general, or confined it to any particular art or science?" "What a question! Why, I mean taste in building, in architecture, to be sure." "I say," continued he, "there is not one tolerable architect now in this island; and scarce two in Europe. Where are your Palladios? Where are your Inigo Jones's now? Is it not a shame that the Horse-

Guards should remain as it is, with that scandalous, that barbarous cupula? If you talk of grievances, that, indeed, is a public grievance."

"I presume, Sir," said I, "that your villa is a master-piece of gusto." "Why, to be sure," he replied, "I do flatter myself for the size, it may be distinguished." "Indeed," said his *friend* Jack Smart, "your serpentine river is but a foot and half wide; your ha! ha! fronts a dung-hill; and your ruins are not in the most perfect condition I could wish; but then there is a genuine, a noble simplicity prevails throughout——." This extraordinary account of his country-seat, gave me a great curiosity to know its situation, when, to my no small astonishment, he told me, "it was between the Foundery in Moorfields and Hoxton."

After this discovery, I rung the bell, paid my reckoning, took an abrupt leave, and walked down stairs, leaving the virtuoso with his friend, who had not yet deserted him.

I could not, however, help inquiring of my

landlord George Sw——n, at the bar, who this extraordinary genius was, when I learnt that he was Mr. B——n, a dry-salter, in Thames-street, who was *eaten-up* with building, that he never remained half a year in one country situation, but had by rotation erected villas on every dusty road round the metropolis, where he no sooner laid out a sum of money, than he was disgusted at the situation, and flew to another spot still more contemptible: that he had been built out of his country-seat at Marybone: driven out of Lambeth by the extension of the new houses on that side of the water, and had, in despair, at length erected B——n-Hall, a little beyond the Barking-Dogs, in Moorfields.

When I came home, I could not refrain laughing at so singular a character, and as I think Mr. B——n is intitled to a place amongst the modern oddities, I send him you quite piping-hot for your next Magazine.

A Hunter of Oddities.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER VIII.

Sir,

Though I have not yet taken any notice of the ladies, in my pursuit after oddities, I would not have your readers be so partial to that sex, as to fancy there are none amongst them. I doubt not, Sir, from the choice of your Miscellany, that you are a man of gallantry, and, therefore, not unacquainted with the fair, many of whose peculiarities must not have escaped your observation. Be this as it may, I shall introduce a lady to you at present, whose qualifications will, doubtless, recommend her to a place in this department of your curious Repository.

Flirtilla was the only daughter of a baronet in the west of England; who dying when she was young, was left entirely to the tuition of her

mother, who had been a first-rate coquette from the beginning of the reign of George I. to the latter end of the reign of George II. She had brought her husband a considerable fortune, the happy fruits of the year 20, which having purchased her the title of ladyship, she was resolved to support the dignity of her acquired rank. Dress and equipage formed the great objects of her *external* attentions, whilst her private moments were occupied in the preparation of the best of cosmetics, for the relief of decayed beauty; and their efficacy, which she daily and hourly experienced, gave her infinite satisfaction, as she could boast at sixty, she had not a single wrinkle in her forehead. Her daughter was a religious disciple to all her *manœuvres,* and from the recent improvements of *rouge* and *blanc,* did not doubt of surpassing her mother's success in the support of *beauty,* but even of rivalling Ninon de L'Enclos at fourscore. Having thus laid in a stock of unfading charms for such a succession of years, she was in no hurry to secure those conquests, which she, and her *fortune,* incessantly made, lying in wait for at least a coronet, if not a prince of the blood.

In this expectation she refused many good, and even great matches, connections that would have done her honour, and probably made her happy; but her lucky star had not yet prevailed, in her opinion, and she was resolved till it did, to have no attachment but with her favorite and constant companion Chloe, whilst quadrille engrossed great part of her time, as well as a considerable share of her attention. Bath, Scarborough, Brighthelmstone, by turns shared her company, as well as Cornelys's and Almack's; and the appearance of a Russian prince at the last of these places gave her such uncommon hopes as had never before inspired her.

Flirtilla resolved to subdue the *Muscovite*, and the next time she prepared for Cornelys', where she expected to meet him, she made herself *two degrees more beautiful* than ever—*she went, she saw, and* (believed) *she conquered.* She returned home in the highest raptures—every thing was elysium—she viewed herself with extacy in her glass, and concluded he must be more or less than man, to withstand those charms.

But mark the sequel. The next morning she was seized with a violent fever, the effect of having stopt all perspiration with powders and cosmetics: a physician was sent for, who pronounced her in a dangerous way. However, at the end of some days she was thought better, when the small-pox made its appearance. This to Flirtilla was worse than death, being so complete a coquette as to have constantly adopted the opinion, that *the last sighs of a fine woman, were more for the loss of beauty than of life.*

Flirtilla recovered, but her face was so furrowed with this hateful disorder, that all the art of perfumery was set at nought; and she resolved never to make her appearance again in public. She has, accordingly, retired to a little villa distant from town, and from one extreme flown to the other, so easy is the transition. From the most arrant coquette, she is become the most violent of prudes. Church is the only place she resorts to, and the parson *(a young athletic man indeed)* her only companion. To make his circumstances easy, she

has conferred the living upon him, which is about 300l. a year; and she has come to this pious resolution, that the only character worthy of an amiable woman, is that of a RIGID DEVOTEE.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER IX.

SIR,

Jack Shift is a complete oddity of *chicane:* he was, in his youth, bred to the law; but now he verges upon fifty, the law follows him more than he follows the law. Labour and industry he considers beneath a man of sense; and therefore pursues no business but that of subsistence, and supporting a protuberant paunch at the public, or rather the publican's expence. When he meets with a good natured, affable landlord or landlady, he fixes his quarters, and never beats a march so long as he is able to forage with safety on the spot. He lodges and boards till he has raised his score to thirty-nine shillings; if the faith or hospitality of the host extend to this sum, then he makes a silent retreat, and takes a French leave. In the mean while Jack is the orator and wit of the place; he

harangues to every one who comes in, upon the degeneracy of the times, the malversation of the ministers, general warrants, Wilkes and Junius; and, in a dearth of news, he will even condescend to enter upon the price of provisions, and the insolence of hackney-coachmen. When the room is empty, and he has nobody to converse with, he writes letters, which he very properly calls *Essays*, to the News-papers and Magazines; but he has never the satisfaction to find his productions noticed in any other department, than under the head of *acknowledgments to correspondents*. This reception of his works, though it makes him inveigh bitterly against the want of judgment in editors, no way diminishes his ardour for the good of his country, for Mr. Shift is *a professed patriot*; and publicly declares he would not be bought off from the cause of liberty at the price of any title, place, or pension: in this pursuit Jack constantly signalizes himself upon all rejoicing nights, and to demonstrate his zeal, has more than once broke lord Mansfield's windows, and lost his hat and wig in so laudable an enterprize. Jack considers a black-eye in the support of Wilkes as the badge of

liberty; and he usually wears it in common with the 45 buttons, as testimonials of his affection for that great champion.

This outline of Jack Shift's character must make him known to every frequenter of coffee and genteel public houses; but to fix his residence for a moment, we will give a dialogue that very lately passed between him and the pretty landlady at Robin's coffee-house, in Shire-Lane.

Shift. What can I have for dinner to day, madam?

Landlady. 'Pon my word I do not know, Sir.

Shift. Is there any fish?

Landlady. I believe not.

Shift. Can't I have a rump steak?

Landlady. I am afraid not.

Shift. a veal cutlet then?

Landlady. I do not think it is to be had.

Shift. Well, I don't mind, I can put up with mutton-chops.

Landlady. There are none in the house.

Shift. What cold meat have you?

Landlady. Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Shift, I do not chuse to trust you any longer. Your score is now seven and thirty shillings; and I think it is time it should be cleared.

Shift. Oh! if that's the case, I can take a hint as soon as another: and so good day to you, madam.

Exit, Mr. Shift.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Shire-Lane, Sept. 12.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER X.

SIR,

You know Tom Goose-quill, for who, indeed, knows not Tom? He is an author, one of the *literati.* He started a journeyman haberdasher, and from tagging of laces, he soon after took to tagging of rhymes; but though no poet, not even the laureat was more admired—by himself: yet he found that *empty verse* and *solid beef* were two very distinct, nay, incongruous commodities. Tom, with much reluctance, gave up his muse, after teazing her six months; as he found that in proportion as she was *pregnant* with ideas, his belly grew daily and hourly more lank; and he was already qualified for performing with great personal propriety the part of master slender. He offered his service to the managers, and they would have engaged him in a run of Romeo and Juliet, for the starved Apothecary; but as his walk was

so very confined, they declined for the present entering into treaty with him. Tom was therefore compelled once more to have recourse to his pen; but instead of pursuing the melodious harmony of numbers, he engaged in the jarring discord of politics. Though Tom was a writer on either side, as convenience suited, and though he never wrote gratis for either the Gazetteer or the Public, it was but very rarely he produced a five and threepenny essay—he skirmished in the still lighter parts of literature. The report of the plague at Dunkirk, or the arrival of a courier from Spain, was always sure to procure him a dinner, and Tom as greedily devoured a contageous disorder, as a city plumb would its antidote. The rise and fall of stocks generally affected his finances, in proportion to their fluctuation; and the last smash at Jonathan's had very nearly produced him a new coat: but, unfortunately for him, they began to rise too soon, and he was obliged to *waddle* out of Pater-noster-row as ragged as ever.

Tom, with real grief, deplores the unhappy state of affairs, the venality of placemen, the luxury of

the great, and the distress of the poor. In this respect Mr. Goose-quill is no hypocrite; and Tom never writes so forcibly upon the dearness of provisions, as when he has a strong invitation, and a pretty certain perspective of dining with his grace of Humphrey, an honour which affords but little gratification to his vanity, or, indeed, any other of his passions or appetites, and which he, nevertheless, often receives.

Mr. Goose-quill is not, however, without some hopes, from the present prospect of a war, of once more figuring at the Bedford, and dining at Betty's. At all events, he thinks himself pretty certain of recovering his reputation, and his suit of black, by half a dozen noble divorces this winter; and in that case he proposes turning his mind to polite writing, and may probably be your occasional correspondent. In the mean while, if you think this sketch of an oddity in letters, will afford any entertainment to your readers, it is at their service.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Ivy-Lane, Oct. 15.

A HUNTER of ODDITIES.

NUMBER XI.

SIR,

Mr. T.——— deserves to be noticed among your group of oddities. This gentleman is possessed of near 300l. a year, and of which he does not save a farthing, though a batchelor, and a parsimonious man, to all external appearance. He is neither a patriot nor a ministerial advocate: his sentiments in politics, indeed, he has never revealed; but from the tenor of his whole conduct, he does not seem to care one farthing whether lord Bute or Mr. Wilkes is prime-minister. It must be owned, that it is very difficult to form any just idea of his notions upon any subject whatever, as he seldom speaks, without it is to demand the necessaries of life.

He has taken up his lodgings at an inn in Smithfield, where he has resided near a twelve-month:

for the first six months he frequently excursed as far as the Peacock in Gray's-inn-lane, being a great admirer of Burton ale; but having an utter aversion to the trouble of dress, and a particular attachment to one shirt for a number of weeks, it was hinted to him by the master of the house, how necessary it would be to clean himself, if he proposed resorting thither, as the other gentlemen were offended at his appearance. Mr. T—— was affronted at this insinuation, and has not been there since; for considering his shirt as the nearest thing to him in the world, he is resolved not to part with it as long as it will stick by him. For this reason he has been confined to his *hotel* ever since, where, he admits no one into his room, making his own bed, (if it ever is made) and performing all his chamber offices himself, for fear of being robbed, as he imitates the French poet, who threw his money among his faggots. Mr. T——, upon the receipt of a sum, gives it a jirk under the bed, and as long as he can find a guinea without trouble, he never thinks of a clean shirt or the Bank: but he is now, *unfortunately*, reduced to his last moidore, and is arrived at the *ne plus ultra*

of his filth and rags, and he will next week be under the mortifying compulsion of changing his linen, pulling up the heels of his shoes, and thereby conceal the holes in his stockings, which are now very conspicuous, in order to repair to the India or South-Sea house, to receive his last half year's dividend, which always lies dormant till he is in the greatest distress.

Mr. T—— is not without vices, though ostentation and ambition are not among the number; he is a great votary of Bacchus, to whom he devotes, not only his days and nights, but all his fortune. Loquacity he contemns; reason he despises; dress he sets at nought; women he once admired, but now they have no charms for him:—but the jolly god is his constant friend and advocate; with him alone he confers, and he seems resolved to live and die in such celestial company.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Bell-Inn, Smithfield, Nov. 10.

P. S. Since I wrote the above account, I am informed that Mr. T—— is happily relieved, for some time, from the disagreeable necessity of going out, through the industry of an army of moths, who have eaten the lining of an old waistcoat, in which were concealed near thirty guineas, and which was going to be thrown upon the dunghill.

In Chatterton's Miscellanies only four letters were printed, signed "Hunter of Oddities," but as six other letters appear in the same Magazine, from which the four were originally taken, (Town and Country, 1770) and there is every reason to believe that they were written by the same Person, the Editor has included the whole in the present Edition.

On PUNNING.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

I was some time since in company with a party who piqued themselves upon being men of wit and genius: one of them, however, was nothing more than a pretender, who after many ineffectual attempts, at length set the table on a roar, by a most execrable pun; he joined in the laugh, and fancied he had now been very successful, when a gentleman turning to lord Ch——d, asked his lordship what was his opinion of punning in general? To which his lordship replied, "I conceive punning has a doublefold advantage in company, for a very good pun makes one laugh," and a very bad one makes one laugh still more, as was the case just now; but," said he, "an indifferent pun, is the most indifferent of all indifferent things; hav-

ing neither salt enough to make one smile, or stupidity enough to excite the risible muscles at the author; and may therefore be stiled the dregs of wit, the sediment of humour, and the *caput mortuum* of common sense."

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

And humble servant,

T. B.

Berkeley-square, June 16, 1770.

The UNFORTUNATE FATHERS.

Mr. Sladon, a merchant, of Bristol, by industry and diligent application to business, acquired a considerable fortune. As he was an enemy to noise and pomp, he neither set up his carriage, nor endeavoured to make a splendid appearance; his only care centered in Maria, his beautiful daughter: he spared no costs to complete her education; her genius requited his labour; no instructions were lost on her, and she excelled in every qualification, which dignify her sex. At the age of seventeen she was universally allowed to be a beauty. The reader will excuse the writer from giving a description of her person; let him cull from the volumes of poets and painters, all his imagination counts beautiful, and throw into it an inexpressible softness, and he has Maria.

Mr. Hinckley, whose father was closely connected in trade with Mr. Sladen, struck with the uncommon lustre of Maria's person and mind, intreated his father to permit him to pay his addresses to her. "George," said the priest of Mammon, "I commend your choice, Miss Sladon is a very good œconomist, and will have little less than a plumb to her fortune: go, and prosper." Young Hinckley assured his father he had not the least mercenary view. "Away," replied the old man, "when you have been as often upon 'Change as me, you'll know better."

Young Hinckley had no cause to complain of his reception; Maria had never viewed him with eyes of indifference. Mr. Sladon rejoiced at the proposed alliance; all was unity and love; and before the expiration of two months, George acquainted his father, that he intended to request Mr. Sladon to fix the day; but was thunderstruck with his command, that he should not go such lengths till he had further orders from him.

Mr. Sladon, who was himself above deceit, ne-

ver suspected it in another; his generous frankness laid him open to the vile arts of old Hinckley: after being connected together the space of a year, he broke, and ruined him.

Maria had by this time conceived the most tender passion for young Hinckley: it was allowable, as she had always considered him as her future husband. No words can describe Hinckley's excess of love. Imagine what an effect this stroke must have upon both. Nothing but imagination can paint it.

Mr. Sladon was only affected for his daughter: his noble soul rose superior to this revolution; he triumphed in poverty, over the wealthy wretch who caused his misfortunes. Old Hinckley, whose fortune was increased, not diminished by this infamous action, perceived with chagrin, his son's madness for Maria; he endeavoured to divert his attention to objects more rich, and therefore, in his opinion, more deserving: but he laboured in vain; nothing could abate his love. Mr. Sladon saw his passion; he pitied him: but could not

think of uniting his daughter to a man, whose superiority of circumstances, was derived from his own ruin.

Old Hinckley, finding all remonstrances useless, by some mercenary agents, persuaded Mr. Sladon that young Hinckley was privy to, and assisted in his ruin. The circumstances made it plausible; he believed it, and forbade him his house. Maria would have credited it of any other man; in this case it was dubious; her love for him was partial; but as she had looked upon the father formerly in the best light, she doubted whether she might not be deceived in the son. She was in this wavering opinion, when the only servant Mr. Sladon had, brought her a letter from young Hinckley: she knew the hand, she eagerly caught it; she recollected, and dropped it on the ground: after a long struggle between duty and love, she sent it back unopened. When a person of good sense and strong natural parts, has not the happiness of a religious education, he is generally a Deist or Socinian. This was the case with young Hinckley; his father endeavouring to qualify him

for commerce, neglected Christianity: to the most refined notions of honour and morality, he united an absolute contempt for religion: his passions were violent, but as he was continually on his guard, they seldom appeared. When he heard that Maria had returned his letter, he raved to the utmost extravagance of madness; then appearing calm, he sat down, and, writing a letter, sealed it and left it on the table. Having done this, he went into his chamber, and immediately shot himself.

Old Hinckley hearing the explosion, ran from his compter, and ascending the stairs, saw his son extended breathless. He fainted, and continued in that condition, till his servants, occasionally coming in, recovered him.

The letter, which was directed to his father, contained what follows:

"I shall not accuse your conduct, for you are my father; I shall only endeavour to vindicate the action I am about to perpetrate. This will be

easily done. There is a principle in man (a shadow of the Divinity) which constitutes him the image of God; you may call it conscience, grace, inspiration, the spirit, or whatever name your education gives it. If a man acts according to this regulator, he is right: if contrary to it, he is wrong. It is an approved truth, that this principle varies in every rational being. As I can reconcile suicide to this principle, with me it is consequently no crime. Suicide is sometimes a noble insanity of the soul: and often the result of a mature and deliberate approbation of the soul. If ever a crime it is only so to society; there indeed it always appears an irrational emotion: but when our being becomes unsocial, when we neither assist, or are assisted by society, we do not injuire it by laying down our load of life. It may seem a paradoxical assertion, that we cannot do wrong to ourselves; but it is certain we have power over our own existence. Such is my opinion, and I have made use of such power.

GEORGE HINCKLEY."

This seeming philosophy was lost on old Hinckley; he was really affected at the loss of his son, and did not survive him three months.

Maria! the beauteous Maria, had a still shorter date. She heard the fatal news; and expired within a week.—Mr. Sladon loved his daughter too well to live without her; he compleated the tragedy, and sunk to the grave, resigned and contented amidst the chastisements of Providence.

THE HIRLAS,

*Composed by Blythyn, Prince of North Wales.**

Let the mead sparkle round the embossed edges of the Hirlas of honour: bear it to Griffydh, son of antient kings, to Griffydh, who slew armies on the sea shore; Leoffgar fled before him; the son of Maur trembled at his presence; the warriors of the Bridge were scattered as the goats upon the mountains: their spears were stuck in the sand; their shields were broken on their arms; they fled before Griffydh, before the son of ancient kings, the first in the song.

Fill the Hirlas to Anarawd; he is the rock of Abensaw; strong as the Hill of Cadwall, is the arm of Anarawd. The son of Eynan fell by his hand, the descendant of Howel-dha received in his

* One Piece, with this title, has already been printed; the present is taken from The Town and Country Magazine for November 1769. It is dated Bristol, and signed D. E. Chatterton's most common signature.

heart the sword of Anarawd: he cast his bleeding body into the lake of the hill, and rolled the monument of his fathers to the valley: the golden helmet of Davydh was placed on the mossy stone; the massy fragments of the spear, the banners of the warriors of the sea, the yellow axes of the Danes, lay scattered around the mossy stones, the monument of Howel-dha, and the ancestors of the son of Eynan: Caradoc, the son of Eynan, cast his spear at Anarawd. Son of the mountains, stay, come not near the mossy stones, for they cover the bones of Howel-dha and the warriors of the lake: Anarawd drew forth his sword; swift as the rays of light, he flew to the son of Eynan: he fell, his body sinks in the lake, the mossy stones roll to the valley, and are buried in the sand: the helmet of Davydh glittered on the head of Anarawd. Anarawd joined the war on the bank of Severn, and chaced the foe to the Bridge: the helmet of Davydh dropped blood.

Fill the Hirlas of honour to Blegorredh; he lay down upon the flowery lawn; he listened to the fall of the waters; his spear was far from his hand; he slept in the caves of the high mountain, the

high mountain of Cadyth; he heard not the cry of joy, nor the shoutings of the dancers. Son of Conan! why is thy soul sad? Why is thy brow clouded with grief? Arise, and shake thy sword; let the spear drive through the armed breast. He leapt from the flowery lawn; the rattling of his shield is heard in the valley: he met the foe on the sea shore; the black waves of Severn rolled beneath his feet: his sword whistled in the wind; Putta fell by his hand, Putta the keeper of the bridge. He pursued the flying foe to the rock, and returned with the silver shield of Leofgar.

Edowal led the band of the champions of the castle: fill the Hirlas to Edowal the son of Elowe.

Let the chiefs, sitting between Edowal and Trahaern, drink of the Hirlas of honour; nor forget Rhys, the mighty Rhys, the son of Meurig; he is the spear of the north. The sword of Meurig slew armies of Danes; and the sword of Rhys slew the warriors of the bridge.

Trahaern fought like the son of Horror, when

the warriors of the sea fell over the high hill of Cynewalla. His girdle was red with blood: the spears of the mighty trembled on his shield. Fill the Hirlas to Trahaern the son of Howel. Howel was the wolf of the Hill; Trahaern is the wolf of the valley; the hand of Howel routed the warriors of the dark cave; Trahaern scattered the keepers of the Bridge.

Let the city of Bridges lament, for her mighty men are slain on the sandy shore of Severn. Let the island of castles lament, for the dead bodies of her keepers are carried away in the black waters of Severn. The Avon is red with the blood of her sons; their scattered barks are wrecked under her towers; her shields of Honour are thrown down; the courts of her gates are pools of standing water; the reeds shake on her walls. Let the chiefs of Bythin lift high the Hirlas of honour; the new lords of the Bridges are thrown down, their helmets were prest beneath the foot of Blythyn, and his chiefs; their spears were wet with blood. Fill the Hirlas of honour to the strong warriors of Blythyn.

Bristol, Nov. 17, D. B.

THE POLITE ADVERTISER.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR, July 11, 1770.

As I look upon your Magazine to be the most polite of any published, I should be obliged to you if you would spare half a page once a month to the POLITE ADVERTISER. By Sir BUTTERFLY FEATHER.*

Whereas a young fellow, whom I have great reason to imagine is either a linen-draper or haberdasher, has had the assurance to tie himself to an unaccountable long sword, thought by Horatio Otranto, the great antiquary, to be three inches longer than the ever-memorable one of the famous earl of Salisbury; this is to inform him, that unless

* There is only presumptive evidence of this Piece being Chatterton's. Independent of the Reference to "Horatio Otranto" the composition is much in Chatterton's style. Chatterton also mentions in one of his letters, that almost all the Town and Country Magazine for the following month (July 1770) is of his writing, whereas, if he did not write "Sir Butterfly Feather," there is no evidence of his having had in that Magazinee, more than one piece — which was the first part of the "Memoirs of a Sad Dog."

he can wear it, without *fisting* it in the clumsy manner he does, it shall be taken from him.

The young lady who dropt her garter in the Mall, last Sunday, is desired not to make herself uneasy; for the person who picked it up is three-score and fifteen.

Lost, in the parish of St. James's, a parcel of love-letters, most of them beginning with *My dere letele angel*, or *My dear friend:* whoever will bring them to a certain attorney, or destroy them before publication, shall receive a *princely* reward.

A certain academician, who values himself upon his propriety, having painted William the Conqueror with a bag-wig and leather breeches, is desired not to exhibit it; as his brethren, though fools enough in all conscience, are not quite so foolish as to think it equal to his transparent paintings.

Wants meaning, every political essay in The Public Ledger.

Wants admiration, Sir Butterfly Feather.

To LORD N——II.

My Lord,

There is not, perhaps, a more exalted and refined pleasure than that which we feel from the contemplation of the great and illustrious characters of antiquity. Indeed, we partake so much in their exploits, and imbibe so much of their virtues, that while we read, we may be said "to live o'er each scene." What threw me into this train of reflection, at present, my lord, was reading the history of my favourite prince, Caligula. What a happiness must it have been, my lord, to have lived under the auspicious reign of that emperor, who was as munificent in rewarding merit, as he was sagacious in the discovery of it; indeed he took such a fatherly care in providing for the good of his subjects, that at last discovering a genius, where it was least expected, in his *horse* I mean, he advanced him to the first honours in the state. The emperor had no doubt, my lord, suffered by the ignorance and misconduct of former counsellors; and, willing to appease the justly incensed people,

he did not chuse *any thing* for a minister, as some later monarchs have done, but he took to support the weight of government, this faithful and generous beast of burden.

The conduct of Caligula, my lord, was perhaps owing to gratitude as well as to sagacity; the minister in question having long before *firmly supported* him in an *inferior* capacity. That your lordship had attempted something of a like nature, in *doing the business of the crown*, as it is called, is allowed by your enemies; but whether this was sufficient to entitle you to a similar degree of eminence, is yet to be decided. We were all, my lord, surprised at your sudden exaltation; nor, I dare say, my lord, when your noble father pressed you to accept of the *premiership*, did your lordship immediately recollect this precedent in your favour.

But to return, my lord. Notwithstanding this prudent choice in Caligula, there were not then wanting in Rome some dangerous incendiaries, who misrepresented this step, painting it in the

most ridiculous colours. To all this the minister was silent, not from a consciousness of guilt, but from a natural aversion he entertained to party debate. Indeed it was commonly objected to him, that he was *no speaker* in their house, or senate; but we, my lord, at this enlightened period, cannot sufficiently admire his *dumb administration.*

I am sorry, my lord, history has been defective in many things requisite to be known of this great minister; I mean his birth, progenitors, and education; not that the latter is of much consequence in one placed so near, and in some measure related to, the crown. Many I know are desirous of being informed of his person and private life, whether he was fitted for a whisky or a dung-cart; a sprightly nobleman, or a country parson; in short, whether he had good blood in his veins or not. But for my part, my lord, I entertain no doubts on this head; for while I admire his abilities as a statesman, I cannot but allow him the virtues of private life, or horse-capacity; much less can I deny him that small addition to his greatness, nobility of blood. I need not further attempt to vindicate his

cause, which has already been so strenuously asserted in the person of his descendant, now in the possession of Lord Talbot; this nobleman, who has risked his life in the glorious contest, has silenced his most obstinate opponents.

During the whole administration, my lord, of this great statesman, he could not justly be charged with a single *faux pas*, or by any means increasing the murmurs of the people; had he at any time led his royal master into any thing that was *dirty*, he had still abilities sufficient to carry him through; not leaving him in the mire, to which he had brought him, as some later ministers have done.

I am, my Lord, &c.

T. C.

This Piece is taken from the Freeholders' Magazine for August 1770. The only evidence for concluding this was written by Chatterton is the signature of T. C. and a knowledge, (from his own Letters) that he wrote for this Magazine. If this Piece was not written by Chatterton, he could have printed in the above-mentioned Magazine nothing more than the Poem of the "Consuliad," which is difficult to suppose, as Chatterton so expressly requested his Bristol Friends to read the "Freeholders' Magazine."

To the LORD MAYOR.*

My Lord,

The steps you have hitherto taken in the service of your country, demand the warmest thanks the gratitude of an Englishman can give. That you will persevere in the glorious task, is the wish of every one who is a friend to the constitution of this country. Your integrity insures you from falling into the infamy of apostacy; and your understanding is a sufficient guard against the secret measures of the ministry, who are vile enough to stick at no villainy to complete their detestable purposes: nor can your British heart stoop to fear the comtemptible threatenings of a set of hireling wretches, who have no power but what they derive from a person who engrosses every power and every vice. The spirit of the city has been displayed in that of its chief magistrate, in a general, as well as orderly endeavour to recover our liberties from the hands of a tyrannous junto of slaves, who would

* Beckford.

mutilate every shadow of right, law and justice. The military has been creeping upon us expeditiously; it now begins to take large strides, in upholding the infamy of government, and inforcing that article of state faith, *passive obedience.* The massacres at St. George's-fields and Boston, still reek in our memories: the latter could not be glossed over with the least colour of excuse. They had been threatened with a military plague; they endeavoured to avert the curse, but in vain. Obstinacy is one of the first attributes of the administration of the creatures of the Earl of Bute; and this diabolical firmness, in every wrong step he has taken, has not a little sullied the character of his present M——y. Sent to protect their lives, and rob them of their liberty, every soldier had his commission. Insolence was to be observed to the inhabitants of the town, and implicit obedience to the commands of their villainous officers. What will not the resolution of a ruffian ministry effect! — We exist to see our countrymen wantonly murdered, for the heinous offence of a pretended riot; and murderers, avowed murderers, pardoned, from doubts which arise from within or without

the royal breast. If the massacre of the Bostonians was not concerted by the ministry, they were to be enslaved in consequence of a settled plan; and as the one was the result of the other, our worthy ministers were the assassins. Alas! the unhappy town had not a Beckford! He would have checked the audacious insolence of the army; and dared, as an Englishman, to make use of his freedom. Here, though under the eye of the Secretary, no officer has had the fortitude to engage in the bloody cause, conscious that detestation and public hatred will attend the unsatisfactory promotion which the ministry could bestow. The city of London is too considerable to be treated with the forced contempt the hirelings of the crown attempt to look upon it with. Its petition may be considered as the voice of the nation; and none but a king, either lost to all feelings of humanity, or lost to himself in pride, would slight the petition of his subjects. His majesty's behaviour, when he received the complaints of his people, (not to redress them, indeed, but to get rid of them an easier way) was something particular: it was set, formal, and studied. — Should you address again,

my lord, it would not be amiss to tell his Majesty, that you expect *his* answer, and not the answer of his mother or ministers.—You complain not to them, but of them; and, would they redress our grievances, they can only do it by doing justice on themselves, and being their own executioners. Your perseverance in the glorious cause will check the rapid progress of oppression, and extort a conclusive answer from the ministry, through the mouth of his Majesty, Whether they are resolved to continue the system of tyranny, and brave the vengeance of an oppressed, but injured people; or, conscious of the danger of their situation, let the reins of arbitrary power relax, and endeavour to appease the fury of the public, by dissolving a parliament the most venal and contemptible that ever disgraced the nation? A parliament which, not representing the people, are continually heaping additional oppressions and impositions to the insupportable burthen laid on us before; who have given sanction to an act which deprives themselves of their liberties and privileges, in the most corrupt administration of former times, held sacred and inviolate. An Englishman, who petitions for

a dissolution of this tainted body—and what Englishman, who has any regard for his own liberties, or the interest of his country, that does not? The man who approves of the British spirit, which your lordship and your worthy assistants display, cannot be bound by laws made by a parliament, whose authority he does not allow, and to submit to laws issued from such a house, is acknowledging their legality; an acknowledgment, I hope, you will never make. Their mischiefs are now near being suspended for a time. Would his M—— take reason, and not prejudice, for his guide, that time might be prolonged, and a dissolution pave the way to a reformation in the state: a blessing which, I fear, whilst his M——'s present infatuation continues, we shall never possess. The chief violation of the rights of the nation, is in that of election. It is with propriety that this complaint is continually brought upon the carpet; since, in this one oppression is involved every other oppression tyranny could invent. The constitution could not be stabbed deeper, than by the proceedings of the ministry in the Middlesex election: the wound is mortal: palliatives are of no-

service: nothing but an amputation of the member which struck the blow can be beneficial: even that will fail, unless the k— pursues a conduct quit opposite to that he is now erring in, and makes choice of ministers the reverse of the present creatures of administration. —The whole fabric of British liberty is built on the Right of Election: how daring then must that minister be, who can, in defiance of conscience, law, and justice, violate this right, and support that despicable creature Col. Luttrell, in his pretensions to a seat in the House of Commons! What a gross affront to the freeholders of Middlesex, to suppose him their representative! I am sorry to say, there are many such representatives in the house; and, when we complain that Mr. Wilkes is not admitted, we have also sufficient reason to make an article of complaint, that many who were admitted are not expelled. It is not so much a matter of wonder, that we find many whose birth and fortune enable them to live independent, and in absolute freedom, selling those invaluable blessings for an empty title, or the greater meanness of mercenary views, as to find a man, whose elevated rank is temptation,

preserve himself untainted with the too general disease. Your lordship has proved the goodness of your heart, the soundness of your principles, and the merit of the cause in which you are engaged, by the rectitude of your conduct. Scandal maddens at your name, because she finds nothing to reproach you with; and the venal hirelings of the ministry despair of meriting their pay by blackening your character. Illiberal abuse, and gross inconsistencies and absurdities, recoil upon the author; and only bear testimony of the weakness of his head, or the badness of his heart. That man, whose enemies can find nothing to lay to his charge, may well dispense with the incoherent Billinsgate of a ministerial writer.

A man in a public character is in a very tender situation; his virtues are magnified, and his vices exaggerated. Your Lordship has maintained your reputation gloriously, though we are never at a loss to give your merit a proper share of applause: the opposite party must have recourse to falsehood, when they accuse you of vices. The city of London has, in an extraordinary manner, testified the opi-

nion of your abilities; and at a time when Liberty, and all an Englishman holds sacred, was at stake, reposed a trust in you, which, were you to betray, would inevitably ruin the constitution of this country. — I would ask a troop of gartered vassals, could the most misguided favour of a King, the greatest reward of a minister, bestow such an honour as has been bestowed upon you? Birth and fortune were not the bribes which purchased it: an unshaken fidelity, a tried integrity, and the spirit of a Briton, actuating a man whose private life is irreproachable; that, and that only, deserved and received it. The important trusts thus reposed in you, could be no where in greater safety. Those accomplishments which made you worthy to receive it, continue to make you worthy of keeping it. Every step you have taken speaks the patriot; and your undaunted perseverance, in insisting on redress, does honour to the choice of the city. Without such a check on their actions, whither might not the villainy of our ministers have carried them? Is there any privilege, ever so sacred, which they hesitate to violate? Your conduct, and the steady opposition of your

friends, restrain the torrent of their arbitrary proceedings. Though they have too much power to be quelled in an instant, you have confined their illegal ravages within bounds; and may it be in your power to open the eyes of an unfortunate monarch, and restore liberty and tranquillity to an unfortunate people. As you only were thought capable of preserving the rights of the subject, from the imminent danger which threatened us, exert your active spirit, and tell the tools of oppression, that the power of the chief magistrate of the city is capable of counteracting that of the servants of the Earl of Bute: and, with the same spirited resolution which has dignified your conduct hitherto, support the glorious cause in which you preside. If we must lose the birthright of Englishmen, let us not tamely lose it. However the misrepresentations of the enemies of this country may mislead his Majesty's judgment, he may be yet open to conviction; he may redeem the errors of his past conduct, by discarding his pernicious counsellors, dissolving an infamous parliament, and reposing confidence in his people: but it behoves us, not to live idly in hope of this re-

formation: let us, as much as possible, put it forward ourselves. Let us with one united voice demand redress, if again refused: let us take the sword of justice in our hands, and punish the wretches whose evil councils have estranged his Majesty from the good of the subject, and robbed him of his surest safeguard, the love of his people.

PROBUS.

Chatterton expressly mentions in his 7th letter, to his Sister, that he had Pieces for the Month of June (amongst other Magazines) in the POLITICAL REGISTER. The Poem of the Prophecy appears there for that Month, together with the preceding letter to the Lord Mayor, signed PROBUS, Chatterton's acknowledged Signature. It is probable that other Pieces of Chatterton's were printed in that Work, but there are at present no means of distinguishing them.

CUTHOLF.

This Piece is taken from Robinson's Lady's Magazine for January 1771. *It has much internal evidence of being Chatterton's, independently of the Signature. The date of January,* 14, 1771, *is no objection, as Editors are in the habit of altering dates so as to suit the time of insertion.**

To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine.

SIR,

If the following translation of an ancient Saxon poem comes within your plan, the inserting it will confer an additional favour on,

Sir, your humble servant,

ASAPHIDES.

* Some poetical Pieces with the signature of Asaphides appear in Robinson's and Whebel's Ladies' Magazines for the year 1770 and 1771, but from their great want of merit it is presumed that they could not have been written by Chatterton. A Bristol Linen-Draper is known to have affixed the Name, Asaphides to several Poems, published in periodical Works about this time, and it seems not unfair to ascribe the above Productions to him. The Writer of one of them seriously compliments his Mistress by telling her that her Cheek resembles the "*Tyrian Dye!*" It is from the internal evidence, as well as from the signature, that the following Saxon Poem is attributed to Chatterton. The pieces signed Asaphides printed in this Edition are taken from the Town and Country Magazine; which Chatterton acknowledges to be his, in his Letter to Mr. Stephens, of Salisbury.

CUTHOLF.

Translated from the Saxon.

When the loud wind yelled thro' the neighbouring groves, and made the lofty trees of the forest shake; when the white snow environed all the plains, and the swelling brooks stood still; when the ringlets of ice bended down the hoary head of the oak, and the sacred misletoe was no more seen; when the dark brown clowds overset the face of the sun, and darkness reigned triumphant o'er the plain; when the howling of the wolves, and the dissonant voices of the wounded struck the attentive ear with dread, and the fleeting air waving o'er the bodies of the slain, brought the noxious smell of death more near: Cutholf arose, strong as the young oak of the forest, that stands against the furious hurricanes of the north; tall as the young cedar, that elevates its head above the branches of the pensive grove; beautiful as the plains of Woden, when arrayed in all the pomp and elegance of the spring; and graceful as the flower that bends its head over the limpid stream: his

armour shone like stars of fire, or as the rising sun upon the surface of the polished lake: he drew the sword of destruction from his side, glittering like the blue vapours of the evening, and swift as a falling meteor prepared to overthrow the obstinacy of the foe. Curthwin of the vale arise, draw thy crooked sword, which is clotted with gore, and drench it once more in the disdainful blood of the foe — Let thy arm be the minister of death, and let thy countenance be writhed in terror. — Cuthwin arose, swift as the blue lightning bursting from the dark black clouds, furious as a thunderbolt, and fierce as a lioness robbed of her young: his tremendous shield, like the rugged mountains of Maindaipe*, or the pointed fragments of the black rocks: he sought his brother Cutholf, eager as the pursued deer: he ranged thro' the vale of Tuisco, even to the plains of the immortal god Woden. Cutholf appeared, furious as a mountain wolf: his eyes flaming fire, and his armour covered over with clotted gore. The Britons assem-

* Mendippe.

ble on the lofty hills of Mona, like a black cloud: Alcher was at the head: Alcher the Saxon, who revolted from his post, and joined the foe: the Britons had elected him chief, and gave him their supreme command: his sword is the emblem of death, and his arm is the arm of destruction: he waved his dreadful shield over his head, furious as the tempest, and bid defiance to Cuthwin of the vale. Ye Saxons who honour Cuthwin, arise, let your chariots of war echo to the skies, and let the blood of the foe reek on your massy spears: swift as the antelope, pursue the thick companies of your enemies down the steep rock, and drive them from the brow of the hills: let them be scattered before you like the sand on the surface of the earth before the wind, and fall as the leaves from the thick branched groves.

Awake, O son of Woden, from thy moss-grown bed: see the Britons ascend the broken fragments, of the craggy rock: take thy spear and shield, thy massy spear, that has sent thousands to the shades of everlasting night; let thy helmet be drenched in blood, and the souls of the foe smoak on the

edge of thy crooked sword: let thy mighty arm be inspired with the strength of thy father, and hurl destruction through the thick ranks of the enemy. Act like thyself, and let thy actions confess thee the son of the immortal Woden. Withelig arose, destruction glanced from his eyes; he met the foe on the lofty hill, and sent Modred to the regions of death: great is the strength of the son of Woden. Cuthwin, like a wild boar of the forest, made his way through the thickest squadrons of the enemy, and made the vallies sound with the groans of the dying. Cutholf, like a young lion, wallowed in blood, swift as the eagle to preserve her young, and terrible as the volcanoes of the north, flew to the fight. Malgo, the bearer of Alcher's shield, met his fury, and fought till the setting of the sun. —— Malgo was like an evening wolf, fighting for his prey; his actions astonish the soul, but fell howling beneath the sword of the son of Ceaulin. — Mervin was like a flame of fire, death hung upon his sword, he sported in blood; but fell a sacrifice, by the sword of Withelig, to his father.

The Saxons, assemble together like a thick mist, or the stately barks sailing over the foaming waves: Alcher ranged through the broken ranks of the Britons, and encouraged them to stand firm. Cutholf gives ground, and we shall become masters of the field: their seven gods shall be degraded, and shall be honoured no more. Cuthwin of the vale appeared, at whom Alcher had waved the banners of defiance. I am Cuthwin, the son of Ceaulin, at whom thou madest thy mock; turn, Alcher, turn, and meet thy foe; once thy friend, but now no more. Alcher flew to receive him like a mountain boar, terrible was their conflict; the clattering of their arms resounded through the forest of wolves, the earth shook to the centre, their tremendous shields were shivered to pieces; and their broken spears and helmets overspread the ground. Cuthwin was a flaming vapour, he roared like the waves of a cataract gushing from the mountain's brow—and the mighty arms of Alcher sent him like a lion howling among the members of the dead.

Cutholf sought after Alcher, the slayer of his brother, accompanied by the son of Woden, who dealt death and destruction around; they drove the Britons from the mountain's brow, and consumed them like flames of fire, they were all dispersed like goats, save the wounded and the slain, who filled the air with lamentable cries. Alcher scorned to fly, he was the descendant of the god Thor; his father Losagar stood against the foe of the hills of Penda—What, shall a Saxon fly?—He waited the approach of Cutholf, and the son Woden. His heart glowed with the fire of his predecessor.—I slew thy brother, Cutholph, and now wait the approach of thee; come and avenge thyself; the son of Woden is not concerned, let him withdraw. Witheling retired, while the son of Ceaulin, and the son of Losagar engaged. They raged like two mountain boars, but guilt shook the soul of Alcher; conscience weakened every nerve; and remorse sat in triumph over his heart.—the shades of death danced before his eyes, and he fell a victim to Cutholf's just revenge.

The son of Woden severed the head from the disdainful body, and on the top of his sword conveyed it over the plains of his immortal father.

ASAPHIDES.

The ROLLE of SEYNCTE BARTHOLEMEWEIS PRIORIE.

From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 428.

In the year of our Lorde Chryste M.CC LV. Syre Gawyne * de Rokeshalle & Syre Johnne de Toedmage founded this pryorie to the honore of Seyncte Bartholomewe: itte lyeth onne the syde of Seyncte Mychaels Hylle, whych parte there lyeynge ys the pryorie for twentie Austynians ande pryncipall havyng a long courte to Froome Gate ande the the arrowe toweres whyche there bee. Atte the ende of the courte ys the Lazarre howse for thylke who havethe the leprous brennynge. Everich abbotte hydertoe haveth encreased this house ande

* One Sir Galfrid de Wrokeshale was 6 Edw. 1, 1278, at the perambulation of the bounds of Menedip, as appears by a deed in Adam de Domerham, v. 2. p. 685.

meynte knights and cytyzens yeven londes & monies thereto, so that even nowe the place ys full pleasaunte to beholde. The gate is hyghe botte the modde maie ryse to the annoie thereof. Above itte on eyther syde bee imageries, the one of the vyrgyne & chylde & the other of a warrioure and moche enseemynge to bee for Johnne de Barklie who ybuylden the gate & yeven xx markys ande a tenemente there toe shryve the leperes wythe 10 markys bie the yeere to a fadre of the blacke frierie to shrive the lepeirys and 50 markys in lyke tyme to dresse ande docke theyre sorres, sayinge, lette us cure both spryte and bodye. From the yate we passe toe the ache chambre where attendeth foure mastre barboure surgeonnes under the behylte of the Austynian Frere aforesayde — This have the the use of the rolles whyche here bee yeven some bye Johane de Barkelie & others bie Syrre Walterre Derbie and Syr John Vyel* knyghtes & citizens and manie others: the beste rolles of the

* These are mentioned in the charter of Edw. 3d. as commissioned to settle the bounds of the city.

whole bee Gylbertines * rolle of Ypocrates: — The same fryarres booke of brennynge, † Johan Stowe of the cure of mormalles ‡ and the waterie leprosie — the rolle of the blacke mainger: F. Lewis a Wodefordes booke of ailes — the booke of tymes & Phantasies & Chrystmas maumeries bie F. Gaulter de Tockington — further other maumeries and plaies of miracles bie meinie wythe somme of Roberd de Chedder in Frenche & Englysh, one as plaied at comitatynge the cyttye the whyche is a quainte peece of wytte & rhyme: These bee alle the bookes ynne the ache Camberre & of the reste of the Lazar house bee cellis & beddis for the Lazars, beeynge manie in number, the onlie roome else ys the halle where the prioure summoneth councel of Bredrenne of physique blacke whyte grey and odhers: whanne some doughtie worke

* This author is mentioned in Chaucer as a skilful physician: his real name was Raufe de Blondeville, called Gilbertine, from being of the order of St. Gilbert.

† Whether this be the leprosy, some burning eruptive skin, or the lues venerea has been disputed. — Becket surgeon in a treatise on the Brenning of the ancients, makes it the latter.

‡ Chaucer says, "on his skin a mormalle had he & a blacke manger."

ys to bee donne on a Lazar, and the mastre barber surgeonne recevyth theyre order, the fryeres havethe for attendance iij groates fothe syttynge as was lefte by the wordhie knyghte Syr Johan Somerville—leste hurte ande scathe bee done to the lepers, the whych mote bee avoyded; the sayings & notises of the freeres bee wrote yn a rolle from the whych the barbour surgeones learn muche ande none botte those of Seynte Bartlemews maye loke thereynne: by whych meanes the barboure surgeonis wyll bee servytours there wythoute paye to gayne knowleche of aylimentes & theyr trew curis.* Here bee twa wyndows of pynctid glase: and fortie seatis for the Freeres

* It is to be admired how few books of physic were in the library of this hospital—but our wonder ceases when we consider how few Leland met with in that visit he made to the religious houses before the dissolution—in some houses were the following physic books found:

V. 4. Lell. Coll. p. 46. In Bibliotheca Ramsey Cænob. "Practica Gilberti Anglici."

P. 273. Chirurgia Joannis de Baro. de Cænob. Albani Oribasius.

P. 264. Libellus Galeni—Galenus de Morbo—Liber de febribus ex Arabico translatus Constantino Monacho—de Bathe Vulnerarius a surgeon—Leprosus Sax. hreofrig.

P. 17. Tabulæ Ludovici de Carlion Doctoris Medicinæ de eisdem rebus—Scriptæ Londini 1482—Rogerus Bacon de Erroribus Medicorum—Volumen Magistri Ricardi de re Medica—Compendium totius medicinæ seu practica

wythe the walles carven & peyncted, beeynge in all fulle faire and of goode handiwurcke. From the Lazar house to the pryourie bee a large cloystered courte wyth windowes thereto. Inne the middest of thys cloyster bee the bochorde, wyth fulle mainte bookes thereyn yeven bie dyvers wordie knyghtes whose armoures bee there to bee seene. The rolles bee fyrste—a texte Hebraike & Englyshe wyth stoddes of goulde, the notes some bie Bradwardin, some by pryoure Walter de Losynge & here bee the psaulmes in godelie verse bie Johan Stowe the Brystoe Carmelyte—alsoe mainte bookes of the Trynitie emprovynge what Mastre Canynge & myselfe thynkethe, yatte the hallie spryte ys yatt whyche gyveth wysdom & holdethe up *heaven & earthe & lyfe &

Gilberti Anglici—Gull. Holm. Franciscanus de simplicibus medicinis justum volumen—Fuit deflorator medicorum, vixit 1415. Ægidius de plantis. Ricardus Medicus de signis. Plinius secundus de re medica. Oribasius de simplici medicinâ Antidotarius Nicolai de re medica—Expositio super libros aphorismorum autore Gilberto Anglico & Compendium Medicinæ.

* That is, the natural agents called here the powers of kind, act by and under the direction of the Holy Spirit the inspirer of wisdom, scriptural wisdom.—It is said that J. Milverton and others held, that God governed the world, &c. without any natural agents: but Rowley speaking of them says, "theie eider meane Godde be the powers of kinde or natural agents or theie know not what themselves meane."

brethe bie the powers of kynde whych spryngeth from that allene. The rolle of Symon de Gaunte de principio — patterne of Seyncte Luke — Turgottes rolles. Bede, Asserius, Ingolphe — Meinte rolles of lyttle worthe to Goddis servyce. Scripture myracles & maumeries — The legende of the Earles of Gloucestre — plaies of the Earles of Gloucestre bie Johan Stowe fulle of wytte & godelie wordes.

Legende of the knyghtes of the Swanne, twa plaies of the same by Johan Stowe — Legende of the Seynctes. Maumeries of the lyke by the Freeres of the grey ordre wyth other Maumeryes by divers wryters.

Inne the bochorde bee also peyncteynges & there bee one onne the walle of Brystowe ynne the reygn of W. Rouse as walled bie Geoffrie Byshoppe of Constance & a drawynge of Geoffreis Loggè and walls of the same, wythe dreeynges of Robert of Gloucesterre his castle ande eke dreeynges of a spyre & endeynge botte of a chyrche the whyche I have ne seene butte ytte mote bee made for the pryourie toure whyche havethe no

spyre to be putte onne the samme—the spyre bee a quaynte wurcke, the botte lyke that of Westeburie ybuylden by Mastre Roberte Canynge; others bee alsoe yn this bochorde—a small rolle of elf-lockes bye John Stowe emproveynge them not to be the worke of sprytes as meynt do owlyshlie enthyncke—From the bochorde come wee to the chapele where bee meynte naumeries as depycted ynne the rolles hereon of Syr Gawyne de Rokeshall & others: inne the wyndowe bee manie hatchmentes in heraldique manner, the whych bee alsoe here dreene. Here bee toe a quainte peece of cosier wurcke bie a nonne of Tuckesburye of the lyfe of Seyncte Barptholomew. From the chapele to the friourie is a small space. The friourie haveth little thereyn that is of worthe, but the cellis bee dernie & well yroughton in wode—but the buyldynge be not compyghte.

Thus endeth the rolle of Seyncte Bartholomew & here folleweth a lyste of the pryoures.

M.C.C.OV. Richard the broder of Syr Gawyn de Rokeshall.

M.C.C.XXII. John the chanter who fyrste had the fetyve amerheaded crosier, whych crosier bee yn the revetrie havynge depycted thereonne the 12 apostles of our Lorde under dyvers stonis.

M.C.C.X.L.I.X. Walter Bronescome afterwardes Byshoppe of Exonecester.

M.C.C.L. John de Kynton.

M.CC.L.XXXX.II. Engelram de Courcie.

M.C.CC.X. Wyllyam de Blondeville.

M.CCC.XV. Walter de Losynge.

M.CCC.XXXVI. Robert de la Corner.

M.CCC.LX. Johannes le White.

M.CCC.LXX. Rogerus de Somerville.

M.CCC.XCIII. Evararde de la Yate.

M.CCCC.XX. Edmonde Holbeck.

M.CCCC.XXXVI. John Warlewaste.

M.CCCC.L. Reginald Mottecome.

M.CCCC.LVII. Radulph de Beckington, who now doth hold the same priourie. Thus dothe ende the rolle of Seyncte Bartholomewis priourie bie Thomas Rowley.

TURGOT's ACCOUNT of BRISTOL.*

Translated by T. Rowley out of Saxon into English.

From Barrett's History of Bristol. p. 31.

" Sect. II. of Turgoteus.—Strange as it maie seem that there were Walles to Radclefte, yet fulle true ytte is, beynge the Walles of Brightrycus pallace, & in owre daies remainethe there a small piece neie Eselwynnes Towre. I conceive not it coulde be square, tho Tradytyon so saieth: the Inhabiters wythyn the Walle had ryghte of Tolle on the Ryvers Severne & a part of Avon. Thus much of Radclefte Walles. On whych passage of Turgot, T. Rowlie subjoins the following Emendal or Note:—Hence myghte be the reasonne whie the Inhabiters of Radclefte callyd much of the River Avon, Severne; because formerlie reckoned in theyre Tollege with the Severne, as Inhabiter of Radclefte have I used Severne for Abona or Avon, & accounted Severne to reeche over anent Radclefte Strete.

* Turgot it appears was prior of Durham in 1088, having succeeded his preceptor Aldwin who died 1087 in that priory, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Andrews in 1108, and was buried at Durham seven years after 1115.

"Sect. III. of Turgotes.—Nowe to speake of Bryghtstowe, yttes Walles & Castelle beynge the fayrest buyldinge, of ytte I shalle speake fyrste. The pryncipale Streets meete in forme of a Cross, & is a goode patterne for the Cityes of Chrysty-annes. Brightricus fyrst ybuylden the Walles in fashyon allmoste Square wythe four Gates—Elle Gate, Baldwynnes or Leonardes Gate, Froome or the Water Gate and Nycholas or Wareburgha's, so cleped from Wareburga of the House of Wulverus Konynge of Mercia (& here bee ytte noted that Brightstowe was sometymes inne the hondes of the Mercyes sometymes of the West Saxonnes, tyll Bryghtricus walled ytte, ande fyxede ytte for ever to hys.) Thys Wareburga was baptyzed bye Saynte Warburgus, & had a Chyrche ybuilte to her by the Brystowans—Almost arounde the Walles was Watere & fowre Brydges or fordes. Elle forde, Santforde or Halleforde beynge where Tradition sayes Saynte Warburgus passyd; Frome Forde & Baldwynnes's Forde, beynge where Tradytyonne saies Sayente Baldwynne sleen the Danes that fled from Bultyngeatune. The Walles have suffred alteratyon synce Edward Sonne of Alfry-

dus Magnus A.D. DIVC-XV.* ybuylden the Walles and newly ybuylden the Castle—beeynge the goodlyeste of the five ybuilden on Abone Bankes & a greete checke to the Danes: he caused the Gate neare Baldwynnes forde to be callyde Baldwynnes before-Leonardes. The Castle thus ybuilden ytte was yeven in sure keepynge to Ella a Mercyan synce he routted the Danes at Watchette wythe hys Brystowans: and at Wykewarre with hys owne Menne and those of Wykewarre, at Canyngan & Alluncengan† with his Brystowans. At the laste place he conquered: but Englande payde dearlie for the Battle, he dyed in Brystowe Castle of hys Woundes. He was the staye of the Weste and the Guardyan of Gloucestre, whyche after hys Dethe was pyteouslie sacked —hee gave Name to Ellingham and Elecestre. Coernicus succeeds in the Castle, but was not so fortunate as hys predecessoure, affordyinge ne Helpe to others, havyng Employmente enowe to keepe hys owne. In his days were Bathe and Gloucestre brente: the pagannes assayled Bristow

* 915. † So in the original.

and some entrynge Coerne commandynge alle the fordes to be cutte, whereby all the Dacyans whyche entered were forslayne or drowned. Inne his daies and the reygn of Kynnge Aedelstan was twayne of Coiners in Bryghtstowe. From hym saie some came Corne-Street*—he builden anew Wareburgas Chyrche and added thereunto Housen for preestes. He was brave and dyd his best agaynst the paganes. After hym was Harwarde, who was sleyn in Redcleft syde fyghteynge againste the paganes, Whoe gotte ne honoure in fighte losynge three Capytaynes Magnus Hurra & Osbraye & fleying the feeld—Then Smallaricus, Vincent & Adelwyn—then Egwyn, from whome the Street Egwynne Streete was ybuildenne. Likewyse in his tyme was the greate Earthquake; manye hoüsen in Brystowe fallene downe & the Fyre levyne enfyrede Radclef Strete—Shortely after on the vyolente enseesynge of the Crowne bie Ethelrede, an Insurrectyon happened in Bryghtstowe whych Egwynne appeased. After him Aylwardus, Adelbryghte, Amstuarde, Algarre,

* Called old Corn-street in antient writings I have seen.

And thenne Leofwynne Sonne of Godwynne Erle of Kente. Upon the ascendynge of Edwarde Confessour the Natyon was all turnyd French; ynne the nynthe Yeere of the reigne of Edwarde beeynge m.o.xxxxxx. Leofwynne bye thys Charter hadde Brystowe.

Iche Edwarde Konynge, Yeven Brystoe Castellynge
Unto the keepynge, Off Leofwynne de Godwynne
Of Clytoe Kyndlynge; Of Ballarde and Battell
Le Bartlowe* for Cattayle
Alle that on the watters fiote, To take Brugbote:
Eke at ye Stowe of Wickwarre brème, And yttes Sylver Streeme
Toe take Havenyche, as Eldermanne of Iche
To hys owne Use, At his goode Thewes
Wytness owre Marke before Ralph Dunstan & Egwyn
Of owre reygne and Easter Month Yeere & Daie nyne:

Thus had he the Castel; and hys fadre Broders,

* Q. If Berklaw or Bartalaw—vid. Spelman.

and the Citysens of Bryghtstowe ande Nobilytye of Kente entered ynto a solemne League agaynste the Londoners, Whoe were almoste alle frenchmenne, makynge the sayde League at Bryghtstowe. Inne M. L. 1. the menne of Dover & Kente beynge murdred by the Bullonyans, Godwynne and his Kentishmen Harolde & the Westsaxones came to Brystoe to Leofwynne, Who receevd them kyndly ynto hys Castelle and set forwarde wyth them to Gloucester and after the appoyntment came agayne to Bristowe but throughe treacheree the expedytyone myssede: Whereupon Kynge Harolde & Leofwyne came wyth Swayne, Tostye, Wolnothus & Gyrthe to Bryghtstowe & Shypped for Hybernia: ande nowe bee ytte noted that When Gryffithe Kynge of South wales & the Irish pyrates attack'd them Leoffwynne stroke Galfride Kurke Captaine to the grounde and toke hym prysoner leavyng his armie Where by the South wallians retryd to the Country withe greete losse, Leofwyne entreated Kurke kyndlie & let hym departe to Hibernie Where upon he invited hym to Hybernie, Whither he went with 280 Brystowans."

Of the AUNTIAUNTE FORME of MONIES,

Carefullie gotten for Mayster William Canynge by mee Thomas Rowleie.

From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 37.

Greete was the wysdome of him who sayde the worlde is to ne one Creature, whereof every Man and Beaste is a Member; Ne Manne lyveth therefore for hymself but for hys fellow creature. Excellent and Pythey was the sayeing of Mr. Canynge that Trade is the soule of the worlde, but Monie the soule of Trade, ande alasse Monie is nowe the soule of Manie. The age when Metalles fyrste passed for monie is unnoticed: As Oxen and sheepe is thoughten to have beene the moste earlie Monie or Change. Butte ytte is stylle more difficyle to fyx the fiyrst tyme of stampeying ytte. Abrahame is sayde to have yeven Shekylls bie waygħt: An Ebrewe Writer

saithe that in the Daies of Joshua the Ebrewes enstamped theyre Monies wythe the Symboles of the Tabernacle Vessylles, butte I thynke the fyrste enstampeyng came from Heathenne Ammulettes, whyche were markyd wythe the Image of theyre Idolle, and preests dyd carrie from House to House begginge or rather demaundynge offeryngs for theyr Idolle—The Ebrewes who scorn'd not to learne Inyquytye frome theyr Captyves, & vaynlie thynkynge as in other thyngs to copy other Natyons myghte take uppe thys ensample Ande enstamepynge theyre Monie in the oulde tyme of Josue beyne maie happe one of the Idolatries mentyon'd in holie wrete. Examyne into antiquytie & you wylle fynde the folk of Athens stampyd an Owelette the Byrde of Athene, the Sycylyans fyre the Symbole of theyre Godde Vulcanne, theie of Ægypt a couchaunt Creeture wythe a Lyonnes Boddie & a Hawkes heade Symbole of theyre Godde Osyris: Butte to come to owre owne Countrie: Oure fyrste fathers the Bryttons usyde yron & Brasse ryngs some round, some shapyd like an Egge: Eleven of these were founde in the Gardenne of Galfrydes Coombe on

Saincte Mychaels Hylle, bie theyre dyspositionne in the grounde seemed to have been strunge onne a strynge, & were alle marquede on Insyde thus *M* Lykewyse is in Maystre Canynges Cabynet an Amulett of Brytishe Characters peerced at the Toppe. Julyus Cæsarres Coynes were the fyrst enstamped Monies ysede in Englande: after whomme the Brytonnes coyned as followes. Tenantius at Caer Britoe, Cunobelyne at sundarie places, butte notte at Caer Brytoe. Arvyragus at Caer Brytoe, Maryus at Caer Brytoe, Bassianus at Caer Brytoe. Syke was the multitude of monies bie them coyned upon Vyctoryes and sykelyke that neyther anie Kynge tyll Arthurres tyme coyned quantity of Metalles for anie use nor dyd Arthuree make monie but a peece of Sylverre toe be worne rounde of those who han wonne Honnour in Batelles. Edelbarte Kynge of Kente was the fyrste Chrystenned Kynge & coyner in Kent, Chaulyn or Ceaulynne of the Weste Saxonnes, Arpenwaltus of the Easte Angles, Ætheldfryde of the north Humbres, And Wulferus of the Mercians. The Piece coyned by the Saxonnes was clepen pennyes thryce the Value of our pennyes. In Adelstanes reygn were two

Coyners in Bryghstowe & one at Wyckewarre at which two places was made a peece yclepen twain penny.

Golde was not coyned tyll the tyme of Edwardus but Byzantes of Constantinople was in ure, some whereof contayned fower Markas or Mankas some two, some one & some less and more. Robert Rouse Erle of Cloucester had hys mynte at Brystowe & coyned the best monie of anie of the Baronnes. Henrie Secundus graunted to the Lord of Bristowe Castle the ryghte of Coynynge, & the coynynge of the Lord wente currauntе unto the Regne of Henricus the thyrde: the Coyns was onne one syde a Rampaunte Lyonne with ynne a Strooke or bende Sinyster & on the other the arms of Brightstowe.

Eke had the Maioure lybertie of coyneyng & did coyne several coynes, manie of whyche are in mie seconde rolle of monies—Kynge Henricus sext, offred Maystre Canynge the ryghte of coynynge whiyche hee refused, whereupon Galfridus Ocamlus who was wyth Mayster Canynge and

mieself concerning the saide ryghte, saieth, "Naie bie St. Pauls Crosse hadde I such an offre, I would coyne Lead & make ne Law, hyndrynge Hyndes takyng it." No Doubte (sayde Mayster Canynge) but you'd dyspend Heaven to gette goulde, but I dyspende Goulde to get Heaven.

This curious account, says Mr. Barrett, is an exact transcript from the writing on vellum, which, having all the external marks of antiquity to give it the credit of an original, could not be passed by, however readers may differ in their opinions. If genuine and authentic, it proves,

1st. That besides the authorities above recited for the Caer Brito of Nennius being the city of Bristow, British money was coined here with that name inscribed, though hitherto unnoticed.

2dly. That coins of Bassianus and others "have been dolven wythynn its walles," besides the quantities of coins of other Roman Emperors,

which have been found so frequently very near it.

3dly. That many coins of Saxon Kings have been thrown up, on opening the ground, in the very streets of Bristol.

From all this the antiquity of the city of Bristol is fully demonstrated.

ENGLAND'S GLORYE

REVYVED IN

MAYSTRE CANYNGE,

Being some Accounte of hys

Cabynet of Auntyaunte Monumentes.

From Barrett's History of Bristol. p. 44.

To prayse thys Auntyaunte Reposytorie maie not bee so fyttynge yn me, Seeynge I gotten itte moste; but I amme almoste the onlie Manne acquainted wyth alle of ytte: ande almoste ytte is the most precyouse performaunce in Englande. The fyrst thynge at youre Entrance is a Stonen Bedde,* whyche was manie yeers kepte in Towre Errys, and belonged to Erle Bythryck. Rounde the Cabynette are Coynes on greete Shelfes fetyve

* That such a bed, or rather bedstea', was in being for years at the house, in Redclifte-street, where Mr. Canynge dwelt, has been affirmed by an old inhabitant of that house.

lie payncted. The Coynes are of Greece, Venyce, Rome, Fraunce, ande Englande, from the Daies of Julyus Cæsar to thys present, consystynge of Denarii, Penys, Ores, Mancas, Byzantynes, Holly Land Moneie, of whych Penys, Denarii ande Twapenyes there are coyned ynne Brystoe fourtie and nyne of dyffraunte Sortes; Barons' Moneie, Citie Monie, Abbye Monie to besyde the coynes and moneie would fylle a redde Rolle.* Goe we thenne to the oder thynges.

The Greete Ledger† is a Gemme wordie the Crowne of a Kynge: itte contayneth the Workes of Turgotte, a Saxonne Monke, as followes... Battle of Hastynge, ynne Anglo-Saxonne, donne moe playne bie mee for Maystre

* From this repository then were derived the coins, mentioned in the last essay.

† This seems to be a different book from those Ledger-Books mentioned in the will of Mr. Canynge, which the late Dean Milles justly supposed to be Service-Books for the use of the chaplains.— This was a Family-record Book, in which they entered any thing curious or useful to be preserved, and in which they read for their entertainment: most families formerly had such for their amusement.

Canynge.* Hystorie of Bryghstowe,† inne Saxonnes Latynne, translated for Mr. C. bie mee. Auntyaunte Coynes, with the Hystorie of the first Coynynge bie the Saxonnes, donne from Saxonne into Englyshe. Hystorie of St. ——— Churche of Durham. Alle these ynne Latynne. Lyfe of Byghtrycus, Kynge of the West Saxonnes, and Annales from hym to Byghthrycus the Erle. Alle thye ynne Englyshe. — Neere is mie unworthie Rolles, beeynge a fynyshinge of Turgotte‡ to the Reygne of K. Edwarde the —. My Volume of Verses,‖ wyth Letters to and from John Lydgate. My owne Hystorye of

* A poem has been published under this name. See vol. 2. Whether the whole was faithfully transcribed by Chatterton, or altered by him, may admit of a doubt. We see here there was such a poem extant.

† This is the subject of the purple roll.

‡ This is wanting. It is remarkable, he writes King Edward the —, without mentioning him as King Edward the 4th, being a zealous Lancastrian, as appears from other passages in his Letters, and so not acknowledging Edw. 4th as king.

‖ This is the poem on Ella, and others not particularly noted.

Moneies, Collectyon of Monymentes,* &c. Lykewyse the verie Lettre sent bie the Lordes Rychard of Yorke, Warwyck, & Sarysburye, to Kynge Henrie.† Onne one Corner yn the Cabynet is a Syghte most terryble, beeynge Instrumentes of Warre, raunged in suche Arraie that in the Lyghte of the Sunne, or the comeynge of a candle, ytte shynethe moste marvellouse to behoulde. Ytte ys of Bryttysh Swordes and Sheeldes, whych prove the Auntiquitye of Armoureye, beeynge marqued some wyth an Ivie Leefe, some wyth an Oke Leefe, some wyth a Hare or Hounde, and such lyke. Roman Speeres and Bucklers, lykewyse Blazonede, but all of the same Charge. Saxonne Swordes or Seaxes ande sheeldes, blazoned wyth a Crosse patee. Danysh Battle Axes and Sheeldes, blazoned wyth a Rafen. The Armour and laste Testamente of Robert Rouse, Consul of Gloucester,‡ The Gwantlette of Roberte, Sonne of

* Some of these are probably those mentioned before.

† That such a letter was sent, our chronicles bear witness.

‡ What a value would be now set on these British shields and swords, and Roman spears and bucklers? What an addition even to the British Museum,

Wyllyam the Conquerour, whych he lefte behynde hym in Brystowe Castle. Syrre Charles Bawdwynne a Fulforde, commonlie cleped Baudynne Fullforde, his Bonde toe the Kynge Henrye to take the Erle of Warwyke's Lyfe or lose hys hede, whych he dyd not perfourme, butte loste his heede to Kynge Edwarde.* Thus muche for the Cabynette.

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especially the armour of Robert Rouse, the valiant champion of his day? And what would be the price now of the gauntlet and last testament of Robert, the Conqueror's son?

* See this mentioned in Stowe's Chronicle, under the year 1461.

Account of TEMPLE CHURCH, *Bristol,*

By T. ROWLEY.

From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 542.

Tys uncouthe whanne thys chyrche was fyrst ybuilden, natheless I reede yn the bochorde of the revestrie, that in 1271 syx women in Easter wake dyd doe penaunce for ewbrice, goeynge from St Paulle's crosse to the new chyrche of Templarres: certis is the evente knowen, howgates ytt became crouched. Gremondei, a Lumbard, dyd make grete boaste that hee woulde ybuilden a chyrche moe freme thanne anie yn Brystowe. The Knyghtes Templarres eftsoons dyd hem emploie, Gnoffenglie despyseinge the argues of Johannes a Brixter, a Brystoe manne borne, who the same would have y'builden on the hylle cleped Celnile-hylle, and sythence Pyli-hylle, alleageynge

therefore that the river han formerlie ranne thorowe St. Paules strete, and a lane aneare whylome was cleped Rhistreete, in Saxonne tongue the strete of the ryver: bie reason wherofe the bottome m'ote be moddie, and ne able to beare a chyrche. Nathlesse the halle worke was begonne in the verie lane of Rhistrete; but tyme eftsoons shewed the trouthe, for the towre ne hie nor heavie sonke awaie to the southe, tareynge a large gappe fromme the chyrche's boddie: a maconne was kyllen and three of more aneuthe sleyne. To the observynge eyne the whole order of the chyrch is wronge, and seemethe as tho' shaken bie an earthquake. The Knyghtes Templarres let itte lie unconsecrate untylle syxtenne yeeres, whanne for Gremondie agayne despysinge John a Brixter, ytte was crenelled atoppe goynge ne hier than beefore, glayzeinge the wyndowes and syngeynge thereynne. Botte the pryncypalle dyeynge, another dyd hym succeed, whoe dyd sende for Johnne a Bryxter and emploied hym. He than began to staie the same bie pyles and raysed the same as hie againe ynn the towere makeynge ytte stronge and lastable, leaveynge

the fyrste battlementes to shew howe farre hee dyd raysed ytte. Hee dyed, and eyn 1296 Thomæ Ruggilie added the three smalle chapelles for dailie chauntries, one of whych was graunted to the weavers bie Kynge Edward of that name the fyrste.

Account of Seyncte MARIES CHYRCHE of the PORTE, by T. ROWLEY.

From Barrett's History of Bristol. p. 524.

Thys chyrche was ybuildenne in M..XVI. by a Saxonne manne cleped Eldred, botte somme thynkethe he allein dyd itte begynne leevynge oders to fynyshe ytte fromme a stone in the suth walle onne whyche ytte was wrotenne, Eldredrus posvit primum lapydem in nomine patris filii et spiritus sancti, M.XVI. butte understonders of auntyauntrie fynde ytte enured in buyldeynges solelie reared bie the manne ementioned. Itte was endowed wythe the landes wytheoute the walles of Brystowe, and exempted for its paryshe from castle tyne. Ynne ytte was a manne ynne Chriestenmas M.C.X.XX. sleene wythe a Levynbronde. Ynne M.CCC. ytte was repayred bie Roberte Canynge of the house of Wylliam Canynge. Bie the bochorde of the revestrie ytte appeeres thatte manie dowghtie dysputes haven beene han of the Fleshe Shammble claymen bie the queene ynne

dower ynne castle garde. Before the daies of Roberte Canygne, greete syre of Wyllyam Canynge, greete barkes dydde ryde before Corporatyonne streete, butte Mastre Roberte haveynge twoe of large howsen in Radclefte and workhowses meinte wilieile drewe the trade to the oder syde of the brugge toe the greete annoie of Seyncte Marie of the Porte the honowre of Seyncte Marie of Redclefte, the enlargemente of thatte syde, and the honowre and dygneness of hys owne familie. From him dyd the glorie of the Canynges ryse; Mr. Wyllyam Canynge having his pycture, wherein ys he commandeynge houses to ryse from the moddie bankes of ryver. He repaired as aboove yn atone for forwyninge the trade, and was there imburyed undorre a stone full fayre of whomme dydde I thus wryte, whych ys graven on ne brass and wylle efsoones bee putte on hys stone.

Thys Morneynge Starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
A true man, goode of minde, and Canynge hyghte
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,
Untylle the darke tombe sheen an aeterne lyghte.
Thyrde from hys loyns the present Canynge came;
Houten are anie wordes to telle his doe,
For aie shall lyve hys heaven recorded name,
Ne shalle ytte die whanne tyme shall be ne moe.
When Mychaels trompe shall sounde to rize the soulle
He'lle wynge toe heaven with kynne and happie be their dole.

Seyncte Thomas Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

Thys Chyrche was ybuylden ynne D.C.C.C.C. X.X.V.I. bie Coernicus Warden of the Castle, and afterwardes beynge foullie rente and craved was rebuyldenne bie Segowen or Segovian a Lombar; botte the Bochorde of the Revestrie beynge is hadde. I saie not ytte was hym whoe did baie the Pyper of Marie and Seyncte Pawles vendeynge hem agen atte great Pryce, thowghe ytte mote bee soe beynge twayne Gowlers.

Seyncte Peters Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

S. P.s C. was whylome wythynne the Walles of the auntyant Castle & ybyldenne bie Kynewalous Byshoppe of Worcesterre and finished bie his succeederre Dunstanus nempt the Seyncte ynne D.C.C.C.C.L.V.I.I.I. whych ys all of Auntyantie to be sayd thereof.

Seyncte Phylyppes Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

Thys Chyrche was ybuyldenne ynne ..... bie Agwinne a Saxonne, Wardonne of the Castle, whe was there entombed; butte ys Tombe ys sythence brokenne yn Pieces.

All-hallows & Seyncte Owdens.

FROM BARRETT.

These Chyrches where ybuyldenne bie Kynge Britrike atte walleynge the Cyty. Inne the fyrste was the guylde of Calendaries, and the oder the Kynges Chapeles. Inne M.C.X.X.V. theie were bothe repayred bie the port Reves and Broders of the Citie.

Seyncte Marie of Radclifte.

FROM BARRETT.

Thys Wonder of Mansyons was ybuildenne bie the nowe Mastre Canynge. Whilome stood anere theretoe twayne of Hourses of Godde, the one ybuylden bie Syre Symon de Burtonne, and oder one bie ..... Lanyngeton, Preest. One wholle &

of oder part were taken downe, and the nowe Chyrche pightenne, of whyche need no oder to bie said botte see ytte & bee astonyed. Ytte was desyned bie Johne a Shaillinger a Bristowe manne borne; who, yn the sayde Chyrche wyll shewe hys Reede for Aye, each one Pyllare stondeynge as a Letterre in hys Blase.

Seyncte Johnes Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

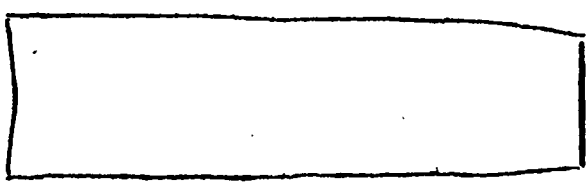
Aneere thys Chyrche was a Chapele ybuyldenne to the honoure of Seyncte Ceadde or Chadde whichonne was ynne Rewinne yn the daies of Turgottus who saieth thus of the same. Seynct Ceads Chappelle was fremious to beholde beynge geasom yn carvellynge & yn scheafted topp fetyse . . ytte stooden betwyxte Noytenyers Towre & Waterre Yate. Ynne ytte dyd Seyncte Mayde Marie Modere of Godde appere to Allured a Preeste holie. Aneere theretoe was yclepe Seynctes Howse. Inne M.C.C.C.L.X.X.I. Gu. Framptonne dyd ybuylde the nowe Johneis Chyrche of whych I amine nowe Greete Chaun-

trie Preeste. The Spyre is hie and knotten welle togyder.

Seyncte Lawrences Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

Thys Chyrche was ybuylden bie Brithbert a Saxonne ynne C.M.L.X. & fyrste was dedycated to Sanctus Wareburghus, sythence in M.X. to Seyncte Lawrence, atte the buyldeynge of Seyncte Johneis ytte sonke ynne credytle & nathelesse a dailie Chauntrie ys there sayde, fallethe to Rewyn. Ynne ytte was thys Stone delven.



Whyche I woulde assoie to be the monumente of Brithberte, & moche Elder than D.C.C.C.C.L.X. thoughe a Bochorde ynne the Castle Daie saied see was the tyme of buyldenne sayde Chyrche by Brythberte beforesaide.

St. Marie Magdalenes Chapele.

FROM BARRETT.

[Mr. Barrett says he has the following old account in a vellum manuscript by Rowlie. No such Manuscript appears in the Collection bequeathed by him to Dr. Glynn, and now in the British Museum. There is the account in Chatterton's hand-writing. The parts printed in Italics Mr. Barrett has omitted. They are too palpably spurious.]

This chapele was ybuilden bie Ælle, Wardenne of the castle, neere Ælle-gate, sythence clepen New-gate: yn thys chapele was ysworne a treatye between Goddwynne Erle of Abthanę of Kente, Harold eftsoons Kynge of Englande, Leofinus, hys brodres, and oder nobles of the londe. Ælle, the founder theereof, was a manne myckle stronge yn vanquysheynge the Danes, *as yee maie see ynne mie unwordie Entyrlude of Ælla:* hys ymagerie ynne stone whylom stooden yn sayde chapele, and ys nowe atte the greete yate. Hee dyd ybuylde the same in DCCCCXVIII. *and ynne*

twayne of yeeres after laied the Foundation of Christys Churche, sythence Spired bie Albricus Sneaw yn M.I.V. Hee dyde of hys woundes, gotten ynne honourable combatte ynne Brystowe castle. Sayde chapele ys nowe ynne rewyn. *Alfridus who wrotenne ynne Latynne saieth thus of Ælle. Ælle descended fro the kyngelie bloude of Mercyans raged yn the fyghte lyke a wylde Boare in the Woode, drearie as a blacke cloude yn ungentle Wedder hee sweept whole Rankes to Helle. Lyke to the Castle of Bryghstowe was hys Mynde gentle & meeke; from thatte Castle had he oftenne came lyke Flames of Fyre & roared lyke the dynne of Thonder yn the Battle. Kyngelie was hys Bloude. Greete was hys Truste. Juste was hys Doe. Brightstowe made dole at hys deth. The Castle whych hee kept dyd shake to ytts Foundation. Danes onlie dyd Joie.*

Syncte Stephinis Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

This Chyrche was ybuilden bie Stephanus a Elenge Marchante ynne the yeare of Chryste M.C.L.V. and to it sythence added a Chaun-

trie bie hys Sonne to the Honoure of the three Kynges of Colloigne.

Seyncte Leonardes Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

This Chapelle was ybuilden bie Algar a Saxonne in M.X. with a Chauntrie to the Honoure of Seyncte Baldwynne, whose shrine was there keppett.

Seyncte Mychaellis Chyrche.

FROM BARRETT.

An Oratorie to the Susterr of Seyncte Marie Magdaleine.

Seyncte Austins Chapple.

FROM BARRETT.

Thys freemied pyle ytte is uncouth to saie, whom the same dyd ybuyld. But it mote nedes be eld: sythence it was yn ruyn in the days of Wm. le Bastarde. The dribblette remaines wyll shewe yts aunciauntrie and nice Carvellynge—An aunciaunte Bochord saieth, Geoffrie a norman Car-

veller dyd newe adorne the same in Edward Confessors daies.

[This chapel stood next the fine gate leading to the lower Green.]

Seyncte Baudwin's Chappele.

FROM BARRETT.

Thys Chapele stooden ynn Baudwynne Street: the preeste thereof toke Chursotte of alle boates passeyng the brydge of woode there standeynge. Brighticke Erle made ytte ynto a dwellynge for wych fact Goddis Ire dyd hym overtake & he deceasyd yn pryson: some saie hys Corse was forewyned as stryken wythe a Levyn Brond— After his coupeynge to lay use K. Harolde lodged there, Robertus Fitz-Harding lyved there. To this daie standeth the Cross yn the Glebe whilom the Glebe or Church-yard nempt Baldwyns Crosse.*

* Another account of this Chapel was sent by Chatterton to the Editor of the Town and Country Magazine, and which will be found, page 96, vol. 3.

Seyncte Mathyasis Chapelle.

Thys Chapelle was fyrst ybelden bie Alwarde a Saxonne ynne 867 & ys now (about the year 1460) made of the old walles of the same a Free Maconnes Logge, of wyche same amme I unwordie and Mastre Canyge Brendren; ytte ys cleped Canynges place, Canynges Logge and Lyon Logge.

GREATER SEYNCTE JOHANNES.

From Chatterton's hand writing in the British Museum.

Thys beganne anere the myddle of Seyncte Paulis Street, and from thence renning to the Yate of Seyncte Paules, haveynge two hundrethe large Wyndowes ynne fronte to the Streate and twentie Doores. Ytte was ybuylden bie Fitz-Harralz beforesayde, for a Pallace to hymme & hys successoures, on of whyche yave ytte to the Greete Pryoure of Keynsham College whoe dyd holde the samme fyftie yeeres, & dyeynge yave ytte to the Knyghtes Templarres. Behynde ytte ys a Walle wythe three Turrets called Harratz-Wall & Turrett-Harratz. The Greete Roome ys Fyftie Paces wide & the Walle ys of Carvelled Stone. The last Pryncypalle enthoughten hymselfe a Rhymer, and thus dyd he wryte.

Althorowe thys holie Howse there bee
Wyndowes three hundredth & three,
Twa hundredth yn Fronte doe appeare,
The reste chevie oppe ynne a reare.

Of Chambers, Laundries, Halles
Ne lyke bee ynne Englonde seene,
On hundredth Eyghtie in al,
Befytteyng Kynge or Queene.

Gif thys manne dyd ne accounte better than Rhyme I should notte wryte from hym. Thys house is as hye as the Towere of Seyncte Paulis, & the Walle albeytte ne foure yardes from the House ys sommetymmes washed bie the Water.

Byrtonnes Almes-howse fronteth Buttolphs Lane, and behynde ytte ys the Corse Howse of the Templars, where bee full meynte of them ynn Stonen kystes. Near Seynctes Lane, so called from an aunciaunte chyrche there stondeynge dedycated to Godde and the Seynctes, haveynge a Towr, Spyre, and Thyrtie litel Holes barred wyth Iron alleyn, beeynge ybuylden before Glas was in yore. Yn ytte are Tombes of Knyghtes, Saxons, and Elstanne, an oulde Maieour, as before sayd. I now end. Gif you would learn moe of Rudeleve I wyll search therefoe for you.

T. Rowleie.

IMAGERIE of the FOUNDER of ELLES CHAPELE.

From Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Muscum.

Oute of Elles Chapele was o'late doulven thysse Imagerie of the founder thereoffe: upon itte was ylaien a longe Crosse of immenged Mettalles, Leade and Tynne, a Croune onne his head & twayne of Keies in hys handes as Loverde of the Castelle, a Chayne rounde his Necke as ycome of kingelie bloude. The Armes of Mercia neere hym and his name over hys heade. A fair longe barbe and Lymbes fulle large. In his kyffe was the lifeles Boddie of a departed Bille, whyche whenne touched did shrynke to dust. A Butcherre ynne Frierres Rowe dyd take one of hys fair smoothe Shenne bones to forme thereof an handle for hys sleacynge knyfe. I myselfe havethe a Staffe headed with the rownd Knobbe of his Arm-

bone, & Mastre Canynge havethe hys Sculle, whereinne is to be seene meynte gaishes, whychen he couronnethe wyth a Chappelette of Grass, & the Stone is now placed in Seyncte Catherines Chapele, beeynge of a whytyshe kinde, anie it was nomber JJ of whyche I ken not what to rote & eke was a

* * * * * * *

ACCOUNT of HARDINGE.

From Barrett.

Hardinge, fadre of Fytz-Hardynge, had fayre and godelie possessyons atte Porteburie eke ycleped Port Ceastre: Fytz-Hardynge gotte of Hen. 2d. a baileve, a markette, and fayre, on St. Decumbe's day, the fyrste Mondaie in Whytson week, the whyche did abyde durynge the whole weeke. Atte thys fayre the bayleve dyd doe hommage to the Abbot of Seynt Austine's yn Bristowe, who dyd dhyther goe wyth hys brederen to amount of twa hundredth botes: the hommage was done by spreadynge hys scarlete cloke at the slyppe of Creocham, wherebie the abbatte dyd londe upon ytte, which hommage dyd entytule the bayleeve to hys rule and an hommage or oar money of shyppes.

PAINTER'S BILL.

From a MS.S. in the British Museum; it is on the same Leaf with the Chronycalle of Brystowe, and the Fragment Heraudyn, all in Chatterton's hand-writing.

Mr. CANNYNGE,

Foer the dyspence of peyncetynge youre Worschyppes Armes, whych bee an heade couped droppeynge blodde, at the common Prise - - -	00	06	08
For gode Handiecrafte ynne the samme with beten Silver Goulde & Bise -	00	13	04
Forre 16 Sylver Chauprons, youre Armes dheereon graved & quainte Flowres	00	13	04
Forre doeynge a sylver devyce atte commaund & helpe of M. Rowleie	01	06	08

Forre guyltynge an Ymage of Architectura ynne youre Halle - -	00	06	08
Forre dyvers bleate Depyctures donne bie Straungeres - - -	00	06	08
Forre Pyctures Drawne bie mee and odhers - - - -	00	06	08
Forr depectynge youre Bedde chaumbre wythe the storie of the Loves of Edgarre & Emma - -	02	00	00
	05	00	00

I saw receivd. Wm Dove.

PAINTER'S BILL.

Extracted by VERTUE *from a Book belonging to the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol, (from Lord Orford's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. 3, page* 46.*)*

Memorandum,

That master Cumings hath delivered the 4th day of July in the year of our Lord 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Bettes vicar of Ratcliffe, Moses Courteryn, Philip Bartholemew, and John Brown, procurators of Ratcliffe beforesaid, a new sepulchre well-guilt, and cover thereto, an image of God Almighty rysing out of the same sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto; that is to say,

A lath made of timber and iron work thereto;

Item, Thereto longeth *Heven*, made of timber, and stained cloth;

Item, Hell, made of timber and iron work, with devils, the number, thirteen;

Item, four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands, that is to say, two spears, two axes, two paves;

Item, four pair of angel's wings, for four angels, made of timber and well-painted;

Item, the fadre, the crown and visage, the bell with a cross upon it, well-gilt with fine gold;

Item, The Holy Ghost coming out of heven into the sepulchre;

Item, Longeth to the Angels four cheveleres

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* This Memorandum is copied from the minutes of the Antiquarian Society under the year 1736. *Two paves:* A pave (in French, pavois, or talevas) is a large buckler, forming an angle in front, like the ridges of a house, and big enough to cover the tallest man from head to foot. *The bell with the cross:* probably the ball or mound. *Four cheveleress:* chevelures or perukes.

PROCLAMATION.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To all Christian people to whom this indented Writing shall come, William Canynge of Bristol, Merchant, and Thomas Rowley, Priest, send greeting. Whereas certain disputes have arisen between the Prior of St. James, and Johan a Milverton, Steward of the Bonnehommes, concerning the Unity in Trinity, which after many vain arguments asserted to invalidate the Godhead of our blessed Redeemer by him, the said John a Milverton, he hath referred it to our decision, and the said Prior, conscious of the Truth, when he maintains that Christ is God, hath agreed to the same. As What is above human Comprehension can neither be proved nor disproved by human Arguments, it is vain for the Wit of Man to pretende to unfolde the dark Covering of the Ark of the Trinity, lest like those of old he be stricken

dead, and his Reason lost by breathing in an Element too fine and subtle for the gross Nature. But as the said John continues to spread about his detestable Heresy of the Unity alone of God, notwithstanding John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester, unwilling any man should die for an opinion, gave him his Life and Liberty, forfeit to the Holy Church: Tho we William Canynge & Thomas Rowley approve not of invalidating Arguments by violence and Death, provided a Man enjoys his Opinion alone; Yet when he goes about to persuade others from the right way, and speaks openly of the terrestial Being of Christ, a bridle should be laid on his tongue. The weak and ignorant catch at every thing they understand not; and as the said John as aforesaid doth still Continue to preach his heretical Notions, we by Power to us assigned by the said Bishop of Worcester, command him the said John, on Pain of Imprisonment, not to teach or preach in public or private till we give him leave so to do. And the said T. Rowley will on Sunday at Saint Mary's Cross in the Glebe of St. Mary Redclift deliver a discourse on the Trinity, so far as it shall tend to

confute the Doctrine of the said John: after the Mattin Song, and after Even Song the said John shall be at Liberty, without fear of Imprisonment or other Punishment, to answer, and if he can to invalidate the Arguments of the said T. Rowley, a Copy of his Discourse to be given to Mr. Canynge for the inspection of himself, the said T. Rowley, the Prior and Monks of St. James, & whom it may concern: And whereas thirteen Brothers of the Order of the Bonnehommes did attack and cruelly beat William Cooke & five other servitours of the Monastery of St. Augustines, because they were such; and John said Bishop of Worcester hath given us William Canynge & Thomas Rowley as Ecclesiastical Knights Templars of Saint John of Jerusalem, power to search into the same & amerce the Offenders; we hereby, as well as by a greater deed to which is fixed the Mayorality Seal of Bristol, our ecclesiastical Seal, and the Seals of the Principals of St. Johns, St. Augustines, St. James & the Calendarys, do amerce each of the said thirteen Monks in the sum of fifty Marks, to be given to William Coke and his fellow Servants in equal Portions. Witness our Ecclesiastical Seals,

PROCLAMATION.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To all to whom this indented Writing shall come William Canynge Merchant, Thomas Rowley, Priest, and Sir Joseph Yonge, Knight, send greeting. Now know ye that we W. Can. & T. R. being chosen by lawful Authority of the Bishop of Worcester his Deputys, the said Sir Jos. Yonge being by us chosen as our Deputy, we have inspected the conduct of the mutinous and unholy Friars who were the Authors of the Riots on the Vigil of S. Matthew last, and find that John le Steward, Strabo Kynge, &c. &c. &c. Twenty-one Brothers of the order of the Bonnehommes, did violently assault and cruelly beat Fifteen Brothers of the Augustine Order, as they were passing thro St. Giles Gate, who in their own defence slew three of the Assaulters, and in return had

three of their own Brethren slain. To quell all such Attacks we order John le Steward, Strabo King, Ludovick de Combe, Giles Losting, and Lennard Erlerson to have their Monks Cowl taken from them & imprisoned till they pay 200 Marks each; then to be banished the kingdom, & the rest by name John Newport, &c. &c. &c. &c. to be laid in prison till they pay 200 Marks each, the one half of the money to be paid to the Church, & the rest equally divided between the King and the nearest Friends of the deceased Augustine Friars. As the Augustines stood but in their own defence we absolve them. This Judgement will be confirmed by a Council of Bishops to be assembled to-morrow sennight or else void.

Witness, &c. 8th of Edward.

INSCRIPTION

On a Piece of Brass affixed to the Cover of a Mass Book, at Westbury Church.

Given by Chatterton, to Mr. Barrett, as written by Bishop Carpenter, from Rowley's Manuscripts.

Thys booken was yeven
To synge sowles to hev'n,
And when the fyrste belle doth tolle
Synge masse for the partyng sowle,
And eke at the abbye
Of Canynges of Westburie,
Thereynn to staie
Untyll the laste daie.

JOANNES CARPENTER.

LYFE of W. CANYNGE.

Bie Rowley.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To wryte of a Mannes Lyfe mote bee enowe to saie of somme he was ybore & deceased, odher somme lacketh recytalle, as manie notable matteres bee contained in yer storie. Of thys kynde bee hym of whome I nowe ywrite, entreatynge the gentil Redere to note the Auctore dheereoffe is ynne ould age welle stryckenne & mote therebye amende fawltes. Albeytte oulde Menne are yeven to saie of hemselves, I wote I maie notte botte where nede bee.

Wm. seconde Sonne of John & Joanna Canynge* was yboren onne Seyncte Marckes Eve atte the redde House in Rudcleve Streete M.C.C.C.C.I.I. hys Broder Thomas† was than hym oulder, his

* Wm. & Catharyne, first written. † Roberte.

Brodher Johne yingerre. Hys Fadre enthoughtenne to make hem alle Marchandes & ytaughte hem thereto. Wm. ynne hys yinge daies hee was of connynge wytte. In M.C.C.C.C.X.V.I.I.I. he improoved his Leore togyder wyth myselfe, underre the garde of the Whyte Fryarres. Heere dyd beginne the kyndnesse of oure Lyves, oure Myndes & Kyndes were alycke, & wee were alwaie togyder. Hys Fadre loved hym notte as Robberte, sythence hee bente not hys wholle rede to gette Lukre, botte hys Fadre & *Brodher deceevynge boeth yn M.C.C.C.C.X.X.X.† the meynt riches of them felle‡ to hyme. Aboute thys tyme dyd I bee ynducted ynto holie Orderres, & was hys Fadre Confessoure. Afterre hys Fadres Obiatte he wante toe Gleaucesterre and wedded Johanna Hathwaie,‖ who dyd decease ynne Childebeerynge. Nowe dydde hys Nobyllnesse shewe forthe to the Worlde. Hee ymade of the greete rudde Howse neere to the Waterre a Fre Masonnes Lodge, a member

* This word has been erased; but it is necessary to compleat the meaning of the sentence.

† 1405 has been substituted. ‡ Was left. ‖ Young.

whereof was I. Heere dyd the Brodhers arede forre the Goode of the Common Weale & unkevend hyltenne artes & devyces. Somme amendynge the Clothe hade odher somme ybuyldeynge. Inne M.C.C.C.C.X.X.X.I.I. was Seyncte Maryes Chyrche begonne, & Londes yboghtenne thereforre from Seyncte Catharynes Chapele to the Howse of Seyncte Johne. Inne M.C.C.C.C.X.X.X. IX. dyd the ybuyldeyng of the Outsyde ende, albeytte the carvellinge ceased notte untylle 1443, whanne the samme was dedicated bie the gode Byshoppe of Worcestre, Carpenterre. Inne the jarres of the Houses of the Lancasteriannes & Yorkistes he did send 3000 Marks to Kynge Edward, who dyd therefore render hym meynt honoures of which he accounted not. He deceased ynn M.C.C.C.C.L.X.X.I.V. of the age of seaventy-two. Hys Worke I shall ne blazon. The Eyen wylle atteste yts worthe. Hys Mynde, Knowledge & Lore hys hylten Epistles wyll shewe & the moe soe as hee dyd ne entende the same botte forre pryvate Syghte.

LETTERS

Of ROWLEY and CANYNGE.

From Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To Rowley. 1430.

Mie Fadre ys dead. Thys Morne at the Seaventhe Clocke hee dyd sende for mee. I wente. Mie Sonne; quod he, I must nowe paie mie det. Bee notte doltish in dyspence, botte tentiffe, & acquyre moke Gayne, as I havethe done. I devise you 30,000 Markes, wythe 7000 moe oute at Gouleyng. Robynnes Estate ys mittee, and the Londes unbonded, the Arrearage of the laste yeare ys ynne the azure Ente. I havethe bynne the rychest Manne ynne the Kynges Londe albeytte notte the happieste. Here dyd hee yeve rede the whyche as a Sonne I most behylte. At tenthe Clocke he dyd decease. To saie I am woefulle woulde ne be Trowthe, as none culde bee moe un-

hailie thanne mie Fadres Temper dyd macke hym. I bee dysmayd aleste I shulde fynde too moche ryches as bytter a Curse as too littel. Mie Brodher Johne is a Lacklonde, beeynge lefte uponne mie gode wylle, the whyche maie be the better for hym. Iffe yee are entered haste to me.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Rowley. Gloucester, 1431.

Heere I bee & wedded. Epyphanie was the Daie. Note botte Ribibles & Myskynettes from morninge to nyghte. Her Fadre broughte mee there Bagges of her Estate, Twayne of Mansyons, Seaventeene Cottes, and Lordship of Manoure, togyder wyth 700 Marks of Money, alle of which Londes I have yeven to her & the Marckes to her Brodher. Releese the Dets of my Tenaunts. Yeve those of Chewe Mannoure from Lammas rente all mie dues to wedde there Sonnes and Dawters awaie. Lette oulde Wm. Cooke, open hys Cellare & Pantrie to all Commers. Yeve newe whyte Garmentes and Marks to the needie, & lette the

Fyddlers scrape the Crowd. Bee not unpleasaunt at my makeynge you a Servitoure. The Friende wylle allowe of ytte.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Rowley. 1431.

Howe littelle ys the lyinge Fage of fortune to bee creditted! My Wife, my dearest Soule, ys deceesed. Flie to mee & accoie mie tene, for I bee not the Manne I ance was. Mie owne Dole shall ne bee cause of Dole to odhers. Gif you comme thorowe Keynsham calle onne Yeoman Stanton, deschaurge his Rente, & yeve hym Monies to accoie hys woe. I ken you loove to conveie gladde tydeynges. I lacke youre rede.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Rowley. 1432.

I havethe your Lettere from Bathe. Mie Maconnes Lodge was oped onne the vigylle of the Epyphanie, the whiche daie I havethe cause to

knowe. Seaven and Twentie Freeres, Syxteen of Gentylmenne & three Brodherre Aldermenne dyd make uppe the Assemblie. I dyd speeck of the use of the Artes to emproove the trade, the Freere did enlarge, the Gentlemen attende, and the Councylmenne felle asleepe. A Paper-Rolle was ywroten & formed by mee ynne Latynne to thys Effect: "Sythence it havethe pleased Almichtie Godde to inhilde into Manne a Soule of hys owne Lykenesse, the whyche is nathelesse under subjectione to the Boddie, & fulle ofte depressed by the eorthlie & grosse humoures whych ascende therefromme ynto the Brayne, theereby forwyning the kyndlie Spryghte of the Manne and cooleynge the Juices of the Phantasie: Botte somme bie the Blessynge of Godde, beeynge of cleere Wytte, counynge & knowlachynge, haveth theyre Vapoures subtille and fyne, as the dewe whyche ascendes the Sonne beames. Of theese ytte bee requyred to laboure unto the opeynge hylten & loste mysteries, botte the grosse odhers maie bee Hewers of Wode and Tillers of the Fielde. Of the whyche sorte I hope there bee notte meynt here. I shall therefore streve to drawe togyderre menne of

counynge Wytte to advaunce the Glorie of thys oure Towne. Whatte we shall unkeven that wylle benefytte menne shall be knowen, what wylle harme unknowen; we ne wylle soe despoyle Vice that beeynge too eft kend shee bee ne moe affrighteyng, botte we wylle streve to advaunce auntyaunt Accountes, Glorie & Profytte, with the Helpe of Godde." Thys was approoved & framed ynn eguilten Frames. Everich Thorsdaie wylle theie assemble. The reste you shalle alsoe have Accounte of.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Rowley. 1432

Thorsdaie wee han a moste fulle Lodge. Twoe hundreth & thyrtie Freeres besydes odherre Gentylmenn, Maconnes, Carpenterres and deeleres. Over mie greete Seate was depycted Architectura in a Saxonne Habytte: I oped the house wythe a longe Speeche setteynge forthe mie Wyllyngnesse to serve the Chyrche and odher thyngs—thenne was youre Drawghtes shewne and consydered,

botte your accounte & laste Draughte beeynge whatte not I alleyne botte alle the Freeres dyd lyche the reste weere sette asyde. Iscam yspoke moche ynne your prayse, & yn syke well-chosen wordes as dyd hymselfe prayse. The Londe ys boughte, the Maconnes hyred and alle thynges ynne readynesse. Nowe for a wondrous Pyle to astounde the Eyne. Penne an Entyrlude to be plaied uponne laieynge the fyrste stone of the buyldeynge, & write a greete Parte for Iscamme; such is hys desyre. You maie notte be awaie atte laieynge the foundatyonne. Systerre Agnes woulde doe welle to sende herre Brodher Robyn to the feaste. Comme ynne twae daies tyme.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Iscam. 1432.

I heerebie sende youe mie thankes for the goode parte you haveth plaied, yn the whyche the Auctorre and yourselfe seemed one. Celmonde rageynge yn the Warre dyd excelle thoughte of Phantasie. Rowleie alleyne culde have plaied Ælle soe fyne. Alle enseemed properre. No strained Voyce,

ne wrythinge of boddie, ne dystortynge of Face, whan Ælle saiethe

O! speake ne moe: mie hearte flames yn its keste,
I once was Ælle, nowe bee notte hys Shade
Han all the Fhuyr of Mysfortunes wylle
Felle onne mie benned Head I han beene Ælle stylle.
Thys alleyn was unburld of all mie Spryghte,
Mie Honoure, Honoure frownd at the dulce Wynd
That stealed onne ytte.

Then was the Actyone unyted wythe the Wordes. I saie ne moe. Botte nexte to Rowleies Ælle was Iscammes Celmonde. Ne dyd Byrtha, Magnus or the rest speak alleyne, & you wylle take thys herewith as a small tokenne from

Wm. Canynge.

To Rowleie. 1435.

Next Weke the Chyrchis Bodie moste bee arched, whych maie not be donne wythout you. I bee fulle sorrie for the Woe of Freere Rycharde, botte joied hee bee releived therefromme bie you. Wee haveth han a dyscourse at the Lodge of Peyncteynge, botte the Freeres kenne littel thereof. I shalle adde an hundredth Laboureres to mie

nombere, the whyche wylle be yeomenne peasaúntes from the Estate of the Lordes Gournoie, whom albeytte theie approved notte thereof, I care nethynge. Thys auntyant Songe haveth I metten wythe. I eke shall goe to Londonne to settle mie Brodher Johne: gif you wyll goe there you wyll fynde mee neere the Towerre. Gif you comme heere use mie Howse as youre owne.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Rowleie. 1445.

The Kynges Weddynge goethe onne. Mie Fadres Goulde Chaine was yeven to the Queene, who yave the same to Souffolke, botte of thatte I saie nothynge. I have gotten moche Draughtes and odher thynges, somme Saxon auntyaunt thynges, the whych I wylle shewe you atte mie Commynge.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Rowleie. 1443.

The Chyrche is ybuylden wythynne & wythoute. Goe to Byshoppe Carpenterre for hym to

comme wythe you to dedycate the same. Inne all haste ymake a smalle Entyrlude to be plaied at the tyme.

WM. CANYNGE.

To Rowleie. 1466.

Lyfe ys a sheelde where ne tyncture of joie or tene haveth preheminence. Kynge Edwarde yesterdaie dyd feeste at mie rudde house, goeynge ynne the boate upon the tyde. Canynge, quod he, I haveth a wyfe for thee of noble howse. Mie goode Liege, quod I, I am oulde and neede not a wyfe. Bie oure Ladie, quod he, you moste have one. I saide ne moe, bethynkynge ytte a jeste, butte I now unkeven ytte ys a trouthe: comme to mee and arede mee, for I wyll ne be wedded for anie Kynge.

W. C.

To Rowleie. 1467.

Now, broder, yn the chyrche I amme safe, an hallie prieste unmarriageable. The Kynges servi-

toure attended me to telle, giff I woulde dyscharge the 3000 markes I shoude ne be enforced on a wyfe, and also have mie shyppeynge allowed. I made answere, I was now yshorne a preeste, and mottenotte be wedded. I have made a free guifte of the markes, and wanted but a contynuaunce of mie trade. 'Alle ys welle; the Kynye ys gone, and I am haillie.

W. CANYNGES.

To Rowleie. 1468.

I bee now shutte uppe ynne mie college of Westburie; come mie Rowleie and lette us dyspende our remaynynge yeeres togyder. Hailinesse ys no where founde: societye havethe pleasures, eremitage havethe pleasures, butte contente alleyne canne dysperple payne.

W. CANYNGES.

To Rowley. Bristol.

I be fulle sorrowefulle that you are notte ynne Bristowe, and the more so as mie Lorde Earle of

Warwyke havethe sente me a letter to proclayme Edwarde of Yorke Kynge. Certis ytte will ne be to profitte of the Yorkeysts if ytte be soe; butte to me the issue maie be death. Mie brederen of the councille doe not bethynke me a manne to advise them, becaute I wulde not have them doe mean thynges for gayne, therefore mie wordes wylle not availe, for where reveraunce is wanteinge advyce is nought: come as soon as the tymes will spare you.

WM. CANYNGE.

Rowley to Wm. Canynge, Cirencester.

FROM BARRETT.

Mie Lorde of Warwyke waulkethe faste to the crowne, lette him beware hee strayne not hymselfe yn takeyng syke large strydes. Was you of power & in possession of castles I woulde arede you to maintain unto the deathe the cause of Henrie.* *I have founde the Papers of Fryar Rycharde: he saieth*

* The words, in Italics, were omitted by Barrett, as appears by collating the letter with the original in the British Museum.

nothynge of Bristolle, albeit he haveth a long storie of Seyncte Vyncente & the Queede. His Celle is most lovelie depycted on the whyte walles wythe black Cole, d'splaieynge the Iters of the Weste. Anoder lettere maie reche mee before I can go hence.

T. Rowleie.

W. Canynge to T. Rowleie, Bristowe.

Ye would have me declare for Kynge Henrie, I woulde remayne neuter, botte I muste perforce be for one of the twayne: successyon ys ne the quere, botte who will rule beste: when ones countrie is abentynge to rewin itte ys a foule thynge even to be neutre. A Kynge shulde bee one who ruleth his people hymselfe, and ne trousteth to untroustie servants. Mie actions shewe me no ennemie to goode; but methynkethe a holie seyncte maketh notte a goode Kynge. From the daies of Saxon governmente to thys presente Englande havethe been undone by prieste-kynges. Edgar, Edwarde Confessour, and Henrie 6th haveth met with Danes,

Normans, and Warwykes. True Englyshmen are lyke untoe masties never pleased but whan set a fyghteing. Honours to the mynster are not allwaie honoures to the throne. Queen Margarette havith seen the letter; twas aryghte she shulde. Whatever she bee oderwise she ys an unfit dame for oure Kynge, ruleinge him lyke a bearn, ande toieynge with her paramoures, of whom I saie not whom. Mie fadre goeynge to courte onne the marriage of Kynge Henrie, the chamberlayne requierynge hys customarie presente, he wente oute yn greete dole, but kenneynge he mote ne goe there wydoute a guift, he tooke a brasse chaine, and giltynge the same lyke unto goulde, gave ytte to the Queene, from whence ytte came to Harrie 6th. who dyd yeve ytte to hys Qneene, and I have seene ytte rounde the necke of Souffoulke withe the unwordie brasse peepeynge oute to viewe the gould chaseynge. Thys longe goulde brass chaine beeynge in sothe whilome the necke chaine of an hounde, exceedeynge to sighte most of the guiftes, gotten mie fadre a charter for trade; to renewe whych I have givenne 2000 markes and the loane of mie shyppes to brynge mie countriemenne from

Fraunce, haveynge the beste parte of mie hanse Virgine Marie of tons 1000 burden brente. I bethynke therefore I maie be accounted a common subjecte of the Kynge, and not bounde to hym by gratytude. I wys hym well ynne a pryours coate ynne a mynsterre, and hys Queene and her paramour yn repentance. Under Henrie we mote have peace, but never renome. But doe not thynke I ame a Yorkeyst. Adieu.

WILLIAM CANYNGE.

William Canynge to the Earl of Warwyck,

Sendeth greetynge. Mie good Lorde, your letterre I haveth consydered; but be not of power to renderre you service. Moste of the cityzens stande welle affected toe you, but it be not possitable for hem to availe youe anie waies, excepte bie pryvate conveiaunce of sylver and monies, whyche God wote theie love too well. I sende you bie Syrre Pierce Aleighe twa hundreth markes. I consulted wythe some councylmenne of your commande, who telled the same to Gervaise Clif-

forde, soe was I enforced to shewe the same to Margaret. Take care of your person, mie goode Lorde, as I heare Syr Charles Baudyn and his broder John a Fulforde threat your lyfe wyth privie assasynatynge. I bee ne thyrstie for bloude, botte whanne the lymbes be unsounde ungentle meanes must be used bie brennynge, to keepe the heart whole. Kynge Henrie Godde spare hys lyfe, but the despoyleynge of three score Margarets and Suffoulkes will ne atone for the deathe of the good Duke of Gloucester, wid whome felle Englyshe glorie and Englandes peace. Was the castelle to be gotten ynto the handes of the cytyzens, ytte shoulde renderre you servitude. Botte Syrre Charles Baudyn kepethe it so stoutelie, haveynge the bruges adented, that ytte maie not bee. Algate I will engage me to caitene hym up the castleis utter clostere by sheryve ve arest: gif you wylle behete me, he shall be yn no danger of deathe. Ytte woulde bee fulle joyfulle to mee yffe yoe would conferre the honoure of knyghthoode on Ralph Morris mie cousenne, whoc ys fulle wordie thereof. My greteyngs to mie goode Lorde Edwarde of Yorke, who ys chevyc̈ynge the king-

dome from the oppressyon of a leman and her paramoures. I wylle sende to hym whenne the Hanse fleete ys come three thousand markes, wyshynge mie poore services maie bee accepted. Margarette shalle be shutte oute from Brystowe, and stakes are placed ynne the grange to lette her if she agayne flee to the castle. Shee departed last night aftere evensonge from the castle, ne one cytyzenne yn her trayne; butte wheder she ys gone I wote notte. Adieu, my good Lorde. Jesus attend you.

WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Thomas Rowleie to Wm. Canynge.

After Gretynge & salutations lette mee entreete of you yatte Johan Iscamme bee sente here untoe mee. Wee bee ryghte sorrowefulle youre Fadre speere ye notte to comme hedherre atte Chrystenmasse as meynte Plecsures wylle bee ynne yys Place. Johan Lascelle, Gentylmanne appoynteth a Sporte, Game of Hurlynge. Mystress Anne Hecker entreteth your presence, the whyche wylle be pleasynge toe me. I haveth bynne toe Irelonde

wheere ys twayne of your Famylie buryed onne the ϕn, Hic jacet corpus Gu. Caningi vil: Bristolliæ mercator, obi. v. Aprillis 1123.

Al ye yat pas bie
Wythe a Paternostre and Ave
Ypraie forre Roberte a Canynge ande Hawesie. 1250

Heere be the Coate Armourie of dyffraunce from yours, ytte beeynge three Salwage heddes coupe droppynge bloude and wreethed ynne Garlandes: dherefoe laie downe the redde Moors face & take these. I shalle bee wryteynge to you eftsoones.

T. Rowleie.

To J. Iscam.

Systerre Isabell myckle marvells at your longe staie. Bie Seyncte Johanns Chargerre quodde she, hee bee sporteynge wythe a Lemanne elsewher. Wm. Canynge wylle gayne her goode Wylle gif yee comme not eftsoones. Botte dheere is anodherre Cause of entreetynge youre commynge. Wyllyamme ys heere, and hys Brodherre Boberte

to spare Monies and Hostrie fees wylle comme heere dresste lyke untoe a Almes-craverre to see the Yule & ward hys Brodher Wm. whose gentylicke Spryghte adaves syke horrennesse. Nowe Wm. bie his counynge wytte haveynge unveyled the samme, hee shalle bee whypped for a theefe & sette in Stockes for a Drynkarde, & gyf hee declare hys name ne wylle hee gayne Creddytte, as a sable Poulte wylle be spreedde onne hys Eie. Albeytte hee shalle ne kenne who doethe hym thys kyndnesse. Yatte Hystorie you dyd mee sende ys pend fulle worthylie. Josephe a Bathe lovethe it myckle. Albeytte Thorresbries Actes of Seyncte Gervoise is a Seyncteyshe Storie & botte lyttle worthe. Canynge havethe beene oftenne wythe Hawesya whoe seemethe toe esteme so gentle a Paramoure. In sothe to saie methyncks hee havethe too meynte True Loves & Nonnes, botte I ne you wante oure Share dhereof. I haveth metten wythe a syllie Knyghte of Twayne hondreth Poundes bie the yeere; Gods Nayles, quod hee, leave oute mie scarlette & Ermyne Doublette I knowe nete I love better than Vearses; I woulde bestowe rentalls of Golde for Rolles of hem. Naie,

quod I, I bee notte a Vearse monger, goe to the Blacke Fryer Mynsterre yn Brystowe wheere the Freeres rhyme to the swote smelle of the Gowtes, theere maie you deale maie happe. Now Johan wylle you stocke yis Worscypfulle Knyghte wythe sommme Ballett onne Nellye and Bellie? You quotha naie—botte bee here bie twa daies wee shalle have an Entyrlude to plaie whyche I haveth made, wherein three Kynges will smeethe upon the playne. You moste bee a Kynge & mie sillie Knyghte a Loverde, the whyche wythe the Jest of Roberte wylle bee pleasaunte Sporte.

T. Rowleie.

To Thomas Canynge.

Alle Greteynge & Salutacion. You desirethe of mee anne Accounte of Redclefte. I sal shewe yee thereof to mie beste knowlachynge. The Chyrche whyche ys nowe yn rewyn woulde nee bee soe dydde nee the Foulke repayre to the Orratourie of Seyncte Johan of Jerusalem. The Roofe dhereof ys myckle decayde, & the reasonne dhereof ys

yatte the buylderre beeynge anne Italyanne dyd ybeylde the samme yn a Romanne mannere. The fronte reechethe to the backe of the Mynsterre of Seyncte Johan, & the backe to the Ryverre. Ynne ytte are nowe meynte Stonnes. Fyrst of Hugo Fytz Piers who bare Vaire: of Alleyn Fitz Alwyn who bare checke of Ar. & Sa: of Margerie a°Lymynton as followes.

Heere doethe lie the Corse of Margerie
Onderre thys lytel Stone
Herre twa nomme Lymyngton. 1355. Armes a Cross George.

Neere is the lesser Seyncte Johnes, the whiche begynneth at the Ende of the Slope of the Hylle and runneth to the Yate goeynge backwardes to the Ryver on the Lynch of whych ys a greene Meed. Thorowe ytte ys a Lane called Seyncte Johns, opeynge to the Mees. Thys was ybuylden for Freeres & Systers. Albeytte the parte whyche joynes the yate has byn fylled wyth knyghtes of St. John of Jerusalem, sythence the fyrste ybuyldynge yn M.C.X.X. by Walter Fitz Lupus a Normanne Knyghte who lies heere buried.

The Oratourie ys overre the Yate ande moketh a Syghtelie shewe haveynge a Spyre & Towre whereyne are 6 Belles. Yn the Walle ys sette on a Tablette of Brasse,

Here doothe Robbyn Godefelowe lie,
Sommetym of Brystowe town,
And twayne of hys Progenie,
Underre yis Erth & Ston.
Al yee yatte pas bie
Wythe a Paternoster & Ave
For her Soulghys ypraie
At dryerie Doomesdaie.
Inne Yothe & tendre Age
Hee weren Utlage,
And yn the Kynges Woode
Dyd shedde myckle Blud,
Botte aforen hee dyd die
Lyved Preeste holylie. 1203.

Of thys Manne ytte be sayde he assaied to robbe the Kynge, botte of what trouthe ytte be I wot not. Hys armourie ys a Bowe longe wythe a Maunche en chef. Botte the Spyre once falleynge havethe eraste moste Tombes of yore. Inne Seyncte Catharynes which frontethe Redclefte & ys joyned to Canynges place, ys to be seen a brasse Imagerie of impetyve fourme, onderre the

whyche ys wroten Alred, botte God wotè who Alred mote bee. — Canynges Place fronteth Rudcleeve Streeth wythe a Rommane fronte & the Ryver wythe a Saxonne the whyche ys moe gronde, dysplaieing one hondreth warked wyndowes, the Roomes & Chambers yn nomber fyftie whyche aforetyme were emptye are nowe dyghte yn costlie manner, peynctcd & carvelled. Nyne Dores alwaie open & Nyne Mynstrells alwaie plaieyng. — Seynct Martyns Chapelc fronteth the back of Thomas Streate, yn ytte is a Monumente of a Knyghte bye the name of Serviteur duc de Acquitayne, the whyche maie bee mente Acquitaine Heralde. Heere was a Belle of Sylver the whych the Maiour of Brystowe Johne Alwyn de Cumbe dyd yeve, & the Proposytoure after hys deathe dyd vende to an Argentiere; wythe the Monies thereoffe hee boughte Venison, ande deecissed of a Surfeytte eatynge the same. Canyngs y.littel stondethe anere the Mynsterre of Seynct Thomas & ys ybuilden of large stones wythe quaintyssed Wyndores, Dores & Logges facynge Radcleeve Streate. Seyncte Thomas Mynster havethe a large

Windowe facynge Radcleve & Thomas Streete; botte the Mynster & Chyrch joyneynge fronteth Thomas Lane, thorough oute the whyche Lane ys eke called Canyngs longe waie. The Marchant House of Mastre Canynge fronteynge the Mynster. Inne the Mynnsterre ys a Chyrche Bochorde* of Berchmente, parte whereof ys wrotenne ynne Saxonne, the whyche I thus Englyshe.

1064. Leofwyne came to Brystowe & there abode yn greete State ande assigned to Bryghtrick Erle of Gleaucester the Wardscyppe of the Castel or Town-house.

1065. A fayre Brydge of Wode was throwne over the Avonne fro Brightricks House at Baldwynne Street to Rudcleve Street.—Harolde came to Brystowe, botte abode not longe, departeynge wyth Leofwyne.

* So written, probably an error for *Rechorde*.

1066. Three Normanne Lordes came to Brystowe, botte where stoppd at the Brydge untylle thie han sworne to keepe Peace.

1067. Fitz Lupus dyscommfyted the Walch & dreinted 400 of them yn the Ryver Sabrine, bryngynge the Spoyle to the Castle.

1068. Three Brystowe Barks sayled to the Isles Hyberne & Scotteland.

1069. Fitz Lupus almoste anewe buylte the Castle of Stone, beynge afore tyme partlie Wode; & he dyd eke ybuylde a Chyrche.

1073. The Brystowe Menne dyd Trade to the Isles. Haymon with Normannes & Brystowe Menne dyd despoyle the Londe of Wales. Twa Welche Barkes menewhyle came to Brystowe, & despoyled part of the Brydge, botte weere forslegen and dryven awaie.

1088. The *Æthared* Spyre of Seyncte Augustyns Chapell felle downe & dyd destroie neere the one syde of the same.

This same *Æthared* Spyre doethe sygnate a Serpentliche twested Spyre, & yn sothe to reede the auntyante Accountes of Seyncte Augustyns Chapele to vew whatte nowe doeth remayne & how fowle ytte ys patherned wylle cause myckle wonder. Thus saiethe Turgotte of ytte, "Yn ytte was Pillaurs twested of myckle highte and nomberre; the Stons of the Grounde ys peyncted wythe Flowres al joyneynge on to the odher, & on despoyled would despoyle the whol. The Spyre seemeth three Snakes knotted & standeynge on ther Headds. The Yate ys of fetyve Quayntysses, and the Wyndowes of peyncteynge.

1231. Trade to Hyberne was begonne to bee made bie the Brystowe Menne.

The whyche somme yeeres after dyd gre & multiplie, & bie thys Rolle & odherres I have sene I haveth founde the Brystowe Menne were the fyrste

Traders to Ireland, & the Radcleft men the fyrst Traders whanne Brystowe han nete botte Souldyers. Inne thys Mynster of Thomas are twentie foure Carmelyte Freeres of the greetest renowne in the Cittee. The Mynsterre was ybylden by Segowen an elonge Gouler who eke repayred the Chyrche & ys there buryed. Yn the Chyrche ys buryed Sr. Hughe, onne whoes Tombe ys ywroten,

Praie forre the Sowle of gentle Syr Hughe
Who quaced the Sarason
Wythe a Paternostre & Ave,
Rudde Swerde yn hys honde,
For Honoure of Englonde.
Onderre thys Ston
Hee doeth lie who dyd die. M.C.L.X.L.I.

Gods howse ys ybuylden foure feete behynde the odher Houses, the Fronte on the Water Syde beeynge the moste noble. Itte was a Chapele untylle Joseph le Count the thyrde who dyd tacke the name of Maioar, the whyche he was 25 tymms, dyd enlarge the same untylle ytte reeched unto the woodenne Brydge, beeyng whylome soe; ande beeynge aforetyme a Chappele hee dydde endowe the samme for the help & maintenance of twentie

Greie freeres. Uponne ybuyldynge the late howses onne the Brydge ytte dyd become hulstled befoe. Ynne the Chapele ys a Roode lefte of corvelled Brasse onne the whych maie be in place, nominæ... Chri...., Ethelwardo..... funda.... fil.... Almon.... Alux.... Bero.... Angloru.... the whych maie bee, Ethelward a Saxon, Son of Almon, dyd ybuylde thys Chapelle to the name of Christe. Here bee Tombes of Saxons, viz. of Alstan, Wulverre and Mercred, wythe thys moste auntyante Ston in Englysh.

Hoolie Roode awarde the Queede
Yatte he ne grav mie Sprite,
Syke pasyn bee on me trede
Lette thys cale Carne onne mie Heede,
Seie, thee lycke mee moste be deede,
Iche Ellor Alric hyghte. 1130.

Seyncte Elwardes Chapele dyd stonde yn a longe forme, anent Seynct Paulys Crosse, called, eke Elwardes Crosse and Chepe, fro the keepeynge the Markette theere, the greete Doore stondeth anente the Crosse, and the backe Wyndowe ynne Seyncte Thomas Streete. Ynne the fyrst Wyndowe was myckle peynctynge, somme yn Saxon

Habytts, some ynne Maiours Roobes, whyche to mie accountynge ys 300 yeeres oulde. Sothe to seie I havethe seene a Dede wheereynn ytte ys sayd *Majori et Balliois de Villæ Eristoll:* the whyche Dede bee dated 1105, & ys gyven to the Guylde of Calendaryes bie the name of *Capitali Senescalla et Comm:* &c. Ytte ys playne Brystowe han its Maieour before London, the whych ytte oughte, as the Kynge hemself shulde be Mayeour of hys capytalle. Thus moche havethe I founde that from 1103 Elstan a Brystowe dyd beere the name of Maieour untyll 1124, then Johne le Counte untyll 1149, & before Elstan mote bee Maieours, as ynne thys Elwardes Chaplle was a Ston broken at one parte, botte there mote bee reade *Majori Villæ Bristol.* M.X.C. I havethe beene thus longe upon Maieours at youre Desyre. Ynne thys Chapele was a crookede Swerde, wythe the whyche the Saxonne Preestes dyd make Knyghtes. Onne Buyldeynge this Chapelle yn M.C.C.I.I.I. was founde ynne a Ston Coffenne a Brassen Kynge onne the whyche was ycorvelled a Fygure for the name of Alfredde, sotte wyth a Redde Ston, whyche ynne darke nete dyd sheene.

Atte buyldeynge Seyncte Paulis Chyrche thys was lette to the roygnous Hande of Age & ys nowe al ynne Rowynne. Chepe Crosse wylle nowe be eke destroyed. A newe on wylle be sette uppe bie the Weaverrs & the Guylde who bee nempt Canyngs Clothe Warkers. Erles House facynge Canynges long Waie & Seyncte Paules Streete ys of a Square fygure, & full Ancyante. Uponne the Ceelynge of the Chamberre ys a Patee Crosse, & three Wyndowes ynne the fourmes of the samme Crosse. Erle Leof, so reporte saiethe, lyved there. A Shelde of Saxon Armour, an Oke boughe maie be seene there.

St. Paules Chyrche begynneth near the Ende of the backe parte of Seyncte Johns Mynster & rouneth alonge Rhystreate, & ys notte to bee seene wythoute goeynge rounde the Mynsterre. The Towre ys geasonne to bee seene beynge crouched, & the Pyllars of the Chyrche awrye. Ytte ys notte fulle aunsyaunte, sythence ytte was called *nova* in 1260. Neere the Ende of ytte ys Tower Harratz, nempt saie somme fro Elewyn, albeytte ytte mote be called soe from Fytz Harratz, one of

the three Norman Lordes who dyd comme to Brystowe yn 1066. Turgotte soe putteth Seynctes & Kynges ynne hys Stories, I wote notte of ytte. Albeytte Bryghtrycke Kynge dyd dwelle anere heere, ytte meethynketh Eslewyns shorte raygne allowe not of hys Commynge.

Abstracts from Letters.

He (Wm. Canynge) is talle & statelie. His Eyes and Haire are jeat blacke, hys aspecte sweete, & Skynne Blaunche, han he not soe moche noblinesse yn hys Fygure he wouldc bee Wommanysh; or ne so moche swotiness, proud & dyscourteous yn Looke. Hys Lyppes are rudde, & hys Lymbes, albeytte large, are honge ne lyke a stronge Pole.

Mastre Caninges Chyldren doeth gre lyche to himself.

1066. Brightrick repayred the Walle of Thomas, then called the Ryver Walle.

Hawesie woud be glad of youre performance of youre promise. We sal take a Journie to Yorke, you will be readie by two daies hence. Youre Nephewe ys a moste hopefull Bearne.

Heere doethe ende the Letters of Mastre Wm. Canynge who as a Merchaunte did emploie alle the Radcleve Syde of Brystowe ynne trade. As a Manne these wylle dysplaie hymme. As a Leorned Wyseager he excelled ynne alle thynges. As a Poette & Peyncter he was greete. Wythe hym I lyved at Westburie sixe yeeres beefore he died, & bee nowe hasteynge to the Grave mieselfe.

DEED,

Of a FOUNDATION of

An additional COLLEGE at WESTBURY.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To all Christian People to whom this indented Writing shall come, Thomas Rotherham, under God and the holy Father of the Church, Bishop of the See of Rochester; John Carpenter, Bishop of the See of Worcester; John Booth, Bishop of the See of Exeter; Sir William Canynge, Dean of St. George's College at Westbury upon Trim, and Knight Templar of St. John of Jerusalem; and John Iscam, Chauntry Priest. NOW KNOW YE, that we, the aforesaid Thomas, John, William, and Thomas, having assembled the third day after the feast of Easter, at Westbury, in the House of the said Bishop of Worcester, having

maturely considered all the Circumstances attending such a design, and estimated the expence, have, for the love we bear unto holy Church and all things thereunto belonging, resolved to build a New College, to be adjoining to the left wing of the College lately founded by the late John of Worcester and Sir William. —The Lands proposed for the said Buildings, its Gardens, Cloisters, and other Outletts, being four Acres square, and belonging to Thomas of Rochester, is by him the said Thomas, hereby given to Sir William and Sir Thomas Rowley, intended Builders and Endowers of the said additional College.

The said Thomas of Rochester, John of Worcester, and John of Exeter, do absolve Wm. Canynge, Father, and Robert Canynge, Brother to the said Sir William, from all sins by them committed during their life, as by power of the Holy Father of the Church they are enabled so to do. They the said Sir William and Sir Thomas do give to the Building thereof 2000 Marks in equal portions, to be paid by William or his Heir Apparent to the Master Builders and Carpenters employed in

the same; and we shall superintend the whole. John of Worcester, testified by his Seal Ecclesiastic hereunto set, gives the Master or Principal for the time being, the Priests dues upon the Holy Offerings made in the Easter of the Churches of St. Martin and the Chancells of Saint Gregory, Saint Mary, and Saint Elphage, in the City of Worcester.

John of Exeter gives the Master, witnessed by seal ecclesiastical, the offerings of three Chancells at Teignmouth, three at Exmouth, and two at Exeter, at the Choice of the Master. John Iscam to be Master of the College when finished, and to instruct the Brethren in Grammar, Philosophy, and Architecture: and for that purpose purchase MSS. relating to the said Sciences, at the expence of Thomas Rowley, who will adorn the Boc-hord or Library with gilt wood. Also at the expence of T. Rowley, an Instrument of the new invented art of marking Letters, to be made and set up there.

The Brethren, being 20 in Number, shall be advanced in degrees as they advance in Learning,

and incorporated with the College of 30 Brethren founded by John of Worcester and Sir Thomas, under the same laws enacted, be by the same Master, John Iscam, governed, who shall receive an additional stipend of 40 Marks per annum.

The Badge of the College to be a Cross, Gules, on a Field Argent; and the Brethren, being Free-Masons, to observe the rules of Canynge's Red Lodge. After the Death of Thomas Rowley, his Estate, now computed 5000 Marks, to devolve to the College, to the further Emoluments of 40 of the most Learned Brethren. The Estates to be purchased with it to lie in Somersetshire. And John Iscam, for himself and his Successors, doth promise that the said T. Rowley shall be buried in Ile near the Chanon's Seat in the Church of Westbury, with a fair Ruby Ring on his finger, and over his head a portraiture of his Arms. Argent on a Chief, Or, a Spear Rowel Gules. Sir William Canynge gives at his death 400 Marks for the further Emoluments of the remaining 10 unlearned Brethren.

If the settling the new Brethren exceed 2000 Marks, Sir Thomas Rowley doth hereby covenant to make up the deficiency, and also to furnish the Chapel with palls, and the House and Refedory with Furniture. The Master, after the decease of Iscam, to be chosen by the Brethren, although not considered as Master till their choice it ratified by the Bishop of Worcester for the time being.

In witness of the truth of the above we have all of us hereunto set our public or private Seals, as the law in this case requires, in the 8th year of the reign of King Edward.

Endowed.

1468 Hereunto is fastened the Ground Plot View, Elevation, and Section, of the intended College.

DEED,

Of a FOUNDATION of a CHAPEL.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To all Lovers of Christ, greeting, KNOW YE, that Sir John and Sir Simon Monteacute, Knights, Jocelin le Hawker, and Andrew le Gross, Prepositors and Portreves of Bristol, have agreed to build a Chapel to our Lady of Glastonbury, near to the House of Engilram de Courcе, Baron, on the Bank of Avon, upon the terms herein after recited. Jocelin le Hawker and Andrew le Gross as Portreves, being possessed of all the Lands on the Banks of the Avon and Froome, unless such part as is included in the Grange of the Castle, have given to the said Sir John and Sir Simon, Knights, the lands lying and being between the House of the said Engilram de Courcy and Saga a Jarvas [Pellicarius] to the extent of Six Acres, having

on one side the River, and on the other the Wall of the Minster of Black Friars, and being in the parish of Saint Peter, in Consideration of which the said Sir John and Sir Simon do Give unto the said Portreves, Twenty Farthings of Gold, and yearly an Ave Mary penny for an acknowledgement. And the said Portreves do give to Sir John and Sir Simon a Toft adjoining to the House of Giffard a Sterkham, formerly a house of Nunns of the order of Saint Emma, under the ruins of which House is a well of fair Waters called Nunns Spring, which the said Portreves agree to bring by leaden pipes to the said intended building, in consideration of the sum of 15 Marks paid to them by the said Sir John and Sir Simon. And also they the said Portreves, on receipt of 20 Marks, do agree to cut away part of the wooden Bridge from Elphege Street to the middle of Corporation Lane, and thereby make a passage for the Boats that bring stores or other materials for Building, and also cut away two pieces of Timber projecting from the main arch of the great Bridge; and that no toll shall be taken either by the Greater Portreves for Cattle, Horses, or sledes

drawing stones, or the Lesser by Boats, Timber, or other things requisite to the Building of the said Chapell; and the said Portreves do hereby give three acres of ground; scit, lying, and being near the backside of the ruinous Chapel of St. Augustine and adjoining to the Refactory of the lately erected Monastery Augustein's: the said Land to be the burigdy Groung belonging to the said intended Chapell in case any Monastery as is intended, should be annexed to the same Bodys to be conveyed thither by water at the Expence of the city. And the said Sir John and Sir Simon do hereby give unto the said Portreves the sum of 350 Marks, to be expended by them or their successors in erecting a Chapel to the Honor of Saint Mary of Glastonbury, according to the drawing and Explanation hereunto annexed, to be finished with all convenient speed; and to plant Elm Trees to the number of fifty before the said Chapel on the north side: and if the expence of Building exceed the said sum, the deficiency to be made up to them. The Endowment to be made by the said Sir Simon and Sir John after the Building: witness hereto our Seals in the *First year of King Richard.*

DEED

Of Endowment of the above and Others.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To all lovers of Christ, greeting, KNOW YE, that Sir John Montachute and Sir Simon Montachute having founded a Chapel to Saint Mary in the parish of Saint Peter, and now lately finished a small Monastery adjoining thereto for the maintenance of 10 Persons, do by this Indenture declare to all Christians the Endowments thereof. The said Sir John doth give thereto five Messuages and six Tofts with thirty Acres of Groung belonging to the same: and the said Sir Simon three Messuages and ten Tofts, with twenty-three Acres of Groung belonging to the same. All which make the Street called Swane Street in the Village of Wykwar, Co. Som. for the maintenance of

ten Brothers of the Guild Calendarys, the Master (or Sendschal) of which, after the deaths of the said Sir John and Sir Simon to have the Gift of choosing a Principal, and the Minster to be governed according to the rules observed in other societys of Calendary. No Soldiers from the Castle to be admitted into the Chapel when the doors of the Castle-Chapel or St. Peter's Church are open. Three Masses to be said daily for the Welfare of the souls of the Founders. Testified by the seals of our Family, and the Portreves Seal, in the fifth year of the King's Reign.

This small Minster was perhaps more richly endowed at first than any other religious House in this City. In the course of a century, the Trade of Wykwar sunk so much, the Rent-rolls were not worth half their former value, till in 1395 most of the Houses in Swane Street were destroyed by fire, and the rest falling to decay, and untenanted, the Monks deserted the Minster and joined another Society of their Brethren. The Chapel was turned into a Fett House, in which state it now remains, having in the Tombs of Sir John and Sir Simon,

the Founders, in martial Habits, with their arms displayed at large.

Translated from the Latin of J. Iscam.

As neither the Deeds nor Iscam point out the particular scite of this building, 'tis impossible to say whether any of it has escaped the ravages of time.

A DEED.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

EVA, to all Christians, Greeting, KNOW YE, that I given 300 Farthings of Gold to Robert de Berkhaie, John le Compte and Giles, that they therewith build up the Chapel of St. James, now in ruins, and establish a perpetual Evening Mass for the welfare of the soul of my dear departed Husband, Maurice, Son of Harding, and Brother to the present Fitzharding; and that they may raise a Martial Tomb to his Memory in the now erecting Monastery of Augustines; and that they advance the spire of the now ruinous Chapel 5 higher the Tower of the late new Church and Priory of Saint James, founded and endowed by Robert of Gloucester, and that they establish a perpetual even Song, after which the Mass shall be sung: and that they have wax candles of four

pounds weight for the use of the Altar; and that my late Husband be set in the North and East Window. And that for the living of the Priest four Marks of Gold be paid him yearly out of my estate; and that 100 Farthings of Gold shall be given from my Estate towards repairing the old Priory formed by Ellan, and uniting it with the New, founded by Robert, Consul of Gloucester, as it shall seem most convenient to the said Roberte de Barkelaid and Engilram de Ruel, they advising thereof with my Lorde Roberte of Gloucester. Witness my Seal

YELLOW.

DEED of GIFT.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To all whom this shall come, William Canygo,* Merchant, sendeth Greeting. Going to retire into a College founded at Westbury upon Trim, I hereby give of my Estate, as follows, to my Sons, to be paid them by William Rowley, Merchant, of Bristol, and to continue in their possession till my decease, when I will again devise the same.

The Estate at the said Westbury, being &c. also the Red Lodge in Redclift Street, with the Green Walk before the same, on the Bank of Avon; Eleven Houses in Redcliff Street; 9 Shops (in different parts of the Town) 12 Long Walls

* Not Canynge.

for Cloth-workers: all particularly described for my Son William Canygo.

The Manor of Ixlande Com Dev to my Son Thomas; also 6 Houses in High Street.

The Manor of Horsfield, in Herefordshire, to Henery Rowley, Kinsman of Thomas Rowley, my Friend.

The Manor of Wye, Westbury, Com. Som. & Canygo, &c. &c. to his Son William: if he dies before his Father, to his Son Thomas.

All his possessions in London to his Brother Thomas Canygo, of London.

All his possessions at York to his Kynsman Robert, Canygo, of that place.

To Godfrey Canygo, 9 Houses in Bristol.

To the Churches of Bristol, 1000 Marks.

To his Son Edward, 300 Marks.

To Isabel Nevil, 60 Marks.

To John Canygo, 600 Marks.

To William Rowley, 50 Marks.

His Son to be paid per Annum. William, 50 Marks; Thomas, 30; Edward, 20; Godfrey, his Nephew, 10; John 10; and 10 per annum to the Lazars of Redcleft.*

Witness my Seal.

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* The preceding Deed seems to be the Foundation of the following.

A DEED.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

To all to whom this present writing shall come, William Canynge, of the City of Bristol, Merchant, sendeth greeting, that being, &c. I give unto Thomas Rowley, Preest, and Wm. Rowley, Merchant, all my lands, &c. &c. in trust, as herein after mentioned. First, all the Estate and house of Westbury upon Trym, being two Messuages, 15 Tenements, and 300 Acres of Arable, &c. &c. To my Son Wm. Canynge the Red Lodge in Redcleft Street, with the green walk before the same, 11 Houses in Redcleft Street, 9 Shops in Temple Street, 12 long Halls for Cloth-workers, (all particularly described) for Wm. The Manor

of Ixland, (30 Cottages, 540 Acres of Meadow, &c.*) to his Son Thomas, with six large Houses in High Street, and in case he survives Wm, his Brother, all his Estate.

The Manour of Horsefield, with 3 Messuages, fifteen Cottages, and twenty-five Closes of Orchard and Woodland, in Herefordshire, to Henry Rowley, Sonne of the Nephewe of the said Thomas Rowley.

The Manoures of Wye, Westbury, Somersetshire, Gelham, — Canynge, beeynge 13 large Messuages, 52 Cottages, and 2500 Acres of Land to his Son Wm. If he dies before his Fadre and Brother Thomas, to Thomas. 15 Houses in different parts of London to his Brother Thomas. As he had no Children by Johanna Hathwaie, he returns her Estate to her younger Brother, with the arrears of Rent since her death: thys irrevokable. All

* The words between the Parentheses erased in the Original.

Remr's. to Wm. having by deed of Gift provided for my other Children and Brother's Children.

To Robert Canynge, of York, 5 houses and 7 Meadows thereabout.

To Edward Canynge 5000 Marks.

To Geffry Canynge 9 Houses yn Bristol.

To the Church 1000 Marks.

To Isabel Nevil 6000 Marks.

To John Canynge 6000 Marks.

To Wm. Rowley 50.

All these Gifts revokable, and the Deed to be made void at will; and nothing to be paid till the death of Wm. Canynge, except what follows the Hathewaie Estate.

That the said T. Rowley rece and take the Rents and pay Wm. Canynge the Son every year 500 Marks, Thomas 300, Edward 200, Geffrey 100, John 100, 100 Marks to himself, butte the remainder to mee, Wm. Canynge. At my decease the Estate so given to be separated as aforesaid, and T. Rowley whilst living to have the Manors of Wye and Westbury upon Tryme.

Here endeth the Deed.

FRAGMENT.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

Leominster, together with all the houses, &c. belonging thereunto; and also I have given him herebie 1400 Marks, and made hym Steward and Manager of the Temple Cloth-workers, in which Office I have given him 100 Marks by the years, and thereby make mie Sonne Thomas, Steward and Manager of all my Warehouses which extend from my now dwelling house called Canynges Place to the River Avon backward unto the house of John Blecker, Brewer, near the Bridge; and for the faithful discharge of his Office he shall receive 200 Marks by the year, and I herebie give to him my 6 Messuages which stande behind the black Fryers Minster for an eternal possession.

Description of BRISTOL CASTLE.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

The outer Walle of the Castle stooden ynne the Daies of Wyllyamme Conqueroure, the square Castle wythynne was ybuilen bie Roberte Consulle of Gloucestre, as bee the crosse yn ye Area & the smalle stronge holde whyche was thenne a Watche Towre, ecke the two Watche Towrettes wythynne ye Walle of ye oulde Castle. The Stronge Holde ystondeth atte dystance from the outre Walle of the oulde Castle onne Brancke of Avonne, havynge fyrst a square Walle of ittes own, & ynne ye same twayne of buyldings of this make. [ ]

DESCRIPTION of FROME GATE, BRISTOL.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

This most noble Gate was the Thyrde and laste ybuilden by Burghkieus or Bythricus King of the Westenne Saxans. It had five passages, one whereof was large, and four small. The casements, except one over the Large Pass, was in the maner of croislets hatee. In it lived twenty and foure of the Cross whose Superiour lived in the Chambere over the Great Passe. In the Reigne of Edelredus, 865, the spyre foll, and one Monge was sleene; two passes were beated down, and the great one annoyed, so that folks did not passe and the Monks wont to Welles, (so sayeth myne Authorer, Turgotte.)

T. ROWLEY.

ACCOUNT of ÆLLE.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

Ælle, the Cæsar of Bristol, was descended from the royal bloud of the Mercians, as the Chain round his neck sufficiently witnesseth. In the Reign of Edward, Senior, he was made Custos of Bristol Castle, in discharge of which office he several times defeated the Danes. He died of his wounds in Bristol Castle after his victory over the Danes at Wykewar, being interred in Saint Magdalenes Chapell, which he had founded, and where his coffin was found.

Rowley's MSS.

OBSERVATIONS

Prefixed to a DRAWING of a COIN which Chatterton presented to Mr. Barrett.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

A Silver Coin of Brightrick, or Bithrick, King of the West Saxons, who first walled the present City, as may be seen more at large in Mr. Barrett's incomparable MSS. History of Bristol, who very learnedly and sufficiently accounts for the silence of Early writers relating to Bristol. This Brightrick was purposely poisoned by his wife, Ethelburga, as appears by pieces of great authority, notwithstanding some more modern writers say unwittingly ——

On a MONUMENTAL STONE.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

The monumental stone of some Dane, the Inscription being Magnus. dac. alg. bur. .... being, as I take it, nu, united. S. I think, from Wormius, must be R. and not, according to Rowley, T.

MEMORANDUMS.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

1340. The Freeres of the blacke Ordere did meynteyne the Feythe of Xys Boddie at the Cross yn Baldwynne stroke.

1341. Master Roberte Canynge was buryed in the Minster of Seyncte Johne.

1342. Five yne of Horuson bientе you Highe strold, the wyche thynge before ne oulde Mann ne Chronycalle dyd myn do.

1343. The Priouse of the Carmelytes ytaction yn Bedde wythe a Lemmanne.

1346. A Strynge buyldeynge of stone founde in Redclife Street, semeynge the part of a large Brydge; and Monies of William Counquerer.

1352. The Mynstores and grote Houses fyrste putto outo Waxon Cergos atte the Dores at Nyghte; and The Mayour makeynge Chaundlers to do the lyke.

1360. The Pryoure of Seynte Bartholomew made a foreyonne of hys Freerie an Infarmeries for Lepers.

1339. William and Roberte Canygo sette uppe Loomes for Wevynge a newe Kynde of wooien Clothes eke Drogestie.

1374. The Maiour & Shryves porcion out grounde to Maconnes to buylde & make larger the City pyghteryng downe meynte anciente Houses and Stretes near the Castle and elsewheere; and dyd meinie ordor dyffraunces yn Stretes & Lanys.

EXTRACTS.

From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

But great harme was ytt as it thoughte me,
That on his Skinne a Mormall had he.

Chaucer's charac. Coke.

Rounde was his Face & Camisde was his Nose.

Reevv's Tale.

With Buttockes brode & Breastes round & hye.

Ibid.

He galhoth & he speketh thro' his nose,
As he were in the quacke or in the Pose.

Catarrhe.

Sounde of Men at Labor.

To Plaies of miracles and to maryages.

Wyfe of Bathe Prologue.

Doe come he saied mye minstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon yn mine armynge,
Of Romaunces that been reials,
Of Popes & of Cardinauls,
And ecke of Love Longing.

Rime of Sir Thopas.

An Extract from Plowman's Tale, illegible.

Of all mannere of Minstrales
And Jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weeping and of Yame,
And of all that longeth unto Fame.

The Third Book of Fame.

Chaucer, when of the Inner Temple, as appears by the record, was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street.

Speghte.

These Extracts are worth preserving, as they evidence Chatterton's acquaintance with Speghte and Chaucer, and shew that his habit was to transcribe such passages as he afterwards intended to introduce in his works At the end of the Antiquity of Christmas Games, vol. 3, page 88, he has printed two of the above Extracts.

CHATTERTON'S LETTERS.

(From Barrett's History of Bristol.)

LETTER I.

To HORACE WALPOLE.

SIR,

Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you in any future edition of your truly entertaining anecdotes of painting—in correcting the mistakes, (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige,

Your most humble servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Bristol, March 25th, Corn-Street.

The Ryse of Peyncteyne, in Englande, wroten bie T. Rowleie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge.†*

Peyncteynge ynn Englande, haveth of ould tyme bin yn ure; for saieth the Roman wryters, the Brytonnes dyd depycte themselves, yn soundrie wyse, of the fourmes of the sonne and moone wythe the hearbe woade: albeytte I doubte theie were no skylled carvellers. The Romans be accounted of al men of cunnynge wytte yn peyncteynge and carvellynge; aunter theie mote inhylde theyre rare devyces ynto the mynds of the Brytonnes; albeytte atte the commeynge of Hengeyst, nete appeares to wytteness yt, the Kystes are rudelie ycorven, and for the moste parte houge

* T. Rowleie was a secular Priest of St. John's, in this city; his merit as a Hiographer, historiographer is great, as a poet still greater: some of his pieces would do honor to Pope; and the person under whose patronage they may appear to the world, will lay the Englishman, the antiquary, and the Poet, under an eternal obligation.

† The founder of that noble Gothic pile, Saint Mary Redcliff Church, in this city: the Mecenas of his time: o..e who could happily blend the poet, the painter, the priest, and the christian perfect in each: a friend to all in distress, an honor to Bristol, and a glory to the church.

hepes of stones. Hengeste dyd brynge ynto thys reaulme herehaughtrie, whyche dydde brynge peyncteynge. Hengeste bare an asce ahrered bie an afgod. Horsa, anne horse sauleaunte, whyche eftsoones hys broder eke bore. Cerdyke, a sheld adryfene; Cuthwar a shelde afægrod: whose ensamples, were followed bie the hyndlettes of hys troupe, thys emproved the gentle art of peyncteynge. Herehaughtrie was yn esteem amongste them take yee these Saxon acheuementes. Heofmas ûn æcced-fet was ybore of Leof, an Abtlane of Somertonne. Ocyre aaded—ybore bie Elawolf of Mercia. Blac border adronet an storve adellice—the auntiaunte armourie of Bristowe—a scelde agrefen was the armourie of Ælle Lord of Brystowe castle. Crosses in maynte nombere was ybore, albeyt chiefes and oder partytiones was unknowen, untill

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Asce, &c. *a ship supported by an idol.*

Adryfene, *an imbossed shield; being rudely carved with flowers, leaves, serpents, and whatever suited the imagination of the carver.*

Afægrod, *a shield painted in the same taste as the carving of the last.*

Heofnas, &c. *azure, a plate; which is the signification of æced-fed.*

Ocyre, &c. *or Promeise—aad in Saxon was little green cakes, offered to the afgods or idols.*

Blac, &c. *sable within a border undee, a town walled and crenelled proper.*

A scelde, &c. *a shield carved with crosses.*

the nynthe centurie. Nor was peyncteynge of sheeldes theire onlie emploie, walles maie be seene, whereyn ys auntyaunte Saxonne peynteynge; and the carvellynge maie be seene yn imageies atte Keyneshame; Puckilchyrche; and the castle albeyt largerre thâne life, theie be of feetyve hondiewarke. Affleredus was a peyncter of the eighth centurie, hys dresse bee ynne menne, a longe alban, braced wythe twayne of azure gyrdles; labelles of redde clothe onne his arme and flatted beaver uponne the heade. Nexte Aylward in tenthe centurie ycorven longe paramentes; wythoute, of redde uponne pourple, wyth goulde beltes and dukalle couronnes beinge rems of floreated goulde—Afflem a peyncter lived ynne the reygne of Edmonde; whane, as storie saiethe was fyrst broughte ynto Englande, the counynge mysterie of steineynge glasse of which he was a notable perfourmer; of his worke maie bee seene atte Ashebyrne, as eke at the mynster chauncele of Seyncte Bede, whych doethe represente Seyncte Warburghe to whose honoure the mynsterre whylome han bin dedycated. Of his lyfe be fulle maint accountes. Goeynge to partes of the londe

hee was taken bie the Danes, and carryed to Denmarque, there to bee forslagen bie shotte of arrowe. Inkarde a soldyer of the Danes was to slea hym; onne the nete before the feeste of deathe hee founde Afflen to bee hys broder. Affrighte chaynede uppe hys soule. Ghastnesse dwelled yn his breaste. Oscarre the greate Dane gave hest hee shulde bee forslagene, with the commeynge sunne; no teares colde availe, the morne cladde yn roabes of ghastness was come; whan the Danique Kynge behested Oscarre, to araie hys knyghes eftsoones, for warre: Afflem was put yn theyre flyeynge battailes, sawe his countrie ensconced wythe foemen, hadde hys wyfe ande chyldrene broghten capteeves to hys shyppe, ande was deieynge wythe sorrowe, whanne the loude blantaunte wynde hurled the battyle agaynste an heck. For fraughte wythe embolleynge waves, he sawe hys broder, wyfe, and chyldrenne synke to deathe: himselfe was throwen onne a banke ynne Isle of Wyghte, to lyve hys lyfe forgarde to alle emmoise: thus moche for Afflem. Johne,* se-

* Here Chatterton inserted, as a specimen of the Abbotte Johne's abilities, the Poem on Richard I. printed page 156, vol. 2.

conde abbatte of Seyncte Austyns mynsterre, was the fyrste Englyshe paynstere in oyles; of hym have I sayde in oder places relateynge to his poesies. He dyd wryte a boke of the Proportione of Ymageries, whereynne he saieth the Saxonnes dydde throwe a mengleture over theyre coloures to chevie them from the weder. Nowe methynkethe steinede glasse mote need no syke a casinge, butte oile alleynge; botte albeytte ne peyncteynge of the Saxonnes bee in oyle botte water, or as whylome called eau. Chatelion, a Frenchmane, learned oyle paynctеyne of abbat Johne. Carvellynge ynne hys daies gedered new beauties, botte mostelie was wasted in smalle and driblelet pieces, the ymageries beeynge alle cladde ynne longe paramentes, whan the glorie of a carveller shulde bee in ungarmented ymagerie, therebie shewinge the semblamente to kynde. Roberte of Glowster lissed notte his spryghte to warre ne learnynge, butte was the sonne, under whose raies the flowrettes of the field shotte ynto lyfe: Gille a Brogtonne was kyndelie norriced bie hymme, whoe depycted notable yn eau. Henrie a Thonton was a geason depyctor of countenances; he paynctеd the walles of

master Canynge hys howse, where bee the councelmenne atte dynnere; a moste daintie ande feetyve performaunce nowe ycrased, beeynge done ynne M.CC.I. Henrie a Londre was a curyous broderer of scarces ynne sylver ande golde and selkes diverse of hue. Childeberte Weste was a depyctour of countenances. Botte above alle was the peyncter John de Bohunn, whose worke maie be seene yn Westmynster halle. * Of carvellers and oder peyncters I shalle saie hereafter, fyrst Englyschynge from the Latyne cit to wytte. Peyncteynge improveth the mynde and smotheth the roughe face of our spryghtes.

For Horace Walpole, Esq. to be left with Mr. Bathoe, Bookseller, near Exeter Change, London.

Mr. Walpole, in his Narrative, mentions the receipt of this 1st letter in the following manner.

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* I have the lives of several eminent carvers, painters, &c. of antiquity, but as they all relate to Bristol may not be of service in a general history. If they may be acceptable to you they are at your service.

"Bathoe, my Bookseller, brought me a Paquet left with him. It contained an Ode or little poem of two or three stanzas, in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard the 1st, and I was told in very few lines, that it had been found at Bristol with many other old Poems: and the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great Painters that had flourished at Bristol.

Here I must pause to mention my own reflections. At first I concluded that somebody having met with my Anecdotes of Painting had a mind to laugh at me, I thought not very ingeniously, as I was not likely to swallow a succession of great Painters at Bristol. The Ode or Sonnet, as I think it was called, was too pretty to be a part of the plan; and, as is easy with all the other supposed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it very modern, by changing the old words for new; tho' yet more difficult than with most of them. (You see I tell you fairly the case.) I then imagined, and do still, that the success of Ossian's poems had suggested this plan."—With these

sentiments and feelings Mr. Walpole sent Chatterton the following reply.

Arlington Street, April 28, 1769.

SIR,*

I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already sent me, is very valuable, and full of information; but instead of correcting you Sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned Notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's Text.

As a second Edition of my Anecdotes was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a

* This Letter Mr. Walpole acknowledged to be genuine.

third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any Notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's Poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

The Abbot John's Verses (vid. page 136, vol. 2,) that you have given me are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words I do not understand. You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John al Ectry's Discovery of Oil Painting. If so, it confirms what I had guess'd, and have hinted in my Anecdotes, that Oil painting was known here, much earlier than that discovery or revival.

I will not trouble you with more questions now, Sir, but flatter myself, from the humanity and po-

liteness you have already shewn me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope too you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favored me with none other.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged
And obedient humble Servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.*

P.S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole, Arlington Street.

On the receipt of this Letter, Chatterton sent the following

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* With what justice, must be determined by the Reader, from a view of the whole transaction, but Chatterton repeatedly told Mr. G. Catcott, that he was despised by Horace Walpole from the moment he made known his dependent situation. With this impression on his mind he expressed great regret that he had not concealed his circumstances from his obsequious Correspondent.

LETTER II.

I offer* you some further anecdotes and specimens of poetry, and am Your very humble and obedient servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

March 30, 1769, *Corn Street, Bristol.*

Historie of Peyncters yn Englande.

Bie T. Rowley.

Haveynge sayde yn oder places of peyncteynge and the ryse thereof, eke of somme peyncteres; nowe bee ytte toe be sayde of oders wordie of note.

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* From an examination of the Original, it appears that Chatterton had written to Horace Walpole a longer letter than this, and the line and a half, which now seems to form the letter, was merely the conclusion to it; but for some unapparent reason Chatterton *cut off* the former part, which consisted of about six lines. This defacement probably took place, after the letter was returned from Horace Walpole.

Afwolde was a skylled wyghte yn laieynge onne of coloures: hee lyved yn Merciæ, ynne the daies of Kynge Offa, aude depycted the countenaunce of Eadburga hys dawter, whyche depycture beeynge borne to Bryghtricke he toke her to wyfe, as maie be seene at large in Alfridus.* Edilwald Kynge of the Northumbers understode peyncteynge, botte I cannot fynde anie piece of hys nemped. Inne a mansion at Copenhamme I have seene a peyncteynge of moche antiquitie, where is sytteynge Egbrychte in a royaul manner, wythe kynges yn chaynes at hys fote, withe meincte semblable fygures, whyche were symboles of hys lyfe: and I haveth noted the Saxons to be more notable ynne lore and peyncteynge thann the Normannes, nor ys the monies sythence the daies of Willyame le Bastarde so fayrelie strokẽn as aforetyme. I eke haveth seen the armorie of East Sexe

NEMPED, *mentioned.* SEMBLABLE, *metaphorical.*

* This is a writer, whose works I have never been happy enough to meet with.

most fetyvelie depycted, ynne the medst of an auntyaunte wall. Botte nowe wee bee upon peyncteynge, sommewhatte maie be saide of the poemes of these daies, whyche bee toe the mynde what peyncteynge bee toe the eyne, the coloures of the fyrste beeynge mo dureynge. Ecca By-shoppe of Hereforde yn D.LVII. was a goode poete, whome I thus Englyshe:

Whan azure skie ys veylde yn robes of nyghte,
Whanne glemmrynge dewedropes stounde the faytours eyne,
Whanne flying cloudes, betinged with roddie lyghte,
Doth on the brindlynge wolfe and woòd bore shine,
Whann even star fayre herehaughte of nyght,
Spreds the darke douskie sheene alonge the mees,
The wreethynge neders sends a glumie lyghte,
And houlets wynge from levyn blasted trees.
Arise mie spryghte and seke the distant delle,
And there to ecchoing tonges thie raptured joies ytele.

Gif thys manne han no hande for a peyncter, he had a head: a pycture appearethe ynne eache lyne,

---

FETYVELIE, *elegantly, handsomely.*
STOUNDE, *astonish.*
FAYTOURS, *travellers.*
MEES, *meed.*
NEDERS, *adders, used here perhaps as a glow-worm.*
GLUMIE, *dim, gloomy.*
LEVYN, *blasted by ligh ning.*

and I wys so fyne an even sighte mote be drawn, as ys ynne the above. In anoder of hys vearses he saithe,

Whanne sprynge came dauncynge onne a flowrette bedde,
Dighte ynne greene raimente of a chaungynge kynde;
The leaves of hawthorne boddeynge on hys hedde,
Ande wythe prymrosen coureynge to the wynde:
Thanne dydd the shepster hys longe albanne spredde
Uponne the greenie bancke and daunced arounde,
Whilest the soest flowretts nodded onne his hedde,
And hys fayre lambes besprenged onne the ground;
Anethe hys fote the brookelette ranne alonge,
Whyche strolleth rounde the vale to here hys joyous songe.

Methynckethe these bee thoughtes notte oft to be metten wyth, and ne to bee excellede yn theyre kynde. Elmar Byshoppe of Selseie was fetyve yn workes of ghastlieness, for the whyche take yee thys speeche:

Nowe maie alle helle open to glope thee downe,
Whylste azure merke immenged wythe the daie,
Shewe lyghte on darkned peynes to be moe rounde,
O mayest thou die lyving deathes for aie;

SHEPSTER, *shepherd.*
ALBANNE, *a large loose white robe.*
BESPRENDED, *scattered.*
GHASTLIENESS, *terror.*
MERKE, *darkness.*
IMMENGED, *mingled.*
ROUNE, *terrific.*

Maie floodes of Solfirre bear thie sprighte anoune,
Synkeynge to depths of woe, maie levynnebrondes
Tremble upon thie peyne devoted crowne,
And senge thie alle yn vayne emploreynge hondes;
Maie alle the woes that Godis wrathe can sende
Uponne thie heade alyghte, and there theyre furie spende.

Gorweth of Wales be sayde to be a wryter goode, botte I understande not that tonge. Thus moche for poetes, whose poesies do beere resemblance to pyctures in mie unwordie opynion. Asserius was a wryter of hystories; he ys buryed atte Seynte Keynas College ynne Keynsham wythe Torgotte, anoder writer of hystories. Inne the walle of thys college ys a tombe of Seyncte Keyna*, whych was ydoulven anie, and placed ynne the walle, albeit done yn the daies of Cerdycke, as appeared bie a crosse of leade upon the kyste; ytte bee moe notablie perfourmed than meynte of ymageries of these daies. Inne the chyrche wyndowe ys a geason peyncteynge of Seyncte Keyna sytte-

ANOUNE, *ever and anon, often.*
LEVYNNEBRONDES, *thunderbolts.*
KYSTE, *coffin.*
MEYNTE, *many.*
YMAGERIES, *statutes, &c.*
GEASON, *curio.*

* This, I believe, is there now

ynge in a trefoliated chayre, ynne a longe alban braced wythe golden gyrdles from the waste upwarde to the breaste, over the whyche ys a smaule azure coape; benethe ys depycted Galfridus, M.LV. whyche maie bee that Geoffroie who ybuylded the geason gate* to Seyncte Augustynes chapele once leadeynge. Harrie Piercie of Northomberlande was a quaynte peyncter; he lyvede yn M.C. and depycted severalle of the wyndowes ynne Thong abbie, the greate wyndowe atte Battaile abbeie; hee depycted the face verie welle wythalle, botte was lackeynge yn the moste-to-bee loked-to accounte, proportione. Johne a Roane payncted the shape of an hayre; he carved the castle for the sheelde of Gilberte Clare of thek fetyve perfourmaunce. Elwarde ycorne the castle for the seale of Kynge Harolde of most geason worke; nor has anie seale sythence bynne so rare,

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COAPE, *cloak or mantle.*
QUAYNTE, *curious.*
THEK, *very.*

YCORNE, *a contraction of ycorven, carved.*

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* This gate is now standing in this city, though the chapel is not to be seen.

excepte the seale of Kynge Henrie the fyfthe, corven bie Josephe Whetgyfte. Thomas a Baker, from corveynge crosse loafes, toke to corveyng of ymageryes, whych he dyd most fetyvelie; hee lyved ynne the cittie of Bathe, beeynge the fyrste yn Englande thatte used hayre ynne the bowe of the fyddle,* beeynge beefore used wythe peetched hempe or flax. Thys carveller dyd decease ynn M.LXXI. Thus moche for carvellers and peyncters.

John was inducted abbot in the year 1146, and sat in the dies 29 years. As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still, (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley,† whose works when I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you.‡

* Nothing is so much wanted as a history of the antiquity of the violin, nor is any antiquary more able to do it than yourself. Such a piece would redound to the honour of England, as Rowley proves the use of the bow to be knowne to the Saxons, and even introduced by them.

† None of Rowley's Pieces were ever made public, being till the year 1631 shut up in an iron chest in Redcliff church.

‡ Here follow the lines on "WARRE," printed in vol. 2, page 38.

After Horace Walpole had received Chatterton's second Letter he again wrote to him to obtain further particulars concerning Rowley and his Poems. To this letter Chatterton replied by saying he was the Son of a poor Widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was Clerk to an Attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish that Horace Walpole would assist him with his interest in emerging out of so dull a profession by procuring him some place in which he could pursue his natural bent. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient Poetry had been discovered in his native City, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him those he had transcribed. With this letter he sent some other of Rowley's Poems, amongst which was an absolutely modern Pastoral, thinly sprinkled with old words.

Upon receiving this letter Mr. Walpole wrote to a Lady in Bath to make some inquiries concerning Chatterton. The Lady corroborated what Chatterton had said of himself, when Mr. Walpole

wrote to him a kind letter, undeceiving him about his being a person of any interest, and urging to him, that, in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to bring him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt: he also told him that when he had made a fortune he might unbend himself with studies more consonant with his inclination. He told him also that he had communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed MSS. He mentioned also their reasons for concluding that the Poems could not be the production of the age to which they were assigned.

To this Letter Chatterton sent the following reply.

LETTER III.

SIR,

I am not able to dispute with a person of your literary character. I have transcribed Rowley's

poems, &c. &c. from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity. St. Austin's minster was in Bristol. In speaking of painters in Bristol, I mean glass-stainers. The MSS. have long been in the hands of the present possessor, which is all I know of them —Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, sir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law.

I am,

Your most humble servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Bristol, April 8, 1769.

Six days after Chatterton wrote again.

LETTER IV.

SIR,

Being fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, an able antiquary, who is now writing The History of Bristol, has desired it of me; and I should be sorry to deprive him, or the world indeed, of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity.

Your very humble servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Bristol, Corn Street, April 14, 1769.

P. S. If you wish to publish them yourself they are at your service.

Chatterton seems to have hesitated concerning his second letter to Horace Walpole, as the two following letters (preserved in the British Museum) were written on the same occasion, but *never sent.*

LETTER V.

For Horace Walpole, Esq. Arlington Street, London.

SIR,

As I am *now* fully convinced that Rowley's Papers are genuine: should be obliged to you if you'd send Copies of them to the Town and Country Magazine, or return them to me for that purpose; as it would be the greatest Injustice to deprive the World of so valuable a Curiosity.

I have seen the original from whence the Extracts first sent you were first copied. The Harmony is not so extraordinary, as Joseph Iscam is altogether as harmonious.

The Stanza Rowley writes in, instead of being introduced by Spenser was in use 300 years before

* * * *

by Rowley, — tho' I have seen some Poetry of that age exceeding Alliterations without Rhyme.

I shall not defend Rowley's Pastoral: its merit can stand its own defence.

Rowley was employed by Canning to go to the Principal Monasteries in the Kingdom to Collect drawings, Paintings, and all the MSS. relating to Architecture—is it then so very extraordinary he should meet with the few remains of Saxon Learning? 'Tis allowed by every Historian of Credit, that the Normans destroyed all the Saxon MSS. Paintings, &c. that fell in their way; endeavouring to suppress the very Language. The want of knowing what they were, is all the Foundation you can have for stiling them a barbarous Nation.

If you are not satisfied with these conspicuous

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the honor to be of my opinion.

Sir, I am,

Your very humble & obedient Servant,

T. CHATTERTON.

Bristol, Corn-Street, April 14th, 1769.

LETTER VI.

To the Same.

(From a Copy in Mr. Barrett's Writing.)

SIR,

Being fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return the Copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett who is now writing the History and Antiquities of the City of Bristol has desired it of me, and I should be very sorry to deprive him, or the World, indeed of a Valuable Curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of Antiquity. However barbarous the Saxons may be called by our modern Virtuosos, it is certain we are indebted to Alfred and other Saxon Kings for the wisest of our Laws, and in part for the British Constitution. The Normans indeed destroyed the MSS. Paintings, &c. of the Saxons that fell in their way, but some might be, and certainly were, recovered out of the Monasteries, &c. in which they were preserved. Mr. Vertue could know nothing of the matter — 'twas quite out of his walk. I

thought Rowley's Pastoral had a degree of merit that would be its own defence. Abbot John's Verses were translated by Rowley out of the *Greek*, and there might be Poetry of his Age something more than mere Alliterations, as he was so great a Scholar. The Stanza, if I mistake not, was used by Ischan, Gower, Ladgate, &c. long before Spenser. Glumm is used by John a Beverley, Gower, and Ladgate, in the same sense as by Rowley, and the modern Gloomy seems but a refinement of the Old Word. Glomming in Anglo-Saxon is ye Twilight.

From, Sir,

Your humble servant,

T. CHATTERTON.

Mr. Walpole still remaining at Paris, and Chatterton not being aware of the cause of a delay of two months in receiving his papers, wrote again the following dignified and spirited letter.

LETTER VII.

SIR,

I cannot reconcile your behaviour to me, with

the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, Sir; and did not you know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the MS. :— No answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

July 24th.

Mr. Walpole returned from Paris a few days after, and finding the above letter (which he stiles "*singularly impertinent*") he collected both Chatterton's MSS. and Letters, and returned the whole, in a Blank Cover, on the 4th of August, 1769.

The preceding account is taken from Horace Walpole's Narrative, and is thus particularly stated that the Reader may form a just conception of the whole of the Correspondence between Mr. Walpole and the Great but Unfortunate Chatterton.*

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* Letters 3, 4, and 7, are printed from the works of the Earl of Orford. Letters 1, 2, 5, and 6 are printed from the Originals, preserved in the British Museum. Mr Walpole's Letter was furnished by Mr. Catcott.

LETTER VIII.

From Chatterton to Mr. G. Catcott.

London, August 12, 1770.

SIR,

A Correspondent from Bristol had raised my admiration to the highest pitch by informing me, that an appearance of spirit and generosity had crept into the niches of avarice and meanness;—that the murderer of Newton* (Ferguson) had met with every encouragement that ignorance could bestow; that an episcopal palace was to be erected for the enemy of the Whore of Babylon, and the present turned into a stable for his ten-headed Beast—that a spire was to be patched to St. Mary Redcliffe, and the streets kept cleaner, with many other impossibilities: but when Mr. Catcott (the *Champion* of Bristol) doubts it, it may be doubted. Your description of the intended steeple struck me. I have seen it, but not as the

* Sir Isaac.

invention of Mr. —— All that he can boast is Gothicising it. —Give yourself the trouble to send to Weobley's, Holborn, for a View* of the church of St. Mary de la Annunciation, at Madrid, and you will see a spire almost the parallel of what you describe. — The conduct of —— is no more than what I expected: I had received information that he was absolutely engaged in the defence of the Ministry, and had a pamphlet on the stocks, which was to have been paid with a translation. In consequence of this information, I inserted the following paragraph in one of my exhibitions.

"Revelation Unravelled, by ——.

"The Ministry are indefatigable in establishing themselves: they spare no expence, so long as the expence does not lie upon *them.* This piece represents the tools of Administration offering the Doctor a pension, or translation, to new-model his Treatise on the Revelations, and to prove Wilkes to be an Atheist.

* The Print does not exist.

The Editor of Baddeley's Bath Journal has done me the honour to murder most of my hieroglyphics, that they may be abbreviated for his paper. Whatever may be the political sentiments of your inferior clergy, their superiors are all flamingly Ministerial. Should your scheme for a single row of houses in Bridge-street take place, conscience must tell you, that Bristol will owe even that beauty to avarice, since the absolute impossibility of finding tenants for a double row is the only occasion of your having but one. The Gothic dome I mentioned was not designed by Hogarth. I have no great opinion of him out of his ludicrous walk—there he was undoubtedly inimitable. It was designed by the great Cipriani. The following description may give you a faint idea of it. From an hexagonal spiral tower (such I believe Redcliffe is) rose a similar palisado of Gothic pillars, three in a cluster on every angle, but single and at an equal distance in angular spaces. The pillars were trifoliated *(as Rowlie terms it,)* and supported by a majestic oval dome, not absolutely circular (that would not be Gothic,) but terminating in a point, surmounted with a cross, and on the top of the

cross a globe. The two last ornaments may perhaps throw you into a fit of religious reflection, and give rise to many pious reflections. Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity! I request them not, for I am no Christian. — Angels are, according to the orthodox doctrine, creatures of the epicene gender, like the Temple beaux * * * *.

I intend going abroad as a *surgeon*. — Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me greatly, by *his* giving me a physical character. I hope he will. I trouble you with a copy of an Essay I intend publishing.

I remain,

Your much obliged

Humble Servant,

THO. CHATTERTON.

Direct to me at Mrs. Angel's, Sash-Maker, Brook-Street, Holborn.

LETTER IX.

This Letter is taken from the Gentleman's Magazine, and rests on the authority of the anonymous correspondent *J. D.*

To Ralph Bigland, Esq. Somerset Herald.

SIR,

"Hearing you are composing a book of Heraldry, I trouble you with this. Most of our Heralds assert Files should never be borne in even numbers. I have seen several old seals with four, six, and eight; and in the cathedral here is a coat of the Berkeleys with four.

"Curious Coats in and about Bristol.

"Barry of 6, Or and Azure, counterchanged per Fess. by Gilbert de Gaunt. Argent, a maunch Gules edged, Or, verdoy of trefoils, by John Cosier. Or, a canton sable, by Delouvis. A seal, Quarterly, first and fourth on bend, 3 annulets,

second and third a head couped gutté, by the name of Sancto Lovis, to a deed dated 1204.

Your most humble Servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

LETTER X.

*From Chatterton to his Friend Mr. Wm. Smith.**

INFALLIBLE DOCTOR,

Let this apologise for long silence. — Your request would have been long since granted, but I know not what it is best to compose: a Hindica-syllabum carmen Hexastichon, Ogdastich, Tetrametrum, or Septennarius. You must know I have been long troubled with a Poetical Cephalaphonia, for I no sooner begin an Acrostic, but I wander into a Threnodia. —— The poem ran thus: the first line, an Acatalictos; the second, an Otislogia of the first; the third, an Acyrologia: the fourth, an Epanalepsis of the third; fifth, a Diatyposis of beauty; sixth, a Diaporesis of success; seventh,

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* Furnished by Mr. Catcott.

a Brachy Catalecton; eighth, an Ecphonesis of Explexis. In short, an Enpynion could not contain a greater Synchysis of such accidents without Syzygia. I am resolved to forsake the Parnassian Mount, and would advise you to do so too, and attain the mystery of composing Smegma. Think not I make a Mysterismus in mentioning Smegma. No; my Mnemosque will let me see (unless I have an Amblyopia) your great services, which shall be always remembered by

FLASMOT EYCHAORITT.

LETTER XI.

*From Chatterton to his Relation, Mr. Stephens, at Salisbury.**

SIR,

If you think vanity is the dictator of the following lines, you will not do me justice. No, Sir,

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* Furnished by Mr. Catcott.

it is only the desire of proving myself worthy your correspondence, has induced me to write. My partial friends flatter me with giving me a little uncommon share of abilities. It is Mr. Stephens alone, whose good sense disdains Flattery, whom I appeal to. It is a maxim with me that compliments of friends *is* more dangerous than railing of enemies. You may enquire if you please for the Town and Country Magazines, wherein, all signed D. B. and Asaphides, are mine. The pieces called Saxon, are originally and totally the product of my muse; though I should think it a greater merit to be able to translate Saxon. As the said Magazine is by far the best of its kind, I shall have some pieces in it every month; and if I vary from my said signature, will give you notice thereof. Having some curious Anecdotes of Paintings and Painters, I sent them to Mr. Walpole, Author of the Anecdotes of Painting, Historic Doubts, and other pieces, well known in the learned world. His answer I make bold to send you* Hence I began a Literary cor-

* See Pages 377 and 383, Vol. 3.

respondence, which ended as most such do. I differed with him in the age of a MS. He insists on his superior talents, which is no proof of that superiority. We possibly may publicly engage in one of the periodical publications; though I know not who will give the onset. Of my proceedings in this affair, I shall make bold to acquaint you. My next Correspondent of note, is Dodsley, whose collection of modern and antique poems are in every library. In this city, my principal acquaintance are Mr. Barrett, now writing at a vast expence, an ancient and modern history of Bristol; a task more difficult than the cleansing the Augean Stable. Many have attempted, but none succeeded in it, yet will this work, when finished, please not only my fellow-citizens, but all the world. Mr. Catcott, author of that excellent treatise on the Deluge, and other pieces, to enumerate which, would argue a supposition that you were not acquainted with the literary world. To the studies of these Gentlemen, I am always admitted; and they are not below asking my advice in any matters of antiquity. I have made a very curious collection of coins and antiques. As

I cannot afford to have a gordlabine to keep them in, I commonly give them to those who can. If you pick up any Roman, Saxon, English coins, or other antiques, even a sight of them would highly oblige me. When you quarter your arms in the mullet, say, Or, a Fess, Vert by the name of Chatterton. I trace your family from Fitz Stephen, son of Stephen, Earl of Ammerle, in 1095, son of Od, Earl of Bloys, and Lord of Holderness.

I am your very humble servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

LETTER XII.

From Chatterton to his Friend Baker, in Charles-Town, South-Carolina, dated March 6th, 1768.*

DEAR FRIEND,

I must now close my poetical labours, my master being returned from London. You write in a

* Furnished by Mr. Catcott.

very entertaining stile; though I am afraid mine will be the contrary. Your celebrated Miss Rumsey is going to be married to Mr. Fowler, as he himself informs me. Pretty children! about to enter into the comfortable yoke of matrimony, to be at their own liberty: just apropos to the old law—but out of the frying pan into the fire! For a lover, heavens mend him but for a husband! O excellent! what a female Machiaval this Miss Rumsey is! a very good Mistress of Nature to discover a *demon* in the habit of a parson; to find a spirit so well adapted to the humour of an English wife, that is, one who takes off his hat, to every person he chances to meet, to shew his staring horns, and very politely stands at the door of his wife's chamber, whilst her gallant is entertaining her within. O mirabili! what will human nature degenerate into. Fowler aforesaid, declares he makes a scruple of conscience of being too free with Miss Rumsey before marriage. There's a gallant for you! why a girl with any thing of the woman would despise him for it. But no more of him. I am glad you approve of the ladies in Charles-Town; and am obliged to

you for the compliment of including me in your happiness; my friendship is as firm as the white rock when the black waves roar around it, and the waters burst on its hoary top, when the driving wind ploughs the sable sea, and the rising waves aspire to the clouds, turning with the rattling hail. So much for heroics. To speak in plain English; I am, and ever will be, your unalterable friend. I did not give your love to Miss Rumsey, having not yet seen her in private, and in public she will not speak to me, because of her great love to Fowler; and on another occasion. I have been violently in love these three and twenty times, since your departure; and not a few times came off victorious. I am oblig'd to you for your curiosity, and shall esteem it very much, not on account of itself, but as coming from you. The poems, &c. on Miss *Hoyland*,* I wish better, for her sake and yours. The TOURNAMENT I have only one canto of, which I send herewith; the

* The verses to Miss Hoyland (the Lady to whom Baker paid his addresses) Miss Clarke, &c. were all included in the above Letter from Chatterton to his Friend, and will be found in Vol. 1st.

remainder is entirely lost. I am with the greatest regret going to subscribe myself, Your faithful and constant Friend, 'till death do us part,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Mr. Baker, Charles-Town, South-Carolina.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. Rudhall,

SIR,

By copying this in your next epistle to Mr. Baster, you will oblige, Your's, &c. &c.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.†

To Mr. Baster,

Damn the Muses.—I abominate them and their works: they are the Nurses of Poverty and Insanity. Your smiling Roman Heroes were acounted such, as being always ready to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country. He who without a more sufficient reason than common

† Furnished by Mr. Catcott.

place scurrility, can look with disgust on his native place, is a villain, and a villain not fit to live. I am obliged to you for supposing me such a villain.

I am,

Your very humble Servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"Mr. Lambert, the attorney, found a letter upon the writing-desk of Chatterton, addressed to a worthy, generous man, Mr. Clayfield, stating "his distresses, and that on Mr. Clayfield's receiving that letter, he (Chatterton) should be no more." At this letter Mr. Lambert being alarmed sent it to Mr. Barrett, thinking he might dissuade him from this impious attempt on himself, who sending immediately for Chatterton questioned him closely upon the occasion in a tender and friendly manner, but forcibly urged to him the horrible crime of self-murder, however glossed over by our present libertines, blaming the bad company and principles he had adopted; this be-

trayed him into some compunction, and by his tears he seemed to feel it—at the same time he acknowledged he wanted for nothing, and denied any distress upon that account. He next day sent the following letter:"——*Barrett.*

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. Barrett,

SIR,

Upon recollection I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to have given him a letter but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe, that I keep no worse company than *myself.* I never drink to excess, and have without vanity too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity.—No! It is my PRIDE, my damn'd, native, unconquerable PRIDE that plunges me into distraction. You must know that 19-20th of my composition is pride: I must either live a slave, a servant, have no will of my own, no senti-

ments of my own which I may freely declare as such, or DIE!—Perplexing alternative! But it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavour to learn humility, but it cannot be here. What it will cost me on the trial Heaven knows!*

I am,

Your much obliged, unhappy humble servant,

T. C.

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* "Some few weeks after this he planned the scheme of going to London and writing for the booksellers, &c. Most of his friends and acquaintance contributed a guinea apiece towards his journey, and he there settled, but carried his libertine principles with him, cœlum non animum mutans, till the same pride, the same principles impelled him to become his own executioner. He took a large dose of opium, some of which was picked out from between his teeth after death, and he was found the next morning a most horrid spectacle, with limbs and features distorted as after convulsions, a frightful and ghastly corpse. Such was the horrible catastrophe of T. Chatterton, the producer of Rowley and his poems to the world." —— *Barrett.*

LETTERS

To his MOTHER and SISTER,

(After his arrival in London.)

LETTER I.

London, April 26, 1770.

DEAR MOTHER,

Here I am, safe, and in high spirits.—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid easy; and agreeably entertained with the conversation of a quaker *in dress,* but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing Friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when, finding it rained pretty fast I entered an inside passenger to Speen-

hamland, the half-way stage, paying seven shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough Downs the snow was near a foot high.

At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one. — Honest gee-hoo complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him. — Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whose school-boy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time.*

Got into London about five o'clock in the evening — called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design; — shall soon be settled. — Call upon Mr. Lambert; shew him this, or tell him, if I deserve

a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me. Seen all aunts, cousins —all well— and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home. ——Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember.—I remain,

Your dutiful Son,

T. CHATTERTON.

LETTER II.

Shoreditch, London, May 6th, 1770.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am surprised that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one Magazine: shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect: Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with

the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destin'd to hold me—there, I was out of my element; now, I am in it—London! Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol!—Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet.—Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of praise; if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not al-

ways a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers—Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant, man of war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news from him yet.—I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, your's, &c.

T. CHATTERTON.

P. S. I have some trifling presents for my Mother, Sister, Thorne, &c.

Sunday Morning.

For Mr. T. Cary.

I have sent you a task. I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholder's Magazine. When you have

any thing for publication, sénd it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgements. But I rescued it, and insited on its appearance.

Your friend,

T. C.

Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row.

Mr. Henry Kator.

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row—shall find a place in some Magazine or other; as I am engaged in many.

Your friend,

T. CHATTERTON.

Mr. William Smith.

When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house,

Pater-noster-row, and it shall most certainly appear.

Your friend,

T. C.

Mrs. Baker.

The sooner I see you the better—send me as soon as possible Rymsdyk's address. (Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-street.)

Mr. Mason.

Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash—and the poetic addition shall appear in some Magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row.

Your friend,

T. CHATTERTON.

M. Mat. Mease.

Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of his name lately—I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magazine for the future.

T. CHATTERTON.

Tell Mr. *Thaire*, Mr. *Gaster*, Mr. *A. Broughton*, Mr. *J. Broughton*, Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Rudhall*, Mr. *Thomas*, Mr. *Carty*, Mr. *Hanmer*, Mr. *Vaughan*, Mr. *Ward*, Mr. *Kalo*, Mr. *Smith*, &c. &c. — to read the Freeholder's Magazine.

LETTER III.

King's-Bench, for the present, May 14, 1770.

DEAR MADAM,

Don't be surprised at the name of the place: I am not here as a prisoner. Matters go on swimmingly: Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident: his successors in the Freeholder's Magazine, knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a

young gentleman in Cheapside; partner in a music shop, the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him: this I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he shewed to a Doctor in Music, and I am invited to treat with this Doctor, on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh and the Gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!*—Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis; my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copper-plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions; a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I speak no tongue but my own!—But to return once more to a place I am sickened to write of, Bristol. Though, as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of servitude killed me: now I have that for my labour I always reckoned the first of my pleasures, and have still my liberty. As to the clearance, I

am ever ready to give it; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mentioned. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my cousin does very well.

I will get some patterns worth your acceptance, and wish you and my sister would improve yourselves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquisition. —— My box shall be attended to; I hope my books are in it — if not, send them; and particularly Catcott's Hutchinsonian jargon on the Deluge, and the MS. Glossary, composed of one small book, annexed to a larger. — My Sister will remember me to Miss Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are so many pretty milliners, &c. that I have almost forgot myself. —— Carty will think on me: upon inquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly starve by it; but he must have luck indeed, who can live by it. —— Miss Rumsey, if she comes to London, would do well as an old acquaintance, to send me her address. — London is not Bristol. — We may patrole the

town for a day, without raising one whisper, or nod of scandal.—If she refuses, the curse of all antiquated virgins light on her: may she be refused when she shall request!· Miss Rumsey will tell Miss Baker, and Miss Baker will tell Miss Porter, that Miss Porter's favoured humble servant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight-and-fiftieth year of his age: but that, as Lappet says, is the flower of a man's days; and when a lady can't get a young husband, she must put up with an old bed-fellow. I left Miss Singer, I am sorry to say it, in a very bad way; that is, in a way to be married.—But mum—Ask Miss Suky Webb the rest; if she knows, she'll tell ye.—I beg her pardon for revealing the secret; but when the knot is fastened, she shall know how I came by it—Miss Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in love with her, I am in love with nobody else: I hope she is well; and if that whining, sighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis, has not finished his languishing Lectures, I hope she will see her amoroso next Sunday.—If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be

done.—Begging pardon of Miss Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can assure her it has happened without my consent. I did not give her this assurance when in Bristol, lest it should seem like an attempt to avoid the anger of her *furious* brother. Inquire, when you can, how Miss Broughton received her billet. Let my sister send me a journal of all the transactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miss Watkins know, that the letter she made herself ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but another young lady in the neighbourhood, of the same name. I promised, before my departure, to write to some hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as absolutely necessary to me as food, I find but little time to write to you. As to Mr. Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise; had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.—In my humble opinion, I am under

very few obligations to any person in Bristol: one, indeed, has obliged me; but as most do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation.—My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon, that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I shall: but, as I had the happy art of pleasing in conversation, my company was often liked, where I did not like: and to continue a correspondence under such circumstances, would be ridiculous. Let my sister improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius: in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable.—Inform Mr. Rhise that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, in the business he was so kind as to employ me in; should be glad of a line from him, to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or spend the rest of his days, safe, on dry ground—Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford relative to the Trinity-House; but his Grace is dangerously ill. My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the state of health I left her in. I am Miss Webb's humble servant.

be forgot, when I remit the small trifles to you. Notwithstanding Mrs. B.'s not being able to inform me of Mr. Garsed's address, through the closeness of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily stumbled upon it this morning.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Monday Evening.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmsley's, at Shoreditch — only.)

LETTER IV.

Tom's Coffee-House, May 30, 1770.

DEAR SISTER,

There is such a noise of business and politicks in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here, is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with, what every female conversation begins with, dress: I employ my money now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good com-

pany; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch one indeed,) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches: I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accommodations, would be 50l. per annum. I shall have, likewise, no inconsiderable premium; and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage: I will send you two silks this summer; and expect, in answer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous History of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the coffee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it; but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journeys, and not to me expensive. The Manuscript Glossary, I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as

honours, I would give you a portion of 5000l. You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King: but it will be a piece of news to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his Lordship, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his Lordship, to have his approbation, to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance, and its reception. His Lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret. —— But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side of the question. Interest is of the other side. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and, if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East-India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land. I went yesterday to Woolwich to see Mr. Wensley; he is paid to-day.

The artillery is no unpleasant sight, if we bar reflection, and do not consider how much mischief it may do. Greenwich Hospital and St. Paul's Cathedral are the only structures which could reconcile me to any thing out of the Gothic. Mr. Carty will hear from me soon: multiplicity of literary business must be my excuse. —I condole with him, and my dear Miss Sandford, in the misfortunes of Mrs. Carty: my physical advice is, to leech her temples plentifully: keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as possible. Nor is this last prescription the advice of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when the sun is in the summer signs, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this sympathetic effect, that the headach is general in summer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in any thing. This may be of service. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your paper of Saturday last, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and advising the corporation, or vestry of Redclift, to procure a more complete view of Redclift church?

My compliments to Miss Thatcher: If I am in love I am; though the devil take me if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may address her in the words of Scripture, which do doubt she reveres; "If you had not ploughed with my heifer," or bullock rather,) "you had not found out my riddle." Humbly thanking Miss Rumsey for her complimentary expression, I cannot think it satisfactory. Does she, or does she not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the least doubt but she will in a little time.

Essay-writing has this advantage, you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author enquired after, you may bring the booksellers to your own terms. Essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. So says one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew:

A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name but no pelf:
Till, starv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myself.
Fal, lal, &c.

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to set them all free,
But never a farthing I got.
Fal, lal, &c.

—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with the appearance of it. To return to private affairs.—Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publish the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol; they are hardly worth the carriage—methodistical, and unmeaning. With the usual ceremonies to my mother and grandmother; and sincerely, without ceremony, wishing them both happy; when it is in my power to

make them so, it shall be so; and with my kind remembrance to Miss Webb, and Miss Thorne, I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c. to the end of the chapter,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

P. S. I am this moment pierced through the heart by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a hackney-coach. ——I am quite in love: If my love lasts till that time, you shall hear of it in my next.

LETTER V.

June 19, 1770.

DEAR SISTER,

I have an horrid cold. ——The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleasure than the circumstance itself. As I wrote very late Sunday night (or rather very early Monday morning,) I thought to have gone to bed pretty soon last night: when, being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss

Hill's favorite bedlamite song. The hum-drum of the voice so struck me, that though I was obliged to listen a long while before I could hear the words, I found the similitude in the sound. After hearing her with pleasure drawl for above half an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous song, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satirized. — "I put "my hand into a bush: I prick'd my finger to "the bone: I saw a ship sailing along: I thought "the sweetest flowers to find:" and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray. —— I now ran to the window, and threw up the sash, resolved to be satisfied, whether or not it was the identical Miss Hill, *in propria persona.* —— But, alas! it was a person whose twang is very well known, when she is awake, but who had drank so much royal bob (the gingerbread-baker for that, you know,) that she was now singing herself asleep. This somnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet scho of Miss Hill's, that if I had not considered that she could not see her way up to London, I should absolutely have imagined it her's. —There was a

fellow and a girl in one corner, more busy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

(This part of the letter, for some lines, is not legible.)

. . . . . the morning) from Marybone gardens; I saw the fellow in the cage at the watch-house, in the parish of St. Giles; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid's inns of Court.—— There was one similitude it would be injustice to let slip. A drunken fishman, who sells souse mackarel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all two-penny ordinaries; as his best commodity, his salmon, goes off at three halfpence the piece; this itinerant merchant, this moveable fish-stall, having likewise had his dose of bob-royal, stood still for a while, and then joined chorus, in a tone which would have laid half a dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, fast asleep: this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's song of

"Says Plato, who oy oy oy should man be vain?"

However, my entertainment, though sweet enough in itself, has a dish of sour sauce served up in it; for I have a most horrible wheezing in the throat: but I don't repent that I have this cold; for there are so many nostrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper, he can be cured so cheap.

June 29th, 1770.

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind some scenes of laughter, you have lost your ideas of risibility.

LETTER VI.

DEAR MOTHER,

I send you in the box—six cups and saucers with two basons for my sister.—If a china tea pot and cream pot, is in your opinion, necessary, I will send them, but I am informed they are unfashionable, and that the red china, which you are provided with, is more in use——a cargo of patterns

for yourself, with a snuff box, right French and very curious in my opinion.

Two fans — the silver one is more graver than the other, which would suit my sister best. — But that I leave to you both.

Some British herb snuff, in the box; be careful how you open it — (This I omit lest it injure the other matters.)

Some British herb tobacco for my grandmother, some trifles for Thorne. Be assured whenever I have the power, my will wo'nt be wanting to testify that I remember you ——

Your's,

T. CHATTERTON.

July 8, 1770.

N. B. — I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas ——

I could have wished you had sent my red pocket book, as 'tis very material.

I bought two very curious twisted pipes for my grandmother; but both breaking; I was afraid to buy others, lest they should break in the box; and being loose, injure the china. Have you heard any thing further of the clearance——

Direct for me at Mrs. Angel's, Sack-maker, Brooke Street, Holborn.

"*Mrs. Chatterton.*"

LETTER VII.

DEAR SISTER,

I have sent you some china and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am surprised that you chose purple and gold. I went into the shop to buy it: but it is the most disagreeable colour I ever saw — dead, lifeless, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your answer in this affair will oblige me. Be assured, that I shall ever make your wants, my

wants; and stretch to the utmost to serve you. Remember me to Miss Sandford, Miss Rumsey, Miss Singer, &c. &c. &c.

As to the songs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly: when the season's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces last month in the following Magazines:

Gospel Magazine,
Town and Country, viz.
Maria Friendless.
False Step,
Hunter of Oddities,
To Miss Bush, &c.
Court and City. London. Political Register, &c. &c.

The Christian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying. —— I remain,

Yours,

T. CHATTERTON.

July 11, 1770.

LETTER VIII.

I am now about an Oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st of January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial.—My mother may expect more patterns.—Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance:—my company is courted every where; and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now:—but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon—and more to the purpose.

Yours,

T. C.

20th July, 1770.

CHATTERTON'S WILL. 1770.*

All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday in the utmost distress of mind. April 14, 1770.

N. B. In a dispute concerning the character of David, Mr. ——— argued that he must be a holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe through his whole works—I being of a contrary opinion, and knowing that a great genius can effect any thing, endeavouring in the *foregoing*† *Poems* to represent an enthusiastic Methodist intended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon the infa-

* It was the accidental sight of this Will which occasioned Mr. Lambert to part with Chatterton; when the latter, a few days after, set off for London.—Without this intimation, and attending to the *date*, the Reader might suppose, that the above was the Will which Chatterton wrote immediately preceding his death.

† What Poems Chatterton meant here is uncertain.

tuated world as a reality; but thanks to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in matters of more importance.

Saturday, April 20, 1770.

BURGUM I thank thee, thou hast let me see,
That Bristol has impress'd her stamp on thee,
Thy generous spirit emulates the May'rs,
Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
What would he give, to hand his memory down
To time's remotest boundary?—A Crown.
Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue;
Futurity he rates at two pound two.
Well Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.

Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
But ah! thy merit's seldom understood;

Too bigotted to whimsies, which thy youth
Receiv'd to venerate as Gospel truth,
Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
Since all I am is opposite to thee.
If ever obligated to thy purse
Rowley discharges all; my first chief curse!
For had I never known the antique lore
I ne'er had ventur'd from my peaceful shore,
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
But happy in my humble sphere had mov'd
Untroubled, unsuspected, unbelov'd.

To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
For all the little knowledge I had here.
But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed?
When scarcely twenty in the town can read.
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
The wild expences of a Poet's brain;
Disinterested Burgum never meant
To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.
When wildly squand'ring ev'ry thing I got,
On Books and Learning, and the Lord knows what,

Could Burgum then, my Critic, Patron, Friend!
Without security attempt to lend?
No, that would be imprudent in the man;
Accuse him of imprudence if you can.
He promis'd, I confess, and seem'd sincere;
Few keep an honorary promise here.
I thank thee, Barrett, thy advice was right,
But 'twas ordain'd by Fate that I should write.
Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,
I wrote my mind, nor hid the Author's face.
Harris ere long, when reeking from the Press
My numbers make his self-importance less,
Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day
And drag my body to the triple way —
Poor superstitious Mortals! wreak your hate
Upon my cold remains ———

This is the last Will and Testament of me Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon; the soundness of my mind, the Coroner and Jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect Masters of Human Nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which savour'd of insanity.

Item. If after my death which will happen tomorrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the Coroner and Jury bring it in Lunacy, I will and direct, that Paul Farr, Esq. and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expence, cause my body to be interred in the Tomb of my Fathers, and raise the Monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding 6 Tablets.

On the *first* to be engraved in Old English Characters.

Vous qui par ici pasez
Pur l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez
Le cors di oi ici gist
L'ame receyve Thu Crist. MCCX.

On the *second* Tablet in Old English Characters,

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Uxeris* ejus, qui quidem Alanus obict x die mensis Novemb. M.CCCCXV, quorum animabus propinetur Deus Amen.

On the *third* Tablet in Roman Characters,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchaunter of the Cathedral of this City, whose Ancestors were Residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August, 1752.

* Whatever obsolete spelling or mistakes may be observed here, either in the French or the Latin, the Reader is desired to consider as the Author's, not the Editor's.

On the *fourth* Tablet in Roman Characters,

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON;

Reader judge not; if thou art a Christian—believe that he shall be judged by a Superior Power—to that Power alone is he now answerable.

On the *fifth* and *sixth* Tablets which shall front each other

Atchievements viz. On the one, vest, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vest, crest, a cross of Knights Templars.—And I will and direct that if the Coroner's Inquest bring it in felo-de-se, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid direc-

tions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument; I will and direct that the 2d edition of my Kew Gardens, shall be dedicated to them in the following Dedication.—To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs. this Book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item. I give all my vigour and fire of youth to Mr. G—— C——, being sensible he is most in want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. C——n, senior, all my humility. To Mr. B———m all my Prosody and Grammar, likewise one moiety of my modesty, the other moiety to any young lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods, unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true a charitable Gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a Papist, the

Worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavoured to throttle him with the Oath of Allegiance. I leave also my Religion to Dr. C—— B——, D— of B——, hereby empowering the *Sub-Spirit* to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in Church— My powers of utterance I give to the Reverend Mr. B——n, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading Lectures on the Immortality of the Soul: I leave the Reverend Mr. C—— some little of my free-thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother G—— would know how far I am their real Enemy, but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of Satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give, and I will and direct that whatever any person may thing the pleasure of reading my Works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me and to him as my Executor in this case.

I leave my Moderation to the Politicians on both sides the question. I leave my Generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, T—— H——, Esq. I give my Abstinence to the Company at the Sheriffs' Annual Feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. M—— M—— a mourning Ring with this Motto, "Alas, poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it himself.—Item. I leave the young Ladies all the Letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my Ghost, for I die for none of them.—Item. I leave all my debts, the whole not Five Pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every Member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a Bailiff. If in defiance of this terrible spectre, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two Creditors apply to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights.—Item. I leave my Mother and Sister to the protec-

tion of my Friends, if I have any. Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

THO^{s}. CHATTERTON.

CODICIL.

It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my Will the first Saturday after my death.

T. C.

LETTER from Mrs. NEWTON,

To the Author of "Love and Madness."

SIR,

Conscious of my own inability to write to a man of letters, and reluctant to engage in the painful recollection of the particulars of the life of my dear deceased brother; together with the ill state of health I've enjoyed since it has been required of me, are, Sir, the real causes of my not writing sooner. But I am invited to write as to a friend: inspired with the sacred name, I will forget the incorrectness of my epistle, and proceed.

My brother very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence. I remember, before he was five years old, he would always preside over his playmates as their master, and they his hired servants.

He was dull in learning, not knowing many letters at four years old, and always objected to read in a small book. He learnt the alphabet from an old folio music-book of my father's, my mother was then tearing up for waste paper; the capitals at the beginning of the verses, I assisted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the school, which was in his eighth year, excepting his promising my mother and me a deal of finery, when he grew up, as a reward of her care. About his tenth year he began (with the trifle my mother allowed him for pocket-money) to hire books from the circulating library, and (we were informed by the usher) made rapid progress in arithmetick. Between his eleventh and twelfth year, he wrote a catalogue of the books he had read, to the number of seventy: History and divinity were the chief subjects: his schoolmates informed us, he retired to read at the hours allotted for play. At twelve years old, he was confirmed by the bishop: he made very sensible, serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and his own feelings and convictions during it. Soon after this, in the week he was door-keeper,

he made some verses on the last day, I think about eighteen lines; paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job; and, not long after, some chapters in Isaiah. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but we remarked he was more chearful after he began to write poetry. Some satirical pieces we saw soon after. His intimates in the school were but few, and they solid lads; and, except the next neighbours' sons, I know of none acquaintance he had out. He was fourteen the twentieth of November, and bound apprentice the first of July following. Soon after his apprenticeship, he corresponded with one of his schoolmates, that had been his bed-fellow, and was, I believe, bound to a merchant at New-York. He read a letter at home, that he wrote to his friend, a collection of all the hard words in the English language, and requested him to answer it. He was a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason, and nothing would move him so much as being belied. When in the school, we were informed by the usher, his master depended on his veracity on all occasions. Till this time he was remarkably indifferent to females. One day he was remarking to me the ten-

dency severe study had to sour the temper, and declared he had always seen all the sex with equal indifference, but those that nature made dear: he thought of making an acquaintance with a girl in the neighbourhood, supposing it might soften the austerity of temper study had occasioned: he wrote a poem to her, and they commenced corresponding acquaintance. About this time the parchments belonging to my father, that were left of covering his boys' books, my brother carried to the office. He would often speak in great raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. He was introduced to Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott; his ambition increased daily. His spirits were rather uneven, sometimes so gloom'd, that for many days together he would say but very little, and that by constraint. At other times exceeding chearful. When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame; confident of advancement, he would promise my mother and me should be partakers of his success. Mr. Barrett lent him many books on surgery, and I believe he bought many more, as I remember to have packed them up to send to him when in London, and no

demand was ever made for them. About this time he wrote several satirical poems; one in the papers, on Mr. Catcott's putting the pewter plates in St. Nicholas tower. He began to be universally known among the young men. He had many cap acquaintance, but I am confident but few intimates. At about seventeen, he became acquainted with Mr. Clayfield, distiller, in Castle-street, who lent him many books on Astronomy. Mr. Cator likewise assisted him with books on that subject; from thence he applied himself to that study. His hours in the office, were from eight in the morning to eight in the evening. He had little of his master's business to do, sometimes not two hours in a day, which gave him an opportunity to pursue his genius. He boarded at Mr. Lambert's, but we saw him most evenings before nine, and would, in general, stay to the limits of his time, which was ten. He was seldom two evenings together without seeing us. I had almost forgot to add, we had heard him frequently say that he found he studied best toward the full of the moon; and would often sit up all night and write by moonlight. A few months before he left Bristol, he

wrote letters to several booksellers in London, I believe to learn if there was any probability of his getting an employment there, but that I cannot affirm, as the subject was a secret at home. He wrote one letter to Sir Horace Warpool, and, except his correspondence with Miss Rumsey, the girl I before mentioned, I know of no other. He would frequently walk the college green with the young girls that statedly paraded there to shew their finery, but I really believe he was no debauchee (though some have reported it:) the dear unhappy boy had faults enough; I saw, with concern, he was proud, and exceedingly imperious; but that, of venality he could not be justly accused with. Mr. Lambert informed me, not two months before he left Bristol, he had never been once found out of the office in the stated hours, as they frequently sent the footman and other servants there to see; nor but once stayed out till eleven; then he had leave, as we entertained some friends at our house at Christmas.

Thus, Sir, have I given you, as before the Great Searcher of hearts, the whole truth, as far as my

memory has been faithful, the particulars of my dear brother. The task has been painfull, and, for want of earlier recollection, much has been, nay, the greatest part has been lost. My mother joins with me in best respects; which concludes me

Sir,

Your humble servant,

MARY NEWTON.

Bristol,
Somersetshire-Square,
Sept. 22, 1778.

LETTER from Mr. THISTLETHWAITE,

To Dr. Milles, Dean of Exeter.

(From Dean Milles's Edition of Rowley.)

SIR,

In obedience to your request, and my own promise, I sit down to give you the best account in my power, of the rise, progress, and termination of my acquaintance with the late unfortunate Thomas Chatterton.

In the summer of 1763, being then in the 12th year of my age, I contracted an intimacy with one Thomas Phillips, who was some time usher or assistant master of a hospital, or charity-school, founded for the education and maintenance of youth at Bristol, by Edward Colston, Esquire. Phillips, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a very confined education, possessed a taste for

history and poetry; of the latter, the magazines, and other periodicals of that time, furnish no very contemptible specimen.

Towards the latter end of that year, by means of my intimacy with Phillips, I formed a connection with Chatterton, who was on the foundation of that school, and about fourteen months younger than myself. The poetical attempts of Phillips had excited a kind of literary emulation amongst the elder classes of the scholars; the love of fame animated their bosoms, and a variety of competitors appeared to dispute the laurel with him: Their endeavours however, in general, did not meet with the success which their zeal and assiduity deserved; and Phillips still, to the mortification of his opponents, came off victorious and unhurt.

In all these trifling contentions, the fruits of which are now, and have been long since deservedly and entirely forgotten, Chatterton appeared merely as an idle spectator, no ways interested in the business of the drama; simply con-

tenting himself with the sports and pastimes more immediately adapted to his age, he apparently possessed neither inclination nor indeed ability, for literary pursuits; nor do I believe (notwithstanding the evidence adduced to the contrary by the author of Love and Madness) that he attempted the composition of a single couplet, during the first three years of my acquaintance with him.

Going down Horse-street, near the school, one day, during the summer of 1764, I accidentally met with Chatterton: Entering into conversation with him, the subject of which I do not now recollect, he informed me that he was in possession of certain old MSS. which had been deposited in a chest in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent some or one of them to Phillips. Within a day or two after this, I saw Phillips, and repeated to him the information I had received from Chatterton. Phillips produced a MS. on parchment or vellum, which I am confident was *Elenoure and Juga*, a kind of Pastoral Eclogue, afterwards published in the Town and Country Magazine for May 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been

closely pared round the margin, for what purpose, or by what accident, I know not, but the words were evidently entire and unmutilated. As the writing was yellow and pale, manifestly (as I conceive) occasioned by age, and consequently difficult to decypher, Phillips had with his pen traced and gone over several of the lines, (which, as far as my recollection serves, were written in the manner of prose, and without any regard to punctuation) and by that means laboured to attain the object of his pursuit, an investigation of their meaning. I endeavoured to assist him; but, from an almost total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography of the age in which the lines were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted; and although we arrived at an explanation of, and connected many of the words, still the sense was notoriously deficient.

For my own part, having little or no taste for such studies, I repined not at the disappointment; Phillips, on the contrary, was to all appearance mortified, indeed much more so than at that time I thought the object deserved, expressing his sor-

row at his want of success, and repeatedly declaring his intention of resuming the attempt at a future period. Whether he kept his word or not, is a circumstance I am entirely unacquainted with, nor do I conceive a determination thereof any ways material at present.

In the year 1765, I was put apprentice to a stationer at Bristol, at which period my acquaintance and correspondence with Chatterton and Phillips seem to have undergone a temporary dissolution; however, towards the latter end of 1767, or at the beginning of 1768, being sent to the office of Mr. Lambert, an attorney, then resident at Bristol, for some books which wanted binding, in the execution of that errand, I found Chatterton, who was an articled clerk to Mr. Lambert, and who, as I collected from his own conversation, had been venturing in the fields of Parnassus, having produced several trifles, both in prose and verse, which had then lately made their appearance in the public prints.

In the course of the year 1768 and 1769, where-

in I frequently saw and conversed with Chatterton, the eccentricity of his mind, and the versatility of his disposition, seem to have been singularly displayed. One day he might be found busily employed in the study of Heraldry and English Antiquities, both of which are numbered amongst the most favorite of his pursuits; the next, discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed, amidst the subtilties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these in an instant again neglected and thrown aside to make room for astronomy and music, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empirick.

To a genius so fickle and wavering, however comprehensive the mind may be, no real or solid attainment could reasonably be expected. True it is, that by not confining himself to one science only, he contracted an acquaintance with many,

but such an acquaintance, as superficial in itself, neither contributed to his interest nor his credit.

During the year 1768, at divers visits I made him, I found him employed in copying Rowley, from what I then considered, and do still consider, as authentic and undoubted originals. By the assistance he received from the glossary to Chaucer, he was enabled to read, with great facility, even the most difficult of them; and, unless my memory very much deceives me, I once saw him consulting the *Etymologicon Linguæ Anglicanæ* of Skinner.

Amongst others, I perfectly remember to have read several stanzas copied from the *Deathe of Syr Charles Bawdin*, the original also of which then lay before him. The beautiful simplicity, animation, and pathos, that so abundantly prevail through the course of that poem, made a lasting impression on my memory; I am nevertheless of opinion, that the language, as I then saw it, was much more obsolete then it appears in the edition published by Mr. Tyrwhitt; probably occasioned

by certain interpolations of Chatterton, ignorantly made, with an intention, as he thought, of improving them.

Several pieces which afterwards made their appearance in the Town and Country Magazine, (notwithstanding their more modern date) were written by him during this year, 1768, particularly certain pretended translations from the Saxon and Ancient British; very humble, and in some instances very unsuccessful attempts at the manner and stile of Ossian. Chatterton, whenever asked for the original of *these* pieces, hesitated not to confess that they existed only in his own imagination, and were merely the offspring and invention of fancy; on the contrary, his declaration, whenever questioned as to the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley, was invariably and uniformly in support of their antiquity, and the reputation of their author Rowley, instantly sacrificing thereby all the credit he might, without a possibility of detection, have taken to himself, by assuming a character to which he was conscious he had no legal claim; a circumstance

which I am assured could not, in its effect, fail of operating upon a mind like his, prone to vanity, and eager of applause even to an extreme.

With respect to the first poem of the *Battle of Hastings*, it has been said that Chatterton himself acknowledged it to be a forgery *of his own;* but let any unprejudiced person, of common discernment, advert only for a moment to the situation in which Chatterton then stood, and the reason and necessity of such a declaration will be apparent.

The very contracted state of his finances, aided by a vain desire of appearing superior to what his circumstances afforded, induced him, from time to time, to dispose of the poems in his possession, to those from whose generosity and patronage he expected to derive some considerable pecuniary advantages: I will not hesitate to assert (and I speak from no less authority than Chatterton himself) that he was disappointed in this expectation, and thought himself not sufficiently rewarded by

his Bristol Patrons, in proportion to what he thought his communications deserved.

From this circumstance, it is easy to account for the answer given to Mr. Barrett, on his repeated solicitations for the original, viz. *that he himself wrote that poem for a friend;* thinking, perhaps, that if he parted with the original poem, he might not be properly rewarded for the loss of it.

That vanity, and an inordinate thirst after praise, eminently distinguished Chatterton, all who knew him will readily admit. — From a long and intimate acquaintance with him, I venture to assert, that from the date of his first poetical attempt, until the final period of his departure from Bristol, he never wrote any piece, however trifling in its nature, and even unworthy of himself, but he first communicated it to every acquaintance he met, indiscriminately, as wishing to derive applause from productions which I am assured, were he now living, he would be heartily ashamed of: from a full assurance of the truth of which propo-

sition, I conceive myself at liberty to draw the following inference—that, had Chatterton been the author of the poems imputed to Rowley, so far from secreting such a circumstance, he would have made it his first, his greatest pride; for to suppose him ignorant of the intrinsic beauty of those compositions, would be a most unpardonable presumption.

Towards the spring of 1770, some differences having previously thereto arisen between Chatterton and his master, Mr. Lambert, the former publicly expressed his intention of quitting his situation, and repairing to the metropolis, which he flattered himself would afford him a more enlarged field for the successful exercise and display of his abilities; accordingly in April, he began making the necessary preparations for his journey. Anxious for his welfare, I interrogated him as to the object of his views and expectations, and what mode of life he intended to pursue on his arrival at London. The answer I received was a memorable one; "My first attempt, said he, shall be in the literary way. The promises I have received

are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectations, find myself deceived, I will, in that case, turn Methodist preacher: Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too shall fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol."

That spirit of literary Quixotism which he possessed, and which had the immediate ascendency over every other consideration, had been much increased by his correspondence with divers booksellers and printers; who finding him of advantage to them in their publications, were by no means sparing of their praises and compliments; adding thereto, the most liberal promises of assistance and employment, should he choose to make London the place of his residence.

These were the hopes upon which he relied. This it was which induced him to quit the place of his nativity, and throw himself for a precarious subsistence upon strangers. It is unnecessary to remark, how far his expectations were answered: His unfortunate and untimely exit, de-

plorably shews the fallacy of his hopes, and the extreme deficiency of his knowledge of the world; who could for a moment idly suppose that the most distinguished talents, unpatronized, would meet with success, and lift him to that eminence which he flattered himself he merited.

Thus, Sir, I have attempted, in a hasty and cursory manner, to present you with whatever comes within the limits of my own observation and knowledge relative to this extraordinary youth; in respect to whose memory, I beg leave to make one further remark.

It has been said, that he was an unprincipled libertine, depraved in his mind, and profligate in his morals; whose abilities were prostituted to serve the cause of vice, and whose leisure hours were wasted in continued scenes of debauchery and obscenity.

Mr. Warton tells us, that he was an "hireling in the trade of literature, unprincipled, and compelled to subsist by expedients." See his emenda-

tions to the second volume of History of Poetry:) And another gentleman tells us, "that his death was of no great consequence, since he could not long have escaped hanging." (See Love and Madness, p. 132.) Whether any or all of these epithets are meant as arguments to prove that Chatterton is the author of Rowley's Poems, abounding as they do with piety and morality, and the most refined sentiment, I know not; but I cannot help observing, that such expressions (unsupported, as they appear to be, by truth and reason) neither do credit to the heads or to the hearts of those who so uncharitably bestow them.

I admit, that amongst Chatterton's papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of those passages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written; but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any na-

tural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example.

The opportunities a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying, that whilst he lived in Bristol he was not the debauched character represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion.—What change London might have effected in him, I know not; but from the strain of his letters to his mother and sister, and his conduct towards them after he quitted Bristol, and also from the testimony of those with whom he lodged, I have no doubt but the intemperancies and irregularities laid to his charge did either not exist at all, or, at the worst, are considerably aggravated beyond what candour can approve.

I am, Sir,

With the utmost respect,

Your most humble servant,

JAS. THISTLETHWAITE."

4th April, 1781.

LETTER

From Mr. T. Cary to Mr. G. Catcott.

SIR,

It being your request that I should give you my opinion of the authenticity of Rowley's MSS. I can only say that I have frequently heard Chatterton make mention of such writings being in his possession shortly after his leaving school, when he could not be more than fifteen years of age; and, that he had given Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott part of them. Not having any taste myself for ancient poetry, I do not recollect his ever having shewn them to me; but that he often mentioned them, at an age, when (great as his capacity was,) I am convinced he was incapable of writing them himself, I am very clear in, and confess it to be astonishing, how any person, knowing

these circumstances, can entertain even a shadow of a doubt of their being the works of Rowley. Of this I am very certain, that if they are not Rowley's, they are not Chatterton's: This, I think, I am warranted in asserting, as, from my intimacy with him, I had it in my power to, and did observe the progress of his genius from his infancy to the fatal dissolution. His abilities, for his age, were beyond conception great, but not equal to the works of Rowley, particularly at the age that he produced them to light. I think I need say no more, to convince any rational being of their being genuine; in which persuasion I rest,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS CARY.

Bristol, August 14*th*, 1776.

TESTIMONY

Of Mr. William Smith, concerning Chatterton.

"Mr. William Smith, of Bristol, (who was Chatterton's intimate acquaintance,) says, that Chatterton read Rowley's Poems to him at the time that he was an apprentice to Mr. Lambert, and not before; that he sometimes read whole treatises, sometimes parts only, and that very often; that is, he read some ancient pieces of writing, which came from the room over the north porch in Redcliff church; he does not know that they were all by Rowley, but never heard him mention any other ancient poet: That these MSS. were upon vellum;* that he had seen a dozen of them; some with the heads of kings and popes: That he had very often seen him transcribe these parchments at Mr. Lambert's office; and that he had read them to him, when he had just transcribed them; but Mr. Smith had at that time no

* All the pieces which Chatterton produced as the Originals are on *parchment.*

taste for such things. — The account which young Chatterton gave him of these parchments was, that he received them of his mother, as belonging to his father, who had them originally from Redcliff church; that being in his mother's possession, some were turned into thread-papers, some into patterns, some into dolls, and applied to ignoble uses; that he accidentally discovered their value, by finding some writing on one of these thread-papers which was very old, the hand being different from common hands, and the subject treated in an uncommon manner; and that being of an inquisitive and curious turn, he questioned his mother concerning them how and whence they came. — That Chatterton was fond of walking in the fields, and particularly in Redcliff meadows; of talking with him about these MSS. and reading them to him: "You and I" (says he) "will take a walk in Redcliff meadow, I have got "the cleverest thing for you that ever was: it is "worth half a crown to have a sight of it only, and "to hear me read it to you." He would then produce and read the parchment. He used to fix his eyes in a kind of reverie on Redcliff church, and say, "this steeple was once burnt by lightning; This was

" the place where they used formerly to act plays." He spoke of all these parchments as ancient; some as Rowley's, but whether all, he does not know. He never offered to claim them as his own, nor so much as dropped the least hint that way: He never seemed desirous that any one should suspect, much less believe them to be written by him. He had no reason to be obliged to any man for a character: He was one of the most extraordinary geniuses Mr. Smith ever saw or heard of. He never dropped the least hint of any design to print the contents of these parchments, though he was remarkably fond of publishing: He had no knowledge either of Greek or Latin, but expressed a design to teach himself Latin; which idea Mr. Smith discouraged, as an impracticable and useless attempt; but advised him to try at French: It does not appear, however, from any part of his history, that he attempted either. Mr. Smith concludes his testimony, with wishing that he had been acquainted formerly with the value of these things; as he could have got them all of Chatterton with a word's asking." *Milles's Rowley, p.* 14.

TESTIMONY

Of Mr. John Rudhall, concerning Chatterton.

"Mr. John Rudhall, a native and inhabitant of Bristol, and formerly apprentice to Mr. Francis Gresley, an apothecary in that city, was well acquainted with Chatterton, whilst he was apprentice to Mr. Lambert: During that time, Chatterton frequently called upon him at his master's house, and, soon after he had printed the account of the bridge in the Bristol paper, told Mr. Rudhall that he was the author of it; but it occurring to him afterwards, that he might be called upon to produce the original, he brought to him one day a piece of parchment, about the size of a half-sheet of fools-cap paper; Mr. Rudhall does not think that any thing was written on it when produced by Chatterton, but he saw him write several words, if not lines, in a character which Mr. Rudhall did not understand;

which he says was totally unlike English, and, as he apprehended, was meant by Chatterton to imitate or represent the original from which this account was printed. He cannot determine precisely how much Chatterton wrote in this manner, but says, that the time he spent in that visit did not exceed three quarters of an hour; the size of the parchment, however, (even supposing it to have been filled with writing,) will in some measure ascertain the quantity which it contained. He says also, that when Chatterton had written on the parchment, he held it over the candle, to give it the appearance of antiquity, *which changed the colour of the ink,* and *made the parchment appear black and a little contracted;* he never saw him make any similar attempt, nor was the parchment produced afterwards by Chatterton to him, or (as far as he knows) to any other person. From a perfect knowledge of Chatterton's abilities, he thinks him to have been incapable of writing the Battle of Hastings, or any of those poems produced by him under the name of Rowley; nor does he remember that Chatterton ever mentioned Rowley's Poems to him, either as originals or the contrary, but sometimes, (though very rarely) intimated that

he was possessed of some valuable literary productions. Mr. Rudhall had promised Chatterton not to reveal this secret, and he scrupulously kept his word, till the year 1779, but, on the prospect of procuring a gratuity of ten pounds for Chatterton's mother, from a gentleman who came to Bristol in order to collect information concerning her son's history, he thought so material a benefit to the family would fully justify him for divulging a secret, by which no person now living could be a sufferer."

Milles's Rowley, page 436.

[It was deemed fair to give the various testimonies of those who knew Chatterton, with respect to Rowley's Poems; and, as far as they relate facts, they are important, from offering data to the reasonings of others, but when these persons, *boys as they were,* venture to speak of the competency or incompetency of Chatterton to produce Rowley, the intelligent examiner will deem their opinions of very little consequence. If these *young gentlemen* had known Chatterton when their understandings were more matured, it may fairly be concluded that their admiration of his talents would have advanced

in an equal ratio with their qualifications to decide upon them. They must either have formed their opinions of Chatterton, from his Writings, or, from his Conversation; if from his Writings, the Public, on that point, from the more ample materials with which they are furnished, are unquestionably the *best* qualified to determine; if they judged of him from his Conversation, they depended upon a fallacious and most inconclusive Proof.

The vanity of the human mind, evidences itself in few things more than in the capability which all seem to feel of estimating the talents of others. The generality of persons after sitting an hour in the company of a Man of Genius, and hearing him express half a dozen Sentiments, whether on the distance of the Fixed Stars, or the qualities of a Rice Pudding, with undoubting confidence, determine instantly on his Character and comparative merit. Such persons are not aware of the mechanical nature of colloquial talents, which, to a certain extent, are compatible with a very inferior degree of mental superiority, and offer but an uncertain criterion of a man's *sense*, whilst his *genius* for the most part, is too subtile to be perceived through so gross a medium; they seldom amount to more than presumptive evidence, and should never be resorted to, but where there are no *Writings* to furnish a more satisfactory test.

The man of slender parts, provided he has been in the *habit* of expressing his opinions, and of listening to those whose information is more general and accurate than his own, will always arrest attention and assume an imposing air; whilst one who possesses indisputable claims to originality, but who has lived, in a degree, abstracted from the world, and has been occupied with thought rather than words, will often present few attractions in his deportment or conversation, and, by the superficial observer, who mistakes volubility for invention, and confidence for knowledge, will be ranked far behind his more presuming and loquacious Inferiors.

Those who are the best qualified and the most practiced in judging of Character, from an experience of past errors, have learned to decide with caution, on the exact compass of any man's mind, from the nature of his speech; chusing, if the alternative be offered them, to ground their sentiments of him upon his writings, in which he invests himself with no artificial lustre, and whilst he addresses the judgment rather than the passions, unfolds the extent and genuine qualities of his soul; and yet with these difficulties to surmount, a few youthful companions of Chatterton, have the temerity to advance, that, according to *their* estimate of his talents, he was utterly incapable of producing Rowley! and what is more

extraordinary, their opinions have been regarded with deference by some men of respectable rank in the Republic of Letters!

As far as can be ascertained, it appears that Chatterton's Conversation was animated and ingenious, and although it might not equal that standard of superiority which his companions thought proper to consider as necessary to the Author of Rowley, yet, if these young men had known more of the human character, they would have learned to calculate less on external appearances, and have been aware, that the Man of Genius frequently surveys with a dignified unconcern the little triumphs of the declaimer; he moves in a larger atmosphere: the momentary applause, with which others are infatuated, he regards with indifference, and considers no reputation legitimate or enviable which does not proceed from claims, scrutinized and admitted by a discerning public. With these views, it is a subordinate object with him to shine in those scenes of verbal gladiatorship which attract and captivate the many: conscious of possessing an internal mine, from which Gold at all times may be extracted, his Spirit, in the hours of social intercourse, seeks to unbend rather than to fascinate; on these occasions, therefore, he is content to move in a secondary circle, till, calling again on his native energies, he as-

cends to a proud height above his feeble Competitors.

Independently of which, he has cultivated a fastidious taste which is satisfied with nothing short of excellence, and as excellence is of slow growth, and attained with difficulty, when even all the faculties are deliberately called into exercise; he is frequently, from a distrust of being able, spontaneously, to do justice to his sentiments, content to remain silent, or to speak only on those casual and unimportant subjects, to which neither merit or demerit can be attached; and yet this perhaps is the season when some arrogant observer founds his settled opinion of him, and rashly appreciates his exact station in the scale of intellectual excellence.

It may almost be asserted that a man who possesses any extent of talent, never thoroughly developes himself but in his Writings; his most intimate acquaintance, whatever their discernment, are incapable, through any other channel, of fully comprehending his character, as they find new qualities, and shades of qualities, perpetually start into notice, as his abilities unfold, or as he is operated upon by new views and unexpected circumstances. His is a shallow mind which can be fathomed in a day, or a week, or a year; what weight, therefore is

due to the sentiments of these young men, who would fain limit the capacity of Chatterton, because to their juvenile Imaginations, he seemed destitute of some of those indescribable and mysterious qualities which they had thought proper to associate as the necessary concomitants of Genius?

The Public are possessed of Chatterton's Works, and, from a body of substantial evidence, can no longer doubt of his having written the whole of Rowley, according to which only standard of his mind, they must be satisfied that, whether he evidenced it in his conversation or not, he really possessed those commanding Talents, which lose none of their importance from having been misunderstood or depreciated by an assemblage of School-boys and Apprentices.]

A LIST

OF

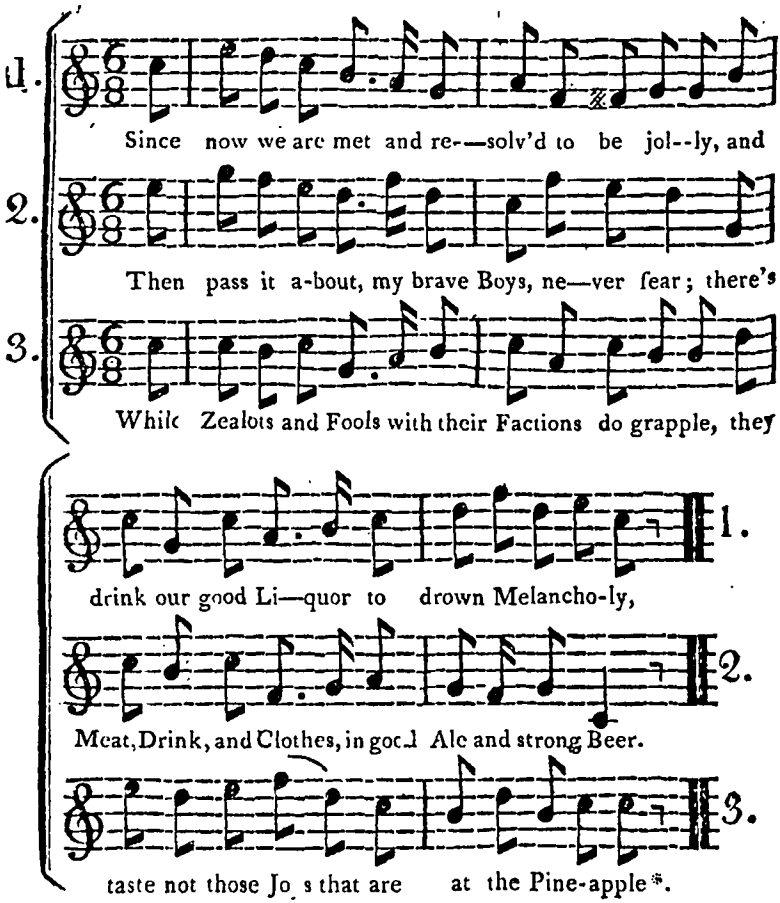
Chatterton's Bristol Friends and Acquaintance,

With their professions, as far as they can be ascertained.

T. Skone, surgeon
T. Cary, a pipe-maker
H. Kator, a sugar-baker
W. Smith, a player
M. Mease, vintner
Mr. A. Broughton, rector of St. Mary Redcliff
Mr. *J. Brougton*, attorney
Mr. *Clayfield*, distiller
Mr. *Barrett*, surgeon
Mr. *Burgum* and
Mr. *Catcott*, partners and pewterers
Rev. Mr. *Catcott*
J. Rudhall, apothecary
E. Gardner.
— *Carty*, a woollen-draper
— *Hanmer*, grocer
— *Ward*, an attorney
— *Smith*, a surgeon
— *Capel*, a jeweller
— *Thistlethwaite*, stationer
— *Thaire*
— *Gastor*
— *Williams*
— *Vaughan*
— *Kalo*
— *Mason*
— *Thomas.*

A CATCH for Three Voices.

The Words and Music by Mr. Chatterton, (Father to Thomas Chatterton the Poet) one of the Choristers of Bristol Cathedral, and Sexton of St. Mary Redcliff.


1.
Since now we are met and re--solv'd to be jol--ly, and
2.
Then pass it a-bout, my brave Boys, ne—ver fear; there's
3.
While Zealots and Fools with their Factions do grapple, they
drink our good Li—quor to drown Melancho-ly,
1.
Meat, Drink, and Clothes, in good Ale and strong Beer.
2.
taste not those Jo s that are at the Pine-apple*.
3.

* The Pine-apple was th . . ublic-house where the Club met every week.

ANECDOTE

Of CHATTERTON'S FATHER.

Mr. Chatterton was a worthy but singular man. Being Sexton of Redcliff Church, Bristol, he derived an emolument from shewing that fine Edifice to strangers. On one occasion, some Ladies came in their carriage to see the Church, and after Mr. Chatterton had shewn and explained every part of it to them, without making him any acknowledgment, they repaired to their carriage, when, just as the servant was about to close the door, Mr. Chatterton stepped forward and coolly said — "Ladies, if any one should inquire what you gave me, pray what answer shall I make?" The hint was extremely well taken, and the Ladies rewarded the old Man with a double gift. This anecdote was received from a Gentleman of Bristol, who, when a boy, was *present* at the transaction.

Bristol Castle.

1158.

ACCOUNT of ROWLEY's MSS.

Dean Milles has candidly remarked that the genuineness of Rowley's Poems must necessarily depend on the authenticity or spuriousness of those MSS. which Chatterton produced as the Originals. It may therefore reasonably be expected, that, in the present Work some notice should be taken of those Authorities, in which Chatterton's character as a poet is so materially implicated; which place him in the foremost ranks of genius, or reduce him to a level bordering on comparative insignificance.

It fortunately happens that the professed Originals, to which so much importance is attached, are now offered to public examination, whilst, till lately, they were in the possession of those who were strongly prejudiced in their favour, and who consequently excluded those persons from freely commenting upon them, who entertained sentiments different from themselves. A faithful description of Rowley's Manuscripts is, perhaps,

calculated more readily to determine the long-depending controversy, than voluminous dissertations on the subject. The following are offered as slight observations, upon these MSS. the accuracy of which may at any time be ascertained, by a reference to the Originals in the British Museum.

The first manuscript which appears in the collection begins thus: "Johaes Chatener, a Monk of Seyntes Augustynes Mynsterre yn and a Natyffe of Brystowe, was a .... syyllde Carveller yn Stone and Wode; he done the Tomdbe of .... Fytz Herdsdinde ..... Barkelaie in hys Mynstere, The Armes of Brystowe at Slefordes, ... ate the Ymageryes of Robynne a Glowsterre, and the Tomde of Framptonne yn Seynete Johnys Chyrche. Hee deceas'd yn M.CCC.XV. beyng buryed ynne the Chyrche of the Templers. Hys Armes Argentura on a Contonne, Aur a Rosyere proper, of foure, and fyrste of the Moone, three Coupeed Saracynnes Heeades of Draca Caputte, seconde of hys Paternal Colour, three Crosses Calvarye, thyrde of bendes, fourthe of hys paternal Coulours Syx Balles, three, 2 and 1.*

* *Both* Rowley and Chatterton were passionately attached to Heraldry. Neither of them omit any opportunity of introducing this branch of knowledge into their works. In the British Museum there is a Paper, in Chatter-

WYLLYAM CANNYNGE was borne seconde Sonne of Jn. Sonne of W. Sonne of Roberte Canynge alle of Seyncte Marie of Redclefe. Hee was related to y Gu. . neces Nevylles Monteacut. . es ande other gentylle houses, butte hee deserveth hys storie yn o . . . . gyse than Poynters or Carvellers and so shall I gyve it yn Vear."

Here follow the 34 first lines of the Poem entitled "the Storie of Wm. Canynge," beginning "Anent a Brooklette as I laie reclined." (Vol. 2, page 126.) These 34 lines and one more short Poem, are the *only* Scraps of *Poetry* which Chatterton ever produced as the Originals of Rowley!

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ton's hand-writing, entitled "Particular Bearings *gotten* by T. R." which are here inserted for the *amusement* of the Reader.

1. He beareth azure a hande issuant from the dexter holding a Seax Gules manched and pommelled Or, by the name of AILWARD, A Saxon dwelling in 718, in Bristowe.

2. Checkee Or and Azure by the Guild of also strakers in Glouacester, now dissolved.

3. Argent 2. Custelaxes in Cross St. George Sable, by the name of Algar,— Fadre of Bithric.

4. Or a Catersola Rose Gules, by the name of Acfrede.

5. Or an Inescotcheon azure 3 Cheverons Gules over all a bend Sinister of the last, the whole charge adumbraled by the Name of Bastards.

6. Or Az Pallettee wave on a Chief Argent an heart proper crowned.

The following also are some Bearings *gotten* by Thos. Chatterton, (from a Paper, in his writing, in the British Museum.)

1. BRIGHTRICK (King) Argent a Cross Formee.

2. BRIGHTRICK (Earl) Or a Cross Formee Sable.

This first Parchment is about 9 inches long by 5 wide, it has been coloured brown and then varnished, but for what purpose does not appear, except it be to communicate an artificial appearance of age. The *edges*, in some places, exhibit the *natural colour* of the Parchment. The characters are extremely difficult to be understood, and scarcely any two letters are formed alike, the letter E in particular is expressed in twenty different ways, yet the whole of them are manifestly designed for that *peculiar* E which is called an *Attorney's* E, and which somewhat resembles a figure of 8 placed horizontally. The writing is dissimilar in various parts, and the whole has the appearance of being a constrained hand. It is usual also with

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3. "ELLE, Argent Semy of Crosses Patee in Bend Gules. N. B. Powder them close."

4. COERNICK, Or two Mercian Crowns, Az in Chief in Bars a Cross Botany Sable.

5. HARATZ the Norman, Gules two Arrows in Salire, Or feathered Argent.

6. WM. EARL OF GLO: A Chief Varey different from his Father.

7. ABBOT RICHARD, Argent on a Bend Gules, a Infine Coest engrused a Chalace.

8. RT. CANYNGE, Border Argent, Field Argent, an Arm Sinister grasping a Saracen's Head couped.

9. WM. CANYNGE, Or a Moore's H ad couped wreathed Azure Gutte de Sange.

10. ROWLEY, Argent on a Chief Gule a Rowel Or.

Chatterton in not having produced his Authorities for these Arms, has opened a *new field* for Heraldic and Antiquarian Investigations.

Attornies, when a paragraph ends in the middle of a line (in order to prevent any addition) to carry the pen to the end of that line, which is the case with this parchment; every short line of poetry being filled up with such marks as the following, ~~~~~ This may have been the effect of *habit*, but there was certainly no cause to suspect an addition to a line of *Poetry*.

No. 2. This is called the "Yellow Roll now a piece of Roll of Monies." This ROLL! is a strip of parchment 10 inches long by $3\frac{1}{2}$ wide, it contains a rude copy of 21 Coins. Mr. Barrett has mentioned that he was under the necessity of applying to many of the Parchments a strong decoction of Oak Bark in order to bring out the writing. This is doubtless one of them, as it looks very brown, although the *edges* shew the colour of *New Parchment*, tho' much crumpled and somewhat dirty.

No. 3. This is called the "Purple Roll," and is remarkable for being the largest of the MSS. which Chatterton produced as an original. Its size is 13 inches by 10, filled with writing, which is called a "*Section*

of Turgotus." The ink is yellow, the letters are not uniform, and it requires much ingenuity as well as patience, to understand (without some conjecture) six words together in any part of it. If this Parchment was kept in a Box in Redcliff Church for 300 years, it must have been miraculously preserved, as it is perfectly smooth, perfectly clean, not more yellow than the tinges of many new Parchments are, and completely destitute of those mildew spots which immediately affect both paper and parchment when placed in a damp situation; and it should be remembered that the MUNIMENT ROOM in Redcliff Church where these writings were said to have been deposited has a stone floor and is exposed both to the *wind* and *rain.* There are three brown stains near the bottom, which, from their appearance, seem to have been manufactured with the Parchment.

No. 4. This is the "Roll of St. Bartholomew's Priory," from which Chatterton professed to have copied the Account, (vol. 3, page 259.) The first line, "Roll of Saint Bartholomew's Priory," is written in the large modern *Round-text* hand with which At-

tornies commence their Deeds. The remainder is written in characters *extremely* small, and if Chatterton, at the time he presented it to Mr. Barrett had not given him a copy in his own hand writing, it is hazarding little to say that it *never could* have been made out. Sixty-three lines are crowded into a space of five inches and a half, and like the "Storie of Canynge," (No. 1,) it has been coloured brown, and then varnished.*

No. 5. This is called, in the Catalogue, "A *Red* Drawing." It is 5 inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$, coarsley

* In *Chatterton's Copy*, which he presented to Mr. B. there are several Drawings with a Pen, *(both Chatterton and Rowley never drew with any thing but a Pen,)* of Gates and Castles, but for which there is not the shadow of authority in the original. He has also given, in a Note, a Drawing of a Man in Armour, placed in one of the wings of Frome Gate, which he says was designed for ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER. Our Ancestors were by no means such novices in the art of Sculpture as they have commonly been supposed, for *Rowley* has described this said Armed Man, in the following terms. "The Imagrie of Syre Johanne de Berkelaie feturelie donne moe so meynet of odhers. The Countenance or Aspect seemeth alyve and the hande haveth the veynis and bones most crabbattilie ywroughten, echone joint of the armour seemeth to streche as the Bodie bee bent, whych ys not to be founde in anie odher I have seene, the Bighes of the Sworde Gudles and ouchette are even lyke trew Bighes and one ne larger yan a hoode clave bee moe than a twentieth sydes; the fashion of the legge als well icorne. And the whole standeth in better guise thanne moste, whyche bee to ye eie onlye stones strayte and wydoute fleshe or bonys. Hee standethe on the blacke pillare stone wydhe two pillars Quartered of the same of the sydes; the stone of yt bee not soofte mole but harde and azure. Itte was ycorven bie Josephe de Exscan of Brystowe, botte hee dydde not wurcke the odher, the Vyrgyne and Chylde (a second Image on the opposite side) whyche woulde loke bade to the Knyghte did not the honoure of the Imagerie hange upon the stone."

smeared with vermilion, with rude scratches of some indistinct drawing beneath, and a little of the Old writing. The writing has been varnished, but the borders which have neither been touched by the vermilion nor varnish, discover the Parchment to be manifestly *New.*

No. 6. This is the "Account of Canynge," 5 inches by 3½. It is written with *Red Ink*; the letters are perfectly distinct, and the first line, like Saint Bartholomew's Priory, (No. 4,) is written in the common Attorney's Text Hand. The Parchment appears brown from some liquid that has been applied to it; but for which it is difficult to assign any reason, except to give the Parchment a *mistaken* appearance of age. The letters are remarkably legible, and being *Red Ink*, they could not require Oak Bark or any similar composition to render them more so. We must conclude that this brown tint was communicated by Chatterton, but it is singular that he should not have discoloured the *whole* of the surface, as one corner of the Parchment discovers its natural colour.

No. 7. This is entitled in the index, "Vita Burtoni." It is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, partly written with *brown* ink, and partly with *perfectly black*. It is smeared in the Centre with Glue or a brown Varnish, but, for the most part, is in an Attorney's regular engrossing hand. The Parchment, where it has not been disfigured, appears new and of its natural colour. Some drops of Red Ink appear in different parts of this Parchment.

No. 8. This is called "St. Mary's of the Port." Its size is 7 inches by 5; the characters are large and distinct, but they are so irregular and so run into each other, that they seem impossible to be read by any other person than he who wrote them. It is difficult to believe that so unnatural a hand should have been the familiar writing of any human being.

No. 9. This is called, "Knights' Templars' Church." It is 5 inches square, illegibly written, with a strange union of small and large letters, the Ink brown and the Parchment stained, except at the borders, where it retains its natural colour.

No. 10. This consists of a few scratches with a pen. It is called, in the index, Elle's burial stone; and is about 5 inches square. Some writing is affixed to it, the letters of which are faint and utterly illegible.

No. 11. This is an ancient Chapel, 5 inches by 4—a mere scratch of a pen. The Parchment is much stained, in which some shining varnish appears. The parapet is the same as that of Redcliff Church, and from its complex workmanship, not at all consonant with the simplicity of the rest of the building. To this *Original* is prefixed a more correct drawing by Chatterton of the same Chapel, which he denominates "The Chapel beinge the Wordour's Palace Affronte." In the Parchment, it is true, appear some faint marks which may be supposed once to have been writing, and Chatterton having minutely ascertained what it was, shews that he was qualified to understand what would puzzle all others.

No. 12. This is a Sketch, with a Pen, of a Church and Steeple, 9 inches by 10. The Parchment seems to have been accidentally

dirted in one or two places, otherwise, it appears new and white as the Writing Paper to which it adheres. At the bottom of this notoriously modern Drawing, two or three lines are written in the true old manner, so faint and illegible, that, as Chatterton has not thought proper to declare their import, the subject must henceforth be buried in oblivion. At the extremity of the Roof appears a regular *Cross-Pattee.*

No. 13. A rude Sketch of a Building, on a piece of Parchment 12 inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$, stained brown, and, from having *no gloss*, supposed to be by Mr. Barrett, with Oak Bark. It is called "Seyncte Catharyne's Chapelle."

No. 14. This consists of two or three scratches with a pen, which, with the help of a strong imagination, may be supposed to mean a Cathedral.

No. 15. A Sketch designed for a Church. The Parchment, on which this, and the preceding was written, was manifestly new, till stained with some brown liquid. Neither

of them have the most distant appearance of age.

N. 16 & 17. These are Drawings with a Pen, by Chatterton, of the two preceding pieces, executed with great minuteness and labour, and which are designed to give a more perfect view of them. There is no servility evidenced in these Copies, as they exhibit numerous embellishments not to be found in the pretended Originals.

No. 18. This is the Ground Plan of Bristol Castle, (see Plate, No. 5,) with a description. The hand-writing is clearly disguised, the letters illegible, the Ink brown, or rather *brown Ink*, and the Parchment without the most distant appearance of age. Three distinct hand-writings are visible on this Ground-plan and Description.

No. 19. Three pieces of new white Parchment (about three inches square) on which appear a few indefinite scratches with a Pen, that bear some faint resemblance to Castles.

No. 20. This is a View of Bristol Castle, (No. 1,) scratched with a Pen on a Piece of New Parchment, about 4 inches square. The Architecture bears no resemblancē to any Saxon or Norman Castle on record. In the upper part of the Drawing appear Eight Heraldic Fields, alternately, a Chief two Bendlets, and a Chief two Clarions.

No. 21. Another view of Bristol Castle, (No. 2,) manifestly a Modern Sketch, with a Pen. Disfigured, except at the edges, with Varnish and a brown stain. Beneath it is a Copy, with a Pen, by Chatterton, four inches square.

No. 22. Another View of Bristol Castle, (No. 3,) without any appearance of age, stained brown, and about five inches square. Beneath it, on paper, is a more correct drawing, by Chatterton.

No. 23. Another View of Bristol Castle (No. 4,) with brown Ink, on New Parchment, 5 inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$. It is accompanied with a more correct drawing by Chatterton.

No. 24. A piece of Parchment, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 2, on which is scratched a Cross, with the Arms of Robert of Gloucester. The borders of this piece of parchment are white, though the Centre is stained brown. On this page appear three Drawings by Chatterton — two, imitations of the above figures, and one, a sketch of a building resembling Bristol Castle, (No. 1,) and called "Backe of the Chapelle."

No. 25. A piece of Parchment, four inches square, containing a View of a Saxon Gate. The Parchment New, but stained red round the edges; the Ink brown. Beneath it appears a Drawing of the same Gate by Chatterton, on Paper. The Ink of both, with respect to hue, are exactly alike.

No. 26. A Drawing of an old Gate, with a Pen, on which appears some of the old writing, but almost illegible. The Parchment is of its natural colour, except where it has been varnished. There has been an attempt to disfigure it with vermilian powder.

No. 27. A piece of Parchment 5 inches by 6. It appears first to have been colored with

gamboge, then made dirty, and afterwards stained brown. On this parchment appear, a few lines that resemble a Church, a few more that resemble a stone Image, and a few others which have some resemblance to a Gothic Tomb. On one side of the Tomb, appears some of the old writing, as well as beneath the image, but completely illegible. In another part of the volume, however, there is a correct drawing of this Tomb, by Chatterton, who well understood the faint and imperfect writing, and who has given it as "Orate pro animam Chasteau Marigni." The Writing also to the Stone Image he has ingeniously made out to be "A *Carne* to Robert Curthoris Myne yn Castle Chyrch."

No. 28 and 29. These are two rough Sketches of a Castle, with a Pen. The Ink is thin and of a purple tinge, and the Parchment both white and new.*

* If the Oak Bark, or some discolouring liquid, had not been applied to the other pretended originals, the Parchments would most likely have appeared as incontestibly new as this is.

No. 30. A Drawing of the Strong Hold of Bristol Castle. It is on a piece of Parchment 9 inches by 4, the appearance of which indicates it to be perfectly new. This is a rough sketch, with a pen, executed with brown ink, whilst the whole of the parchment, except where the Walls are delineated, is daubed with yellow paint. No one could possibly suspect this to be ancient, if they did not see at the bottom the following writing, in the *antique hand.* "This Stronge Hold onne the Banke of Avonne ybuildenne bie R. G. neere the olde wall of the myttier Castle."

No. 31 and 32. Two laborious Drawings, with a Pen, by Chatterton, of the Castle, (No. 28 and 29.) As one part of this Castle is executed with *brown* Ink, and an other with *black*, it is a fair inference, that Chatterton, for some purpose or other, had both kinds by him at the same time.

No. 33. Is three Sketches of the three Figures (No. 27.)

No. 34. A piece of Parchment, on which is some writing, illegible, and in a large hand.

From the appearance of the Edges, the parchment seems to have been white, 'till stained brown. On the back of this is written "Thomas Chatterton, 1748, Number 5." From the appearance of the writing, the principal part of it seems to consist of mere arbitrary characters, which were never designed to produce any other effect than to puzzle Antiquarians. The same observation may be applied to the Parchments No. 8 and 18.

No. 35. A piece of Parchment $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 2, which has been stained and varnished, till its marks are become utterly illegible.

No. 36. A piece of Parchment 5 inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$. The writing, like the preceding, and from the same cause, illegible.

No. 37. A piece of Parchment 4 inches square, much stained, and varnished with writing between lines.

No. 38. This consists of a piece of parchment about 9 inches by 7, with several monumental stones and inscriptions upon it,

(most accurately executed,) given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett to illustrate his History of Bristol. Mr. B. however wisely considered the authority as doubtful, and consequently, in his elaborate History, has drawn no conclusions from it, nor even mentioned it. In these inscriptions "Caer Brito" appears, and the whole is entitled "Auntiaunt Monuments gotten sythe the Mokynge the greete Rolle for Wm. Canynge bie me T. Rowlie." It is in some places stained, although the Borders evidence the parchment to be new; on one corner of which the very *gloss* of new parchment appears. There are several monumental stones in Camden somewhat resembling the above.

No. 39. This is a piece of Parchment, 6 inches by 5, on which is traced, with a pen, 3 inscriptions, resembling the preceding, at the bottom of which appears some of the *old writing*, but written with so little care to preserve consistency, that it hardly differs from an *Attorney's common engrossing hand*, and is almost a fac-simile of Chatterton's hand-writing. The parch-

ment, except where it is stained brown, looks new, and even has a gloss upon it. At the bottom is written "Collected and gotten for Mr. Wm. Canynge bye me Thomas Rowleie."

No. 40. A rude Sketch with a Pen of the Tomb of Mr. Robert Canynge. The parchment new.

No. 41. Four Portraits scratched with a pen, on almost new parchment, 5 inches by 4. Under each of the Portraits appears some of the old writing.

No. 42. Three Sketches of Men in Armour on Parchment, each 3 inches, by $1\frac{1}{2}$. Two of these sketches are daubed with red and brown paint; the other figure is drawn with pale ink. The lines are distinct, and the parchment, except close to the edges, is new, and white as writing paper. Here end the Original MSS. of THOMAS ROWLEY.

It should be remarked that of the whole collection of Originals, two alone exhibit the appearance of having been made black and dirty with

the flame of candle, or by rubbing on the ground. The testimony, therefore, of those who saw Chatterton adopt this process of disfiguration, proves only the disposition of his mind, and that his plan at that time was not matured. He afterwards made the Parchments brown, with Glue or Varnish, and principally trusted for success in the apparent antiquity of the language and the singularity of the characters: yet, notwithstanding his precaution, all who are conversant with Chatterton's hand-writing, will instantly trace in it a general resemblance to the professed manuscripts of Rowley, whilst, in some instances, it bears a marked and incontestible similitude.

The Drawings of Bristol Castle, Mr. Walpole has very justly termed "a fictitious style of architecture, reducible to no age." There are also, in the British Museum, a variety of Drawings, that Chatterton professed to have copied from Rowley, but which are the mere scratches of a school-boy, with a pen. These, with the views of Bristol Castle, seem to be a compound of every thing which is fanciful and extraneous, with an ample confusion of styles. Sometimes a Gothic Window adjacent to a Saxon Door; sometimes a Gothic Shaft surmounted by an Ionic Capital, (and this long before the introduction of Grecian

Architecture into England; sometimes a Tower with the whole of its base occupied with one great door; sometimes a perspective taken from two different points of view, so that the dark shades of a building appear at both extremities, and ROWLEY, on one occasion, in his zeal for the honor of Heraldry, has introduced in the front of a building, twelve CROSS-PATTEES. The false drawing has been corrected in the annexed plate, but the whole of the Originals are executed in the rudest style, and exhibit no evidence whatever of having been copied from Nature.

Nothing less than full demonstration of the authenticity of the Original MSS. could substantiate the claims of Rowley, but instead of these being unquestionably genuine, there is not one in the whole collection which is not calculated to raise, in the unbiassed mind, accumulated suspicions, whilst the majority of them are such flagrant counterfeits, that those who remember Chatterton's ingenuity are necessarily surprised that, on so important an occasion, he should have exerted it with so little success.

That the Possessors of the Originals should so scrupulously have guarded them, *in the aggregate*, from unenlightened eyes, excites no astonishment

nor can we wonder that the Advocates of Rowley should have deduced *so few* of their arguments from the MSS. and confined their strictures, for the most part, to points not involving the grand question; but the impartial Examiner will deem it no presumption in their favour that, in supporting their cause, they should almost wholly have passed over that species of evidence which was in itself the most natural and conclusive, and to which an indifferent and judicious person would most readily appeal as to a decisive test.

If those who possessed the Manuscripts of Rowley had not suspected what they professed to believe, and been more solicitous to support an Hypothesis than to discover Truth, it is reasonable to conclude that they would, in the first instance, have submitted the presumed Originals to public scrutiny, courting that investigation which they now seem to have shunned. This conduct whilst it betrayed an ingenuous spirit, would have reflected credit upon them, and have produced the effect of immediately terminating an unnecessary and acrimonious controversy, which has strangely been protracted to thirty years.

The more the subject has been examined, the less valid have appeared the pretensions of Row-

ley; and those who are not aware of the inveteracy of preconceived opinion, from the accumulated weight of evidence, might now conclude, that all would unite in acknowledging the baseless pretensions of the Originals, and, consequently the complete termination of the dispute; but, Prejudice is a stubborn Foe, and when driven from the Citadel, in a desperate extremity, will attempt even a defence of the Outworks.

At present so decided is the controversy, that to advance any new argument against Rowley, appears almost ungenerous, and like the smiting of a prostrate foe.

Before the present publication of Chatterton's Works, his Character could be but imperfectly understood. Independently of his more substantiated and higher claims, it derives additional respectability from his acknowledged productions, and is exhibited in so many new points of view, that few hereafter will refer to the most specious and popular argument, and found the defence of Rowley on the incompetency of Chatterton. The comparatively prior absence of this full and indisputable proof, is some apology for those who have hitherto believed in the existence of the Bristol Priest; but

the spirit of candour will, doubtless, now succeed to the weight of evidence, and the Laurel be awarded to that illustrious YOUTH, who reflects honor on the Age and Nation which produced him, and whose melancholy story will never be remembered but with a sigh.

J. C.

EXTRACT

From Gardner's Miscellanies.

Published in 1798.

"I particularly recollect the philosophic gravity of Chatterton's countenance, and the keen lightning of his eye.

Once I saw him rub a parchment with Ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, saying, 'that was the way to antiquate it.'

I heard him once also affirm that it was very easy for a person who had studied antiquity, with the aid of a few books, which he could name, to copy the style of the ancient poets so exactly that the most skilful observer should not be able to detect him: No, said he, not Mr. WALPOLE himself."

EXTRACT of a LETTER

From Mr. Gardner.

October 8th, 1802.

SIR,

You wish to know the particulars of the parchment operation. I can add but little to what you have seen in the foregoing Extract. Chatterton first rubbed the piece of parchment, in several places, in streaks, with the yellow ochre, (the scene was a Breeches-maker's shop, in Maryport-street, over my father's wine cellar, the next door, towards Peter-street, to Tanner's the barber, and three doors above the Swan Inn,) then rubbed it on the ground, which was dirty, several times; and afterwards crumpled it in his hand. He said, at the conclusion of the operation, that it would do pretty well, but he could do it better were he at home.

I mention the circumstance of the Breeches-maker's shop, to account for the parchment and

ochre being so ready at hand. It seemed the sudden start of the moment, done without consideration; probably had he reflected, he would have perceived that it might contribute to the detection of his forgeries. I rejoice to hear that Mrs. Newton is likely to be so much benefited by your benevolent plan. My Father was the very intimate acquaintance of old Mr. Chatterton, and was Mrs. Newton's god-father by proxy. The two old gentlemen were in constant habits of lending books to each other, (for both were fond of reading,) yet my Father never heard any thing of the discovery of Rowley's MSS. which must have been the case, had such existed, from their familiar habits. Old C. was not a little inclined to a belief in magic, and was deeply read in Cornelius Agrippa. He was one of the singers in the cathedral, and a complete master of the theory and practice of music. He belonged to a Club which assembled at the Pine-Apple, kept by one Golden, a bookbinder, connected at that time with Cadell.

I remain, &c.

EDWARD GARDNER.

Frampton-on-Severn, Gloucestershire.

LETTER from Mrs. NEWTON.

SIR,

I should have answered your friendly letter sooner but for a severe Illness, of which I am not yet recovered. You desire me to inform you all I know concerning Rowley's Poems; the whole of my knowledge amounts to no more than this. My Brother read to me the Poem on our Ladies Church; after he had read it several times, I insisted upon it he had made it. He begged to know what reason I had to think so; I added, his stile was easily discovered in that poem. He replied, I confess I made this, but don't you say any thing about it. When he read the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin to my Mother, she admired it, and asked him if he made it. He reply'd, I found the argument, and versified it. I never saw any parchment in my Brother's possession but the account of Canning, with several scraps of the Tragedy of Elle, on paper, of his writing, that he read to his family, as a specimen of the treasure he had

discovered in the parchments; and he always spoke of the poems to his friends, as treasures he had discovered in the parchments.

It is unnecessary to inform you, Sir, by what means the parchments were in our possession. My Father received them in the year 1750. He discovered by some writings he found among them that persons of the name of Chadderdon where sextons of St. Mary Redclift parish 120 years before. He therefore supposed that it was the same family, as his father had affirmed the family had held that Office, to use his own phrase, Time out of Mind.

My Father was of opinion the alteration in spelling the Name was the Obsolete spelling of the times. I assure you, Sir, I have given you a candid account of my knowledge of the subject, and I hope it pleads for the simplicity with which it has been delivered. The remaining part of your kind Letter I intend for a future opportunity; and believe me, &c. &c. &c.

MARY NEWTON.

Cathay, Bristol, Oct. 17th, 1802.

A COMPLETE LIST

Of the various Publications incidental to the Works of CHATTERTON, and upon the subject of the Poems attributed to ROWLEY, for *and* against *their authenticity.**

The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin, dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland. Durat opus datum. London, sold by W. Goldsmith, at No. 20, Paternoster-row. Price 2s. 6d. 1772.

Published in quarto, by an anonymous Editor, with the following dedication and preface.

DEDICATION. To her Grace Elizabeth Duchess of Northumberland, in her own right Baroness Percy, Lucy, Poynings Fitz-Payne, Bryan, and Latimer, behind whose illustrious name the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry were with propriety introduced into the world, this piece is with all humility dedicated by the Editor.

PREFACE. The following piece was given to the Editor as the production of Thomas Rowley, a priest in the 15th century; and is supposed to have been written some time after the event which is the subject of it, and which happened in Bristol in the year 1461, when Edward the Fourth and the Duke of Gloucester, (afterwards Richard the Third) were in that city.

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* Arranged (as accurately as can now be ascertained) according to the time of their being severally published.

Whatever the Antiquarian Critics may determine on its date, it has poetical merit enough to call it forth from the obscurity in which it has lain. If by the reception it meets with, it shall appear, that the Editor has not over-rated its beauties; the public may then expect those other pieces which are ascribed to the same author, Thomas Rowey.

The History of English Poetry, from the Close of the Eleventh to the Commencement of the Eighteenth Century. To which are prefixed two Dissertations. 1. On the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe. 2. On the Introduction of Learning into England. Vol. II. By Thomas Warton, B.D. Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and of the Society of Antiquaries, and late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. London: printed for, and sold by, J. Dodsley, Pall-Mall; J. Walter, Charing-Cross; J. Robson, New Bond-Street; G. Robinson, and J. Bew, Paternoster-Row; and Messrs. Fletcher, at Oxford. 1778.

In vol. 2, sect. 8, p. 139---164, Warton gave an account of the Rowlean Poems, and published several transcripts from them; observing, "on the whole, I am inclined to believe, that these poems were composed by the son of the schoolmaster before mentioned; who" --- "was a prodigy of genius: and would have proved the first of English poets, had he reached a maturer age. From his childhood he was fond of reading and writing: and some of his early compositions, which he wrote without any design to deceive, have been judged to be most astonishing productions by the first critic of the present age." p. 157

Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, and others, in the Fifteenth Century; the greatest part now first published from the most authentic copies, with an engraved specimen of one of the MSS. To which are added a Preface,

an Introductory Account of the several Pieces, and a Glossary. London: printed for T. Payne and Son, at the Mews-gate. 1777.

Edited by Mr. Tyrrwhitt, and the first attempt of publishing collectively the pieces attributed to Rowley. Price 5s. 8vo. Introductory Account, 27 pages.—Poems 307.

Appendix, containing some Observations upon the Language of the Poems attributed to Rowley; tending to prove, that they were written, not by any ancient Author, but entirely by Thomas Chatterton.

Tum levis haud ultra latebras jam quærit imago;
Sed sublime volans nocti se immiscuit atræ.
Virgil Æ. X.

This Tract by Tyrrwhitt was published for Payne, and paged to bind with the several editions. 8vo. price 6d. pp. 23.

Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse; by Thomas Chatterton, the supposed Author of the Poems published under the names of Rowley, Canning, &c. London: printed for Fielding and Walker, Paternoster-row. 1778.

The editing of this publication is generally attributed to Barrett, the Preface being dated "Bristol, June 20th, 1778," and signed with initials "J. B." But Barrett's name was William, and even supposing there might have been an error in the press, it is not probable that Barrett would say "Let any person compare the parallel passages lately pointed out by a writer in the St. James's Chronicle, and at the same time advert to the rules laid down by Bishop Hurd, for the discovery of imitations, and he will not hesitate to acknowledge, that the writer of Rowley's Poems certainly lived in the present century." Preface xi. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. Preface, 32 pages, Miscellanies, 245.

A Letter* to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton. Strawberry Hill: printed by T. Kirgate, 1779.

This Letter was afterwards published in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, May, June, and July, 1782. 8vo. pp. 55.

Love and Madness, a Story too True, in a Series of Letters. Between parties, whose Names would perhaps be mentioned, were they less known or less lamented.

GOVERNOR. "Who did the bloody deed?"
OROONOKO. "The deed was mine,
"Bloody I know it is, and I expect
"Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
"I do resign myself into your hands,
"The hands of Justice."

Oroonoka, P. 3.

HARTWELL. "If this be not love, it is
"Madness; and, then, it is pardonable."

Old Batchelor. 3, 10.

London: printed for G. Kearsley, at No. 46, near Serjeants' Inn, Fleet-street: and R. Faulder, in New Bond-street. 1780. Entered at Stationers' Hall.

By the Rev. Herbert Croft, (now Sir H. C. Bart.) and the proportion of the volume (3d edition) is 120 pages, (mostly very closely printed) to Chatterton, and 180 pages to Hackman. Price 3s. 6d. small 8vo. pp. 298.

Remarks upon the Eighth Section of the Second Volume of Mr. Warton's History of English Poetry.

The Author is certainly at liberty to fancy cases, and make whatever comparisons he thinks proper; his suppositions still continue as distant from the fact, as his wild discoveries are from solid argument.

JUNIUS.

London: printed for T. Payne and Son, at the Mews-Gate. Price 1s.

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* By Horace Walpole.

Published anonymously in 1780. Animadverts on the several points drawn by Warton, and deduces "that his narrative is by "no means exact, nor his quotations faithful," and "that Chat-"terton was not equal to the composition of such poems, either by his natural or his acquired abilities."

Octavo. pp. 48.

An Examination of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley and William Canynge. With a Defence of the Opinion of Mr. Warton.

In an Imposture a Man cannot shut every Avenue to Detection.
SHAW.

Sherborne: printed for R. Goadby and Co. and sold by R. Baldwin, Paternoster-row, London; and by the Booksellers of Bristol and Bath.

This tract was likewise published anonymously and without date. Being in direct answer to the last, it is, therefore, placed immediately after it, otherwise from page 7, (where a passage begins "in the year 1780 an anonymous author," &c.) there is reason to presume it was not published until a considerable length of time afterwards. The author concludes, "that none of the poems ascribed to Rowley and Canynge were written in the age assigned to them, but that they are rather more modern compositions."

Octavo. Price 1s. 6. pp. 38.

Observations upon the Poems of Thomas Rowley: in which the Authenticity of those Poems is ascertained. By Jacob Bryant, Esq. London: printed for T. Payne and Son, at the Mews-Gate; T. Cadell, and P. Elmsly, in the Strand. 1781.

"Every author must know his own meaning. And whoever brings a copy of a prior writing, and does not understand that writing, that person cannot be the author. In short, if a boy produces a reputable exercise, and cannot construe it, there is not an usher at a boarding-school, but will tell him, he did not make it," was the proposition with which Mr. Bryant com-

menced and concluded this work; and while his name and erudition gave a pillar of strength to the candidates for Rowley, the minuteness of the disquisition, and variety of information branching from it, led to researches that made this volume a most valuable acquisition to the lovers of old poetry.

Octavo, 2 parts, 1 vol. price 8s. 6d. pp. 602.

Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol, in the Fifteenth Century, by Thomas Rowley, Priest, &c. With a Commentary, in which the Antiquity of them is considered, and defended. By Jeremiah Milles, D.D. Dean of Exeter.

Renascentur quæ jam cecidere.
Hor. De arte poetica.

London: printed for T. Payne, and Sons, at the Mews-gate. 1782.

Quarto, price 1l. 1s.

Introductory Matter, pp. 20. Poems, 546.

Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, a Priest of the Fifteenth Century: with some Remarks on the Commentaries on those Poems, by the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Milles, Dean of Exeter, and Jacob Bryant, Esq. and a salutary proposal addressed to the Friends of those Gentlemen.

Ridentum dicere verum
Quid vetat? Hor.

London: printed for J. Nichols; and sold by J. Walter, Charing-Cross; R. Faulder, New Bond-Street; J. Sewell, Cornhill; and E. Newbery, Ludgate-Street. 1782. Price 1s. 6d.

Dean Milles's edition is dated 1782, but was published 1801, as this tract (by Edward Malone, Esq.) was inserted in the

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* By Edward Malone, Esq.

Gentleman's Magazine for December of that year, and concluded in the Appendix under the signature of Misopiclerus. The advertisement for republication was dated Jan. 31, 1801.

Octavo, pp. 62.

An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, in which the Arguments of the Dean of Exeter, and Mr. Bryant, are examined. By Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and F. S. A. London: printed for J. Dodsley, in Pall-Mall; and sold by Messrs. Fletchers, at Oxford. 1782.

The Professor in this work accounts for the variation between the transcripts of the poems inserted in the History of English Poetry, (slightly noticed in the Emendations to that work) and those poems when published, confirming his opinion against their authenticity by points deducible from the incomplete arguments of the several writers in their favor.

Octavo, price 2s. p.p. 125.

Of this work there was a second edition.

An Archaeological Epistle* to the Reverend and Worshipful Jeremiah Milles, D D. Dean of Exeter, President of the Society of Antiquarians, and Editor of a superb Edition of the Poems of Thomas Rowley, Priest; to which is annexed a Glossary, extracted from that of the learned Dean. London: printed for J. Nichols; J. Walter, Charing-Cross; R. Faulder, New Bond-Street; E. Newbery, Ludgate-Street; and J. Sewell, Cornhill. 1782. Price 1s.

Quarto, pp. 18.

A second edition was republished, it is also inserted with C---'s works in Dr. Anderson's Poets, and it has been republished in a late work intitled "The School of Satire."

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*By Mason.

Strictures upon a Pamphlet intitled, Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley, a Priest of the Fifteenth Century.

Solventur Risu tabulæ; Tu missus abibis.
HOR.

With a Postscript on Mr. Thomas Warton's Enquiry into the same subject. London: printed for J. Stockdale, opposite Burlington-House, Piccadilly. 1782. Price 1s. 6d.

"Chaos is come again."
Monthly Rev. Sept. 1782, p. 235.

Sixteens, p.p. 85.

The Prophecy* of Queen Emma; an ancient Ballad lately discovered, written by Johannes Turgotus, Prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus. To which is added, by the Editor, an Account of the Discovery, and Hints towards a Vindication of the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian and Rowley. London: printed for J. Bew, Paternoster-row. 1782.

Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley, tending to prove that they were really written by him and other ancient Authors. To which are added, Remarks on the Appendix of the Editor of Rowley's Poems.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri. HOR.
Nitor in adversum— OVID.

London: printed for C. Bathurst, in Fleet-Street. Price 1s. 6d.

Published in 1782, and divided into two parts. Part the first, containing the observations, was a posthumous publication from the pen of Rayner Hickford, Esq. Part the second, was Re-

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* By William Julius Mickle.

marks on Tyrrwhitt's Appendix, by the late Rev. John Fell, Tutor at the Dissenting College, Homerton.

Octavo. Observations, 35 p.p. Remarks 35 p.p.

A Vindication of the Appendix to the Poems, called Rowley's, in Reply to the Answers of the Dean of Exeter, Jacob Bryant, Esquire, and a third anonymous writer; with some further Observations upon those Poems, and an Examination of the Evidence which has been produced in support of their Authenticity; by Thomas Tyrrwhitt. London: printed for T. Payne and Son, Mews-gate, Castle-street, St. Martin's. 1782.

Octavo. Price 3s. 6d. 230 p.p.

Rowley and Chatterton in the Shades; or, Nugæ Antiqæ et Novæ. A new Elysian Interlude, in Prose and Verse. London: printed for T. Becket, the corner of the Adelphi, Strand. 1782.

It appears, by a late publication (the Metrical Miscellany) to have been written by the gentleman who lately amused the literary world with a burlesque performance of a similar kind under the title of Chalmeriana.

Price 1s. 6d. 8vo. 44 p.p.

An Essay on the Evidence, external and internal, relating to the Poems attributed to Rowley; containing a general View of the whole Controversy.

Ego velim genuinum, statum Controversiae, ingenuè, acterminis minimè ambiguis proponi, & argumenta candidè ac solidè in utramque partem expendi. quod animum non studio partium abreptum, sed veritatis sincerè studiosum requirit. Limborch Grist. ad Loche.

By Thomas James Mathias. London: printed for T. Becket, Pall-Mall, bookseller to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and their Royal Highnesses the Princes. 1783.

The English Review for July, 1783, says the author "decides for the authenticity of the poems, though his state of the case, in some parts, would, to many, appear unfavourable to that conclusion." His arrangement is clear and methodical, and the work itself well written: though some of the pomposity which appears in it, and the parade of learning might have been spared."

Price 3s. 6d. 118 pp.

The genuine Copy of a Letter found Nov. 5, 1782, near Strawberry-Hill, Twickenham; addressed to the Hon. Mr. H—ce W—le. London: printed for S. Bladon, in Paternoster-row. 1783.

Price 1s. 6d. 8vo. 34 p.p.

A Supplement to the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton. London: printed for T. Becket, in Pall-Mall, bookseller to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and their Royal Highnesses the Princes. 1784.

To this publication is prefixed the following Advertisement. "The Editor begs leave to assure the public, that the following "Poems are unquestionably Originals; the greater part of them "having been immediately transcribed from Chatterton's own "Manuscript. As the character of their author is now gene- "rally understood, it is thought unnecessary to make any apo- "logy for his sentiments, or to say any thing of the composition.

Octavo, price 2s.

Neglected Genius: or Tributary Stanzas to the Memory of the unfortunate Chatterton. By the Author of the Indian Eclogues.

A Poem by the late William Bagshaw Steevens. 4to. price 1s.

The Life of Thomas Chatterton, with Criticisms on his Genius and Writings, and a concise View of the Controversy concerning Rowley's Poems. By G.

Gregory, D. D. F. A. S. Author of Essays Historical, and Moral, &c. London: printed for G. Kearsley, No. 46, Fleet-street. 1789. Price 5s. sewed.

Originally written for the Biographical Britannica, but published separately. 8vo. 263 pp.

The History and Antiquities of the City of Bristol; compiled from original Records and authentic Manuscripts in public offices or private hands; illustrated with copper-plate prints. By W. Barrett, surgeon, F. S. A. Printed by William Pine, Bristol, and sold By G. Robinson and Co. London; E. Palmer, J. B. Becket, T. Mills, J. Norton, W. Brown, W. Bulgin, and J. Lloyd, booksellers in Bristol; and by Ball and Meyler, in Bath. 1789.

Many of Rowley's pieces were first published in this work.

Price 1l. 11s. 6d. 4to. Preface 19. History, &c. 704.

Poems, supposed to have been written at Bristol in the Fifteenth Centuay, by Thomas Rowley. [Vignette of Yellow Rolle, &c.] Printed by B. Flower, Cambridge, and sold by J. and J. Merrill, and W. H. Lunn, Cambridge. Egerton's Military Library; Debrett, Piccadilly, Edwards, Pall-Mall, and Deighton, Holborn, London.

This Edition of the Poems was published in 1794, by T. S[harpe] of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Price 5s. 8vo. Introductory 29. Poems 329.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton; containing Ælla, Goddwyn, Battle of Hastings, Ballade of Charitie, Elenoure and Juga, Dethe of Sir Charles Bawdin, the Tournament, Englysh Metamorphosis,

Eclogues, Elegies, Songs, Epistles, Epitaphs, &c. &c. To which is prefixed the Life of the Author. Printed by Mundell and Son, Royal Bank Close, Edinburgh. Anno 1795.

The Rowlean Poems, with Chatterton's Miscellanies, were inserted by Dr. Anderson in the Eleventh Volume of the British Poets.

The Revenge: a Burletta: acted at Marybonne Gardens, 1770. With additional Songs. By Thomas Chatterton. London: Printed by C. Roworth; for T. King, King-Street, Covent-Garden; H. Chapman, Wood-Street; and Egerton, Whitehall. 1795.

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No. 1. Plate of the Base of Redcliff Church, to face Title of Vol. I.
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No. 3. Plate of Chatterton's hand-writing, to face Title of Vol. III.
No. 4. Plate of De Bergham's Arms, to face page 453, Vol. II.
No. 5. Plate of Chatterton's Arms, to face page 505, Vol. II.
No. 6. Plate of Saxon Atchievements, to face page 89, Vol. III.
No. 7. Plate of Bristol Castle, &c. to face page 497, Vol. III.

ERRATA.

Vol. II. page 160. After World, read By William Canynge.
Vol. II. page 461. Dele, in the Note, the words, "which I do not recollect to have seen noticed."
Vol. III. page 360. For Canygo, read Canynge.
Vol. III. page 506, line 16, for "beinge the," read "beinge to the."

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Printed by BIGGS and COTTLE, Crane-Court, Fleet-Street.

00043662

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on 03 December, 2015